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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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*Her name shall be remembered*
*Wherever the winds have blown;*
*The strength and quiet purpose*
*Of the courage she has shown.*
*Earth like a panorama*
*Scarred with the rivers and trees*
*Lies before and behind her*
*And washed with the restless seas.*

## *Jean Batten*

*Her eyes that have seen the hours*
*Breaking from day into night*
*Are clear with stainless vision*
*And the ecstasy of flight.*
*Time shall not dim her valor*
*Nor the years erase her name,*
*They stay transfixed forever*
*In the gallery of fame.* —P.D.-B.

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# BRIAN ABBOT'S MYSTERY PLANS

*BRIAN ABBOT saying good-bye to his wife before he left Sydney.*

*A SUDDEN STORM sweeps Lord Howe Island. In the accompanying article, Brian Abbot refers to storms encountered while the party were making the film, "Mystery Island."*

## *His "Personal Reasons" for Secrecy*

### Letter to "Women's Weekly" Reveals Adventurous Spirit

**Brian Abbot, before setting out from Lord Howe Island on the voyage which has been the cause of so much grave anxiety, wrote to the editor of The Australian Women's Weekly.**

***"I shall be attempting a very adventurous voyage in October," he said. "However, I have strong personal reasons for no word of this trip of mine to be published until it has actually begun."***

**No hint was given in the letter as to the reason for this strange request. With the letter, Brian Abbot sent an article dealing with the adventures of himself and companions while making the film, "Mystery Island," at Lord Howe Island.**

***The article is published below. Desmond Hay, who is mentioned several times in the article, is Leslie Hay Simpson, who accompanied Brian Abbot in the skiff.***

**A cheerful nature imbued with the spirit of adventure is revealed in the article.**

LORD HOWE ISLAND, Sept. 12.

WHY does a film company take away a staff of artists and technicians to an island in the South Pacific, and what takes place in such circumstances?

How does the unit go about making the film? Do the artists work all day long? How are the leisure hours passed?

Questions such as these, and many more, are frequently asked by film fans curious about the inner workings of a talkie unit on location.

So that The Australian Women's Weekly readers might have the opportunity of gaining a more intimate knowledge of what goes on behind the arc-lights and reflectors, I have been asked to send over news from "Mystery Island," where Commonwealth Films Ltd. are engaged in the production of the film bearing that name.

Perhaps you would find interesting, first of all, an informal account of a typical day's work on such a location?

Let's begin, then, from when we rise in the morning.

### The Theme Song

ALREADY a small band of before-breakfast swimmers, including Jean Laidley, Desmond Hay, and myself, has formed.

With our courage in both hands and a towel round our necks, we skip forth more or less blithely from our bungalow in the palms about half past sixish—down to the boat jetty for a plunge into the warm waters of the sparkling lagoon.

Skipping, "jerks," and a brisk trot to offset any unwelcome effects of the ravening appetites we're all developing, a shower and a rub down, and we're ready for a little early morning harmonising.

Out comes Des.'s ukelele and we squat in the sun on the beach while Jean and Des. warble our theme song, "Mystery Island," for my benefit; Jean and I are to sing it together later and as yet I have not thoroughly learned this lovely waltz.

On the morning of the dawn "shot" of my "rescuing" Jean from the surf after the shipwreck, when we had to swim around fully clothed just as the sun rose above the horizon, we were forced to forgo our morning chirp—we couldn't keep our teeth from chattering.

**We had been in and out of the water for over an hour in our efforts to secure the shot with just the right lighting and with the sun in just the right position.**

We've since heard to our consternation that we may have to repeat the shot on several mornings before Chief Cameraman George Malcolm will be completely satisfied. Might I mention in a small voice that it's not nearly as funny as it sounds?

### Palmy Paradise

THE strict adhesion to reality demanded by our technical directors means that we must board motor boats and be transported a few miles away from the inhabited side of he island.

Immediately after breakfast we troop down to the jetty where we jump into a motor boat which tows a couple of surf boats loaded to the gunwales with cameras, sound-recording equipment, lighting equipment, reflectors, camera "dollys," etc.

Then we glide over the lovely lagoon, skirting islets and dodging volcanic reefs and fairylike coral formations until we arrive at our own little beach.

Here passengers and equipment are carried through the surf to a palmy paradise nestling beneath towering mountains over 2000 feet in height. Behind us is the thick virginal scrub wherein roam herds of wild goats and pigs.

### Work and Play

WHILE the technical staff sets up the camera, recording and lighting equipment, etc., the artists make up in a palmy glade whilst the curious sea breeze gambols across the tree-tops, gently parting the fronds the better to spy upon these strange objects of civilisation setting up their mirrors in the tall sleepy grass.

A few hours' work and then we bound away from the set to the "luncheon-hall" . . . a clearing at the foot of the jungle-covered mountains . . . where the lunch-cloth is set on a table of palm fronds.

Close by a cold spring gurgles merrily and to its accompaniment we daily consume about four gallons of billy tea.

A few more hours' work and then we pack up our gear and cover it with tarpaulin before we pile back into the boats.

On the long trip home we encounter a rain squall, which puts our engine temporarily out of action.

Jack Bruce, technical supervisor, comes to the rescue, and after about half an hour's wetting we get under way again.

Now we notice for the first time the full force of blinding tropical rain. Scotty Mackinnon pipes up "Singing in the Rain," and we all join in. A few moments, and the entire unit is thoroughly enjoying outdoor community singing.

Film folk are cheery folk whatever else . . . not a single complaint, not a groan, just burst after burst of song and laughter.

Molly Kirwan and I have our fishing lines trailing out behind. . . . I pulled mine in before we were halfway across . . . no bites.

Molly is just about to do likewise, and actually begins to wind in also when . . . sing! . . . the cord sizzles through her fingers and the fight with a twenty-pound kingfish begins. We have fish for dinner . . . plenty of fish.

*Continued on Page 37*

### *The Search*

**BRIAN ABBOT, actor, and Leslie Hay Simpson, solicitor and actor, left Lord Howe Island for Sydney on October 6 in a 16ft launch.**

**They had food and water for ten days, and petrol for a little longer period.**

**Anxiety developed when no news was heard of them on Thursday last, their tenth day out.**

**An intensive search was commenced on Friday by the destroyer Waterhen and two planes of the Air Force fleet.**

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9D. NEW SIZE BOX

Now the loveliest face powder of all, exquisite Californian Poppy, comes to you in a new size box for 9d. Faintly perfumed with a gay light-hearted fragrance, it gives your skin a soft bloom, yet reveals its natural loveliness.

*in 4 shades*

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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## Let's Talk Of Interesting People

*Three careers that have been thrown into relief as a result of Miss Jean Batten's record flight.*

***First Woman's Solo Flight***

THE lass from Yorkshire, Amy Johnson, England's foremost airwoman, first woman to fly solo from England to Australia. Accomplished in 1930, when she was twenty-six years of age—the same age as Miss Batten is at present.

Marriage has not interfered with her career. In July, 1932, she married "Jimmy" Mollison, who flew to Australia the year before in 8 days 9 hours, and since then they have made many flights together and solo.

***Jean Batten's Inspiration***

THE late "Bert" Hinkler, who set the pace for record-breaking solo aeroplane flights, was Jean Batten's inspiration. As solo pilot, racing pilot, master mechanic and designer he demonstrated the capabilities and possibilities of the light plane.

Born in Bundaberg (Q.), in 1892, he was interested from an early age in aviation. In 1928 he made the first solo flight from England to Australia in 15 days, and later a record flight from America to Italy, via South Atlantic.

***America's Record Breaker***

AMELIA EARHART is America's smartest woman record-breaker of the air, with many original flights to her credit. She started her flying career in 1921, at the age of 23.

In 1931 she married Mr. George Putnam, and has continued her career in aviation.

She was the first woman to fly the Atlantic alone—from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1932.

In January, 1935, she made a non-stop solo flight from Honolulu to Oakland, California, and later flew from Mexico to New York City in record time.

# "I SHALL ALWAYS FLY," *Says Our* JEAN

## Finds Relief in Tears After Strain of Great Flights

### *She likes music, dances flowers, clothes*

*A personal close-up of Jean Batten by an Australian Women's Weekly Special Writer*

***"I shall always fly," says Jean Batten, the airwoman who flies amazingly across the world in a few days.***

***"I am very interested in clothes—I brought a Paris model hat with me," says Jean Batten, the quiet, level-eyed girl who likes music and flowers and goes to dances.***

SOME people might have imagined her as some sort of traditional Amazon, or, perhaps, a very mannish creature, this slim girl who flies imperturbably from England to Australia so quickly, who flies so unostentatiously across the dangerous South Atlantic and the perilous jungles of Brazil, who dares the forbidding Tasman.

On the contrary, she is essentially feminine—very much of a natural woman.

When the reaction set in after the long hours of strain in the air, the crush and press of business people and well-wishers, the bustle of welcomes, and the attentions of hand-shakers and autograph-hunters, she went quietly into her bedroom and wept.

**What more natural, womanly thing is there than the release of pent-up feelings in tears?**

Yes, certainly, Jean Batten is a very natural girl away from the whirling propellers and the roaring engines, away from the mill of cheering crowds and the ever-present batteries of cameras and microphones.

SHE is a girl who likes flowers, all flowers, but orchids are her passion.

She remembers as one of her most delightful experiences the time when she landed in Rio de Janeiro after her flight across to South America.

There were piles on piles of exotic orchids lying on the sofa of the lounge of her suite when she arrived at the hotel. This took her breath away, and she has always remembered it, for they were the loveliest orchids in the world, the most beautiful she had seen.

### Beautiful Orchids

**When flying low over the Brazilian jungle she could smell the rich perfume of thousands of orchids growing wild in the sultry darkness of the green maze below.**

Incidentally, when she was in Rio de Janeiro she was presented with a beautiful brooch of diamonds set in platinum. She wears this rarely, and keeps it in the bank.

For relaxation she plays the piano, and well, too. Chopin's gentle music she prefers most of all. With so much time spent in preparation for her flight, she has not had much time to play lately, but she is eager to back to her piano.

She has had neither time nor opportunity to be interested in domesticity. The many things that most women do as a matter of course are as outside Jean's field as flying is outside theirs.

**Jean plans to continue flying as long as she possibly can, and she says she will fly anywhere within the limits of her plane.**

Her mind is always occupied with thoughts of flying, the details of plans for flights, and the hundreds of mechanical intricacies of engines. She certainly has no time for domesticity.

But she is still a very normal woman. She is very interested in clothes. Her eyes are keen when she talks about them, and her opinions are those of an authority.

Chic herself, she clothes her slight figure with great taste and care, and looks anything but the fearless airwoman who has had to steel her will to fight the tempting drug of sleep while flying through the night, with a canopy of stars above, and some dangerous jungle or shark-infested water below.

Rather she looks as any smartly-dressed girl who chooses her clothes carefully and takes a great interest in her appearance.

Her favorite color combination is silver and green. Her plane, too, is silver.

**Though she takes particular care of her appearance, she subordinates any thought of it while flying. She knows it is impossible to handle a plane and look in a mirror at the same time, and says laughingly that she has never found it possible to complete her toilet and fly at once. Therefore, the toilet had to go.**

She wears a tropical sun-helmet while in the air, and always carries plenty of sun-tan cream.

### Always Good Health

One of her first actions when she arrived in Sydney, looking, incidentally, as if she had just come from a little jaunt over the city, was to look in a mirror and powder her nose.

She travelled light on this flight, bringing only three frocks, some stockings, one pair of shoes, and several changes of underwear—and a Paris model hat made by Callet.

*Continued on Page 20*

Jean Batten
1936

*THE famous flier's signature*

*SILHOUETTED BETWEEN earth and sky, Jean Batten's plane carries her on—to what future destiny? Her life has been given up to flying; her philosophy is the philosophy of all fliers.*


*Every woman needs Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills*

when she is troubled with BACKACHE or RHEUMATISM

**WOMEN by nature and occupation are more susceptible to Kidney Complaints than men, and often silently endure Backache and Rheumatism for years.**

It is both unnecessary and dangerous to endure these Kidney Complaints when the Kidneys can quickly be brought back to health by taking **Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills.**

Thousands of women have improved their health by taking **Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills**, and this Remedy which has built up a much envied reputation during a long period of years will undoubtedly benefit you, too.

For Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and Kidney Weakness, there is no finer remedy than Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills.

YOU CAN ABSOLUTELY RELY ON—

27 Pills 1/9
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DR SHELDON'S GIN PILLS


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TRUTH ABOUT DIET — *A New Series of Articles*

# DIET AS AID TO *Health & Beauty*

## Medical Writer Throws Spotlight on Modern Food Fads

*Specially Written for The Australian Women's Weekly. No. 1.*

**What do you eat and what should you eat to keep well? All over the world, food authorities are discussing this question.**

***The matter of individual and national diets is so much before the public that, beginning this week, The Australian Women's Weekly will publish a series of articles on the subject.***

**The claims of the chief slimming and "eating-for-health" diets will be examined by a medical writer in the light of the latest scientific discoveries in physiology and dietetics.**

WITH Nutrition Committees investigating national diets (both in Australia and Britain), with the majority of womenkind in search of slimming diets, and the sterner sex demanding diets conducive to health or long life, the question of "What to eat?" may be considered the popular problem of the day.

Reduction of "weight" (in plain terms, fatty tissue) is the older problem of the two, for "eating for health" has only become popularly recognised since the twentieth century, though doctors have been preaching the gospel unheeded over the last 150 years. Slimming has been a minor problem of women since Mid-Victorian days.

"Voluptuous curves" and "full figures" were, of course, the correct fashion in that period.

**"Young ladies who drink vinegar," thundered the "London Journal" in 1862, "to subdue their greatest charm in the eyes of men—a tendency to embonpoint—do so at the expense of a red nose, impaired digestion, livid circles under the eyes, and general debility!"**

Obviously the "acid diet" (founded on the fallacy that if sweets fatten, acids slim) had already a vogue, which persists in a minor form to-day. But in the following year, 1863, the Banting diet was introduced.

This was the first workable slimming diet, and in spite of various additions and modifications it remains the basis of all effective slimming diets introduced since.

William Banting was an English cabinetmaker who reduced his corpulence by cutting out all starches, sugars, and most fats from his diet. At the same time he reduced the amount of his daily ration.

**He became slim, active, and healthy, and lived to the ripe age of 81. An Australian grandson (Mr. P. J. Hall, of Rose Bay, N.S.W.) states that Banting's children and grandchildren were reared on a modified Banting diet, and never had a day's sickness in their lives.**

The Banting diet was at once adopted by the medical profession, who made various modifications in it.

There was the Harvey-Banting diet, the Ebstein diet, the Oertel diet.

The latter cut down the daily ration of water (a practice which has reappeared lately). Banting allowed lean meats, sweetbread, fish, fruit, clear soups, poultry, cheese, eggs and green vegetables only. Butter was allowed in moderation.

### Rush of Slimmers

A TYPICAL daily allowance was 12oz. lean meat, 6oz. rusks or gluten-bread, 4oz. green vegetables, 1oz. butter, a little fruit, and 1½ pints of tea. On this diet Banting reduced his weight by 44 pounds and the celebrated Dr. Cheyne reduced from 32 stone to 11 stone, and lived to a ripe old age.

In the light of modern research, the Banting diet is a well-balanced one; his insistence on cheese, butter and green vegetables ensured supply of vitamins and mineral salts (though the vital necessity of these was unknown at the time).

The difficulty, however, was to get people to ration themselves; and by 1900 the Banting diet was forgotten.

In the early twentieth century middle-aged women began to worry over their surplus weight, and a new set of diets came into fashion. The Salisbury diet prescribed 3lb. of lean beef (divided into three meals daily) for 10 days, with copious draughts of hot water.

The "acid diet" was revived; thyroid extract had a vogue, and subsequently the iodine-rich seaweed preparations. With all of these went Turkish baths, massage and mild exercise.

**The real rush for slimming diets, however, came in the post-war period, when plumpness definitely "went out" and the slim figure became the fashion.**

Starvation diets for a while held the field. The celebrated "Eighteen Day diet" came and passed, leaving a crop of illness and T.B. in its train.

This diet was deficient in every particular; it was short of protein, fat, carbohydrate, minerals and vitamins.

**Even the "no water" diet returned, on the theory that fat was mainly water and could be killed off by lack of it.**

Two famous American beauties, who had been reduced to point of death by starvation without losing weight, actually had their bodies "dehydrated" (dried of water) at the Mayo clinic with huge doses of mercurial compound, salyrgan. They lost weight — and regained it on dropping the treatment in spite of diet.

These were obviously "gland cases," the type of fat person whom no diet can affect.

### Examining Claims

MEDICAL science, in the meantime, had discovered vitamins and the role of mineral salts in diet.

The basis of healthy diet was found to be milk products (milk, butter, cheese), brown bread, fruit and fresh vegetables. Restricted diets became possible which still conserved health. The salad-and-vegetable slimming diets now in vogue are examples; they are harmless to health and quite effective as weight-reducers.

Actually they are revivals of the Banting system (limitation of quantity and exclusion of fat-forming food), except that the protein is no longer taken exclusively as meat. But of late a system, the Hay diet, claiming to embody a new dietetic principle altogether, has had an astonishing vogue and success in America and Britain. These claims are now being critically examined in the light of modern research.

(Next Week: "The Hay Diet; the Case for and against.")

### *What Jean Batten's Face Reveals*

*AN interesting character study of Jean Batten's face. It shows a combination of charm and perfectly balanced intellectual, physical and emotional energy. The well-developed forehead and crown, balanced eyes, Grecian nose, clearly defined lips and chin outline a face that is in keeping with her remarkable personality. Wisdom, courage, vitality, determination, refinement, modesty, individuality, a friendly disposition—all are combined to an unusual degree.*

**Our Free Novel Competition**

*For particulars of our Free Novel and Short Story Competition,*

*SEE PAGE 37*


# STOMACH DISTRESS AND ACIDITY ENDED—THIS NEW WAY

*Self-Poisoning* (Autoxima)
ITS CAUSE AND EFFECTS

Civilized life guards against many dangers and diseases. But it exposes us to hidden ones such as self-poisoning. Devitalized modern foods give insufficient exercise to the walls of the intestines. They lose their power of normal movement and are unable to get rid of the poisonous acid-forming waste—which settles in their folds. Essential Alkalizing minerals which maintain health are not extracted from your food by the lifeless walls. Your vigour and vitality are undermined. Meanwhile, the food waste lies stagnant and fermenting in the colon, giving rise to gases which are forced back into the stomach, thus souring the food and causing sickness, heartburn, pain in the chest, headaches, bad breath. Impurities are created and enter the blood stream to attack and weaken other vital parts or functions of your body.

**"Stomach distress entirely due to self-poisoning," says eminent Berlin Physician — Dr. C. Oppenheimer**

**Stomach distress does not primarily result from indigestion, for this, too, is only a condition arising from the real cause. As Dr. Oppenheimer, the celebrated Berlin physician, points out, this complaint is entirely due to self-poisoning (autoxima). That is why medicines which act only on the stomach give no permanent relief. The clogged colon, where the primary cause of autoxima begins, must first be cleared of fermenting acid debris before real relief from stomach distress, indigestion, acidity, gastritis, belching, bloatedness, gas pains, and ulcers can be effected. So clean your colon of this acid-developing waste.**

HOW TO HAVE A HEALTHY STOMACH

*Clogged Colon*

The left illustration shows your colon clogged by fermenting food waste. Your partial bowel movements may be regular, but modern, devitalized food waste has clogged your colon and autoxima is poisoning your system. You feel depressed, bloated. You are troubled with constipation, burning pains in the stomach, tenderness. You dread to eat yet you are always hungry. Laxatives are useless—they only act on the lower part of the bowels: they do not clear away the gas-generating poisons from the colon walls. COLOSEPTIC, however, cleans the entire colon of waste matter, as shown in the right-hand illustration. It neutralizes all acid conditions. It restores the body's alkaline reserve. COLOSEPTIC also activates the three other eliminative organs—the pores of the skin, the kidneys and the respiratory system. Be free of stomach distress for good, clear your colon with COLOSEPTIC now.

*Unclogged Colon*

READ THIS—*"Delighted with Results"*

*Tasman St., Wellington.*

*Mr husband and I are taking Coloseptic and are more than delighted with results. We really feel we have at last secured the article to ensure health, more especially in my husband's case. He has been suffering from Indigestion, Flatulency, etc., for many years. He feels much better than he has done for years. I also feel a very different person since taking Coloseptic. . . .*

*Mrs. A.H.*

(The original of this letter may be seen at Head Office.)

AT ALL CHEMISTS—
INDIVIDUAL SIZE, 2/9: ECONOMY SIZE, 5/6.

FREE LIBERAL SAMPLE OF COLOSEPTIC. Mail the coupon for a free trial sample of COLOSEPTIC. You'll receive it by return mail and, in addition, an interesting book, telling you more about the vital and intimate subject of autoxima, will be sent to you—FREE.

FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESS
**Coloseptic**
CHECKS SELF-POISONING AIDS NUTRITION
COMBATS ACIDITY — BUILDS HEALTH

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
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Please send me FREE sample of COLOSEPTIC and a copy of The Autoxima Booklet. I enclose 6d. stamp to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.
NAME ADDRESS


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# NOTHING is SAFE

## The Third Instalment of Our Thrilling New Serial

## By E. M. DELAFIELD

*A POIGNANT and moving story of the perplexity of children of divorced parents, as seen through the eyes of Julia and Terry, whose parents have re-married. Their bewilderment grows when holidays come along and they don't know whether they are to stay with Mummy, Daddy, or Grandma. In fact, nobody seems to want them for long in this strange new world which divorce has created. Now read on.*

*It seemed ages since they arrived at Petah's flat. The people were talking, drinking, and smoking.*

*Illustrated by* NOEL COOK

JULIA saw that she'd made a mistake. She didn't, however, feel particularly sorry.

"Well, you don't have much time for us, with Uncle Tom wanting you every few minutes," she observed reasonably. "You haven't had time to read to us once these holidays."

"You've only been here just over a week."

"It feels much longer," said Julia thoughtfully. Then she felt that mummy might think that sounded rather rude. "I don't mean we haven't had fun," she apologetically explained, "but just that it's all been so different, and we haven't properly got used to it. And you know how easily Terry gets miserable, and I've come to the conclusion, mummy, that I don't really mind things for myself, half as much as I do for him."

"Poor Julia."

"So perhaps," said Julia, rather timidly, for this was important, "perhaps it would be quite a good plan if we went to grandmamma now, for a little bit, and then we could come back here later, if it was convenient."

"Convenient!" echoed mummy, in a strange, annoyed sort of way. "But, my dear child, you know perfectly well that wherever I am is your home—yours and Terry's."

Now, what did mummy mean?

Home, if it was anywhere, was at their old house at Hampstead. And what about daddy? It couldn't very well be home if they weren't all living in it.

Julia wished to introduce the name of daddy into this rather strange and embarrassing conversation, but could not quite think how it was to be done.

At last she said:

"As a matterfac', we aren't spending the whole of every holidays with you, anyway, are we?"

"No," mummy said. "Don't you remember I told you that daddy wanted to have each of you for part of the time, every holidays?"

"So you did," said Julia.

"It's been very difficult to fit in dates, but I believe I could arrange to send Terry to daddy at once. Do you think he'd like to go?"

"Only if I went, too," said Julia firmly.

She wouldn't let herself remember that she'd been told there wouldn't be room for both of them together at daddy's new flat.

"Oh, Julia—nonsense! You can get on without each other for a week. You'll be together at grandmamma's."

"But why can't we be together at daddy's, too?"

"I don't think there's room. Besides, you'd like to have a little longer with us, wouldn't you?"

"How long?"

"About a week, I expect. Just till you and Terry can go to Chepstow. You know, I may be going with Uncle Tom to Paris, just for a short holiday. What would you like me to bring back for a surprise?"

"Something French," said Julia, and added hastily: "Not a book."

"I'll see what I can find. Now, it's terribly late, and you must go to sleep. I expect Terry's been asleep for ages."

"By the way," exclaimed Julia, "he's been sick, I think. I heard him. Hours ago."

"Julia! How extraordinary you are! Why didn't you tell me?"

"I forgot," said Julia.

Mummy kissed her hastily, forgot about tucking her up, and went to the door.

"He's probably asleep by now," Julia said coldly.

What on earth was the good of making a fuss now, when it was all over?

"Good - night, darling."

"Good-night."

Mummy put out the light and shut the door softly, and Julia knew that she stood listening outside Terry's door for quite a little while before very quietly turning the handle. There was no sound of clicking on the light: Only another silence—and then the gentle closing of the door and the sound of mummy moving away.

So he was asleep and mummy had not gone in.

Julia gave an enormous sigh and turned over on her side, curling up her legs under her, suddenly unable to keep awake any longer.

All next day Uncle Tom was away at the barracks, and Terry was kept in bed till lunch-time.

Mummy came and read to him and Julia, and it was quite like the old days.

In the afternoon mummy had to go out, but only for an hour.

While they were at tea she told them, in a hurried kind of way, that Terry was to pay his visit to daddy at once. The very next day.

"Not Julia?" said Terry, looking scared.

"Not this time. She'll be going later, I expect. It's only a tiny flat. Julia's going to stay here a little longer, and then you're both going down to Chepstow to stay with grandmamma and grandpapa."

"For how long?"

"My dear, I don't know. You're old enough to understand that it's very difficult to fit in dates, and suit everybody's convenience. I'm trying to do the best I can, and it's not at all easy."

Mummy sounded slightly upset, and Terry looked wretched.

JULIA quickly created a diversion by saying she had a pain in her head.

"Not earache?" said mummy sharply.

"Oh, no, nothing in the least like that," Julia assured her.

She had had earache more than once, and knew how frightful it was.

"This is a tiny little pain—I'm not even sure it's there at all," Julia explained.

Mummy laughed at that, and Julia's pain became a joke, and no more was said about it.

Nor was anything more said, just then, about plans.

Peggy rang up after tea, and Julia heard part of the conversation between her and mummy. She supposed that it was wrong, more or less, to listen on purpose—but it was so worrying not to know for certain what was going to happen that she felt she'd do anything that might help her to find out.

So she hung about on the staircase while mummy talked in the drawing-room and Terry did nothing in the garden.

". . . How marvellous! No, mine had to be altered, just a little, I had it shortened. . . . Oh, the children loved their afternoon with you. . . . No, I don't think he is, particularly. You know what he's like, poor darling. . . . It's all so difficult, isn't it, and Alick is being so utterly unreasonable about money. My dear, I can't tell you about it over the telephone, but if you could see the letters I've had from him! Anybody would think they weren't his children at all—and yet he insists on keeping in touch, as he calls it, with both of them."

Mummy's voice stopped.

Then she said "Yes" and "No," and then, to Julia's disgust, a long something in French, of which Julia only understood the words "La petite"—which meant herself—and "Alick n'a pas d'argent"—which meant poor daddy hadn't any money. Terry's name came in several times, too.

What on earth was it all about? It must be something interesting, or mummy wouldn't take the trouble to talk in French.

When she next spoke in English, it was all about going to Paris with Uncle Tom, and the only interesting bit was right at the end, in answer to something that Peggy must have said.

"I'm sending them down to Chepstow, to stay with mother. Anyway, for a fortnight. It's unlucky she can't keep them any longer, as it happens—"

*Please turn to Page 41*

*Terry and Julia look into a new world.*

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Complete Story

# SLOANE *Square* *at* THREE

A delightful story of a lonely girl and a few hours of stolen romance

*Illustrated by* FISCHER

ANGELA turned with relief from the "Situations Vacant" column of her newspaper to the "Personal." For three months the "Situations Vacant" column had represented soaring hopes, to be followed by disappointment. But in the "Personal" column she found romance. She looked eagerly for "Lonely Leonard's" message for "Elaine." For a week she had followed the daily messages of this strange couple, who made love to each other in public at five shillings a line. Angela was thrilled by it. Her experience of "Personal Column" romances led her to believe that soon they must meet . . . and she would find the sequel under "Births, Marriages and Deaths."

But before her eye, travelling slowly downwards, came to the message of the lovesick Leonard, it was caught by another notice: "ANGEL—Won't you meet Barry 3 Stn. Sq. Stn. to-day?" It was the name that caught Angela's eye and held it. Angel—that was what she had been called in the days when she had had a home. Her few friends still used the shortening. Could it . . . could it possibly be him? She had only met him once at the dance a week before. And she didn't know if his name was Barry. Somebody had mumbled "Wanchouto meet Angel" and his surname, and left them to dance. He had seemed a decent sort, but he hadn't come back for another dance.

Angela turned to the open window of her little bed-sitting-room through which the early summer sunshine was pouring. At the back of her mind she had a feeling that it wasn't the young man in the dance, that the advertisement was nothing to do with her. "But what's the harm in going to see?" she asked herself. "If it isn't him, I can just come away again. I'll let him speak first, and I'm tired of tramping round looking for a job." She knew that next day she would have to start the weary round of job-hunting again, but she looked out on the newly-leafed trees in the little square and determined that for one day, at any rate, she was going to have a holiday.

At five minutes past three, Angela came up the steps of Sloane Square Station. Although she would not have admitted it, even to herself, she had taken more than a little care over dressing. She was wearing a summer frock she certainly wouldn't have wasted on the desert air of an office, and she had curled her hair at the sides, a thing she usually reserved for dances.

For a moment she stood on the pavement, while her eyes swept cautiously round. "I must be very careful not to seem cheap," she said to herself. "Perhaps it would seem better if I pretended I was just passing by chance." She started to pace slowly up the pavement with an air that would suggest she was going somewhere, but was in no particular hurry.

Sloane Square was very deserted at that hour. In less than a minute she had looked at every person on the pavement out of the corner of her eye. And certainly the young man at the dance was not among them. The only young man at all was standing beside a golden-green sports car, its chromium-plating glistening in the sun. He was looking at the exit from the station, obviously expecting someone, someone who did not come.

HE looks rather nice, thought Angela, and he's getting very impatient. If the girl he's got an appointment with doesn't come soon, he'll be going off.

By which Angela proved herself a good prophet, for as she turned at the end of the pavement, the young man jumped into his car and with a last look at the exit of the Tube, started off impulsively, his exhaust roaring. The diversion of the young man gone, Angela realised suddenly that she was beginning to make a fool of herself. Whoever Barry might be, he certainly had either met his Angel and gone off, or hadn't turned up. She had just made up her mind to enter the Tube again and take a lonely walk on Wimbledon Common, when the green sports car came roaring down the road. Its fair-haired owner, his bright scarf streaming out behind him, had obviously driven it round the Square. He came past slowly, his eyes scrutinising the people on the pavement. They rested on Angela for an instant and then swept on. Angela hoped that the blood she felt rushing to her face did not show.

*"Er . . . are you looking for someone?" he stammered. Angela looked at him and hoped she looked as cool as she meant to. "My name's Angel," she replied non-committally.*

By . . . Sidney Denham

She walked just a little faster towards the station, and then her eye caught some hats in a window. She stopped, and once more the green car came swinging past. Angela looked up. Her brown eyes met the blue eyes of the young man in the car. He stopped, jumped out, and came towards her.

"Er . . . are you waiting for someone?" he stammered.

Angela looked at him and hoped she looked as cool as she meant to.

"My name's Angel," she replied non-committally.

"Angel . . . oh, well." The young man paused for an instant, puzzled. "Then I suppose you had better get in the car," he said. "My name's Barry."

"Of course," remarked Angela, as she walked towards the car.

"You—er—you saw my advertisement?" The young man seemed very nervous.

"How else should I be at Sloane Square at three? It's not exactly a thrilling spot at any time."

The young man laughed. Angela decided that she liked him when he laughed. He had even, white teeth, and his mouth curled up, the ends making funny dimples in his cheeks.

"Sloane Square thrilling!" he said. "I should think not. But we'll go somewhere thrilling." He slipped in the gear as Angela snuggled down into the seat beside him, and then shot off down the King's Road.

"Not too fast!" he shouted to her ten minutes later as they roared up Putney Hill. Angela glanced at the speedometer and felt a little thrill as she saw the needle creeping up to sixty. She shook her head. She felt just a little nervous, but this young man could drive.

AN hour later the car was purring up one of the steep hills of Ashtead Forest. Angela, looking out, saw the lacework shadows of young leaves on the carpet of those that had fallen last year, bluebells under the bushes and emerald bracken shoots pushing their way up.

"Is this the thrilling place you talked about?" she said.

Barry smiled. "If you say so," he said, turning the car gently into a roadside clearing. "I've got a picnic set in the luggage-hole."

"So you knew I would come?" Angela's voice was teasing.

"I didn't know." Barry's face was serious. "But I hoped; I've been hoping, now I come to think of it, for years . . ."

"But you haven't known me for years!" protested Angela.

"I know. But that hasn't prevented me hoping . . ." Barry got busy with the stove and kettle. "Find a comfortable place," he said, "and lay out these things. I'm no good at laying tables."

"Here; up here!" cried Angela, as she scrambled up a grass bank. "Just look at the view." She waved her hand and then sat down on the groundsheet Barry had taken from the car.

The sun had dipped under the wooded crest of the hill on the other side of the valley when Angela asked if they ought not to be getting back. Barry had talked of everything; everything, that is, but their meeting. And had been silent, and his silences had been as eloquent as his sentences.

"Where shall I drop you?" he asked, as they neared town. "That is, if you are sure you won't come and have dinner?"

"No, really, I can't," replied Angela. "Oh, just drop me at Sloane Square, will you?"

Whatever Barry thought, she felt sure he did not imagine she lived in a little room at the top of a house in a mean street. She would have hated him to see the notice in the window: "Clean rooms for business girls, ten shillings a week."

"Sure I can't take you nearer than Sloane Square?" he asked.

"No; Sloane Square is absolutely right for me." Somehow Angela felt that as it had started at Sloane Square it would have to end there. For on the journey back she had made up her mind that she must not meet Barry again.

"Well, good-night. And thanks for a lovely afternoon."

"Oh, good-night. Will you be here again to-morrow?"

ANGELA shook her head and fled for the safety of the station. She knew that if she had stayed she would have promised to come again.

Far into the night she lay awake trying to think it out. She had never met Barry before, of that she was certain. Definitely he had not been the young man at the dance. The young man seemed very unattractive now; indeed, Angela found it difficult to remember exactly what he was like. Barry's fair hair and laughing blue eyes kept getting mixed up with him. "I was a fool to go," she said at last, turning her face to the pillow so that the tear that trickled down was wiped away. "He probably thinks I'm cheap, just one of those girls that gets picked up." And yet as she went to sleep she knew Barry was not the kind of man to pick up girls in his car.

Angela got the first job she applied for in the morning. She felt glad when the elderly man who interviewed her said, "We are very short, so that if you can come and start after lunch we shall be grateful." She knew if she had not something to do that afternoon, there would be a grave risk of her taking a ticket to Sloane Square, in spite of herself. But she worked mechanically, memories of Barry's laugh, matching so perfectly the lovely setting in which they had eaten their tea, swimming before her shorthand notes. But Angela was a competent worker and at the end of the day her new chief complimented her on her work and hoped that she would settle down.

*Please turn to Page 16*

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# The PRINCE in UNIFORM

*He was a refugee, this man who had once been called Prince, but to the girl he was just her father's chauffeur.*

*Illustrated by* FISCHER

*Bending swiftly, John Vassil touched his lips to Irene Craigie's hand. "For this one glorious moment," he whispered, "I thank you."*

THE amazing car from out Westchester way swung down through the upper latitudes of Manhattan, and even callous traffic coppers turned to smile admiringly and nod to John Vassil.

Old Dunstan Craigie's car — all bright and glitter, the masterpiece of engineers and jewellers and silversmiths—regal! Before the imperious blare of its silver trumpets ordinary vehicles swerved aside.

John Vassil's hands, warm in fleece-lined gloves, rested lightly on the open wheel. He settled his head into the astrachan collar-piece of his big fur coat and eyed a headstrong taxi that paid no heed to the warning of the trumpets. A cocky little guy! John Vassil grinned faintly. At precisely the proper moment he touched a pedal and the great car crouched to a halt under the suasion of hydraulic brakes. But the cocky cab also had stopped, and before its driver could utter even the briefest anathema John Vassil had slid by on his way.

"Beautiful!"

John Vassil started—and was glad his ears were hidden deep in the collar-piece, for they were burning. It was unfair! He imagined her back there watching—and laughing, her white teeth showing in the darkness. A little time ago, on the Concourse, the same soft, amused voice had said suddenly, "John, your head is rather nice, you know." Out of a clear sky! And what could he do? What was expected of him—if anything? Even if it had been his place to reply, how might this be done into the wrong end of a speaking-tube?

The swift downtown set of traffic on the avenue bore them along—as swiftly, John Vassil thought, as Time had borne them along these three years he had been with Mr. Craigie. He had driven old Dunstan Craigie to The Oaks, up off the Albany Post Road, when Miss Irene had finished there. All last year she had been abroad with her aunt. But now—last month—she had returned, a lovely and self-assured young woman, to take her place out front in the social life of the city—his, John Vassil's, job at the moment being to bring her down safely to the Ritz for the annual charity masquerade, and for some reason it had occurred to her to remark that his, John Vassil's, head was "rather nice." And, well, if it diverted Dunstan Craigie's daughter to stick pins in Dunstan Craigie's chauffeur, he, John Vassil, could only sit and take it in the back. Of course.

Still, it was unfair, and he resented it. . . . Yet he was twenty-seven, and Irene Craigie was, beyond any comparison, the most beautiful thing in the world and— And what? It was all too idiotic.

John Vassil twirled the car in to the kerb under the shining marquee and stepped out. He opened the door and stood, erect and tall, respectfully waiting.

Her hand, as she alighted, accepted transiently the assistance of his arm, and for a mere instant she paused, looking up at him. "I'll want the car at two," she said. Then she was gone. Of course her fingers had not, however slightly, pressed his arm; of course her eyes, serene and impersonal, had not remained upon his own one second longer than needful. That was, he realised, sheer insane fancy. Her eyes were brown and liquid; her slender throat rose from the flared collar of her wrap like a lily pistil from its calyx—from the gay ruff of her costume and the soft gleam of pearls. All this he still was seeing, though she had gone, vanished through the glass doors, and a burly doorman was suggesting, "How about moving along, bud?"

"Eh?" said John Vassil. "Oh, sure."

His time was his own till two. Ten now—as one of the sponsors, Miss Irene had had to come down early. John Vassil turned the Isotta's silver nose down Sixth Avenue and, below Twenty-fourth Street, parked before a lighted store front.

The lighted front was his brother Paul's delicatessen shop, and he put his head in at the door to call a greeting.

"Anybody home?"

"Everybody." Paul, in his white apron, came smiling to meet him. "The Little Mother, Alice—all at home. And I shall go with you to see them. It is, anyway, time I close up now. Yes, and Uncle Igor——"

"What?"

"Yes, at last. He came yesterday. With us he will stay."

JOHN VASSIL shook his head over Paul. Good old Paul on whom the burden had fallen, and was still falling, and who bore up so calmly. A little bald now, a little round; personally as neat as his little shop was neat. Always he had been like that, calm and neat, even—though John could hardly remember—at Dyenka, before their world had crashed.

John took out his wallet. "See here, you've got to let me help more. Look, two hundred dollars—and only this month's pay. You must take half, Paul. I don't need it—and now, with Uncle Igor——"

But Paul hid his hands. "No, John, you put your money in the bank now. Already you have done more than you can afford for the Little Mother. For yourself you will need it some day, to go into a good business like me and Nicolas. Besides, you are a young man and—for your amusement, eh? Come, we will go up together."

Paul's flat, two flights up over his shop, was roomy and comfortably fitted. "Little Mother," Paul announced with gusto, "John is here!" An ageing but still dapper figure under the floor lamp lowered his paper and asked, "Who is it?" But John Vassil, going straight to his mother's chair, stooped, and she kissed his forehead.

"Take off that ferocious coat, Ivan," she said, "and speak to your uncle." She spoke with barely a trace of accent, though she alone of the family still called John Vassil by his Russian name, for that had been his father's. A diminutive person, quiet, with a peace of sturdy spirit, her eyes steady and reflective under the smooth sweep of her white hair, her small hands folded in her lap, she was like the portrait of a lady mother from the ancestral gallery of some old aristocratic house.

John Vassil turned from her obediently.

"How are you, Uncle Igor?"

"As you see me, young man." It was clear to John his uncle had not recognised him at first. He had arisen now to shake hands. His hair was white, as were his moustache and trim imperial. He was dressed formally for evening, but John could not help noticing the broken edges of his collar and the frayed cuffs. "Things have not been going too well. I—I have come for a little visit with Paul."

And this, John thought, is Count Igor Shonovensky, who rode his title to the bitter end, and now must ask my brother's charity.

Paul's wife, Alice, a pretty, blonde woman, plump and patient and unflaggingly cheerful, had entered, and John kissed her. But his mother called him back to her side.

"We were expecting you, son. You had to come in early, of course. Miss Craigie would have duties, as a sponsor. From her pictures she is very charming. Do you like her, Ivan?"

It was wonderful how the Little Mother kept up with all the movements of the social world, through the newspapers of course; how her interest in those things from which she herself had been so long removed kept bright. John met her eyes, smiled at her question, but made no answer.

"Was she wearing the pearls?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"You believe so! Did you not think I would want to know? The pearls your father gave me to wear at the imperial anniversary ball at Moscow? You should have seen your father that night, Ivan—the Czarina herself spoke of him as the most handsome figure at court. In his colonel's uniform, with the Double Eagle and the Cross of St. George! Hold up your head, son. A little more to the light. There! You are very like him, Ivan."

There was a note of wistfulness in the Little Mother's voice, and John wondered if perhaps she were contrasting his condition with that of his father and the brave show he had made in the world. Often she reminded him of the resemblance. But one had only to look at her own strong, calm face to understand her sons; why they who, like Uncle Igor and Cousin Dmitri, might have exploited an old name in this new land had chosen to make their way by their own efforts. Paul had established himself as owner of a delicatessen store; Nicolas had gone out on Long Island with his Marfa to raise—profitably, too—ducks, and his own brood; and her youngest, Ivan, in hard times, when money had been so desperately needed by them all, had donned a livery to get it. She so often nowadays recalled their father and the dashing glory that had been his back there in Old Russia. Of course she was proud of them, their independence; but perhaps sometimes—

"You haven't told us," Paul reminded craftily, "how you find Miss Craigie."

"Oh, but why should he?" Alice came to his aid. "It's certainly not our affair anyway, is it, John?"

"Your father," said the Little Mother, "saw me first at the opera—we had come up to Moscow for the season. He bribed an official to bring me a note. Then, for months, flowers—flowers! By special messenger—"

She would go off at a tangent like that, the Little Mother. But mostly when John was there. His presence turned her thoughts back to the spirited officer of the Alexandrovnas who had cast the claims of his nobility aside to marry her—the daughter of a bourgeois family which had no great distinction save honor and wealth.

"At your age, Ivan, your father had already two fine sons. It would be pleasant, I think, if I should make the acquaintance of Miss Craigie."

The Little Mother! The poor Little Mother! Princess Olga Vassilivich—how could she imagine the gulf that lay between her son, their chauffeur, and these rich, proud bourgeois people?

Uncle Igor's old man's voice spoke querulously: "I should certainly have accepted! Young Dmitri will be there. Only—there was some reason—something—" His eyes blinked with momentary confusion. "Here is my invitation—you see?—at the Ritz. But, also, a hundred dollars!" He cackled. "Where can I find the little matter of a hundred dollars, please? For charity."

At the name of their cousin Dmitri the faces of the two brothers had hardened, and the face of the Little Mother had become hardest of all.

"When will that scoundrel get his deserts?" she demanded. "Is there no justice to reach him?"

John lifted his shoulders and Paul whispered, "Where is he filling his pockets now, John?"

The Little Mother leaned back in her chair and her thin blue-veined hands doubled into tight little fists. John Vassil saw that her eyes were closed, and, gazing at her, tried to divine her thoughts. His uncle's words echoed in his ears: "Dmitri will be there." Was it of that, he wondered, the Little Mother was thinking? That Dmitri, the sleekster, the poseur, who had never done an honest stroke in his life, might go where he pleased, mingle with the best, while her own sons must stay outside? He smiled lovingly—the Little Mother, with her dreams of other days!

"IVAN." She had risen, and was holding out her hand to him. "I want to show you something."

She led him back to her own room and he stood beside her while from a chest of drawers she took out the neatly-folded uniform of an officer of the Alexandrovnas—a resplendent attire, still bearing on the breast the decorations awarded by an imperial regime now vanished. His father's uniform; the only link to their former grandeur to which his mother had clung. At her request he held out his arm, over which she laid gently each garment. Then she looked up at him, and it seemed to John Vassil her eyes held a challenge.

"It would fit you perfectly, my son. You should have seen your father in it, appearing at the ball."

His eyes came back to the Little Mother. His eyes were shining and the corners of his mouth twitched with excitement.

"If you mean you would let me take the uniform, Little Mother, for to-night—"

"Yes, Ivan."

"But even—even if I—"

Her transparent fingers reached up and pressed lightly against his cheek.

"Your father carried me off in a troika, my son."

It was not quite midnight when John Vassil, splendid in the uniform of a colonel of the Alexandrovnas, his eyes hidden behind the velvet domino, stepped to the little table at the entrance to the ballroom and laid down, along with Uncle Igor's invitation, a hundred dollar bill.

*Please turn to Page 18*

*A Short Story*

. . BY . .

Jennings PERRY

## *She wore his mother's pearls*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609645

# MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

## THREE MODELS for CUP WEEK

• NAVY-BLUE redingote ensemble done in uncrushable knotted linen. The frock is plain white, the coat blue with long white facings. For chic, a red patent leather belt is added, and a hat with deep turned-up rim and flower-pot crown is made of panama. The short sleeves are cleverly cut to feature the Schiaparelli shoulder-line and pockets are set at a jaunty angle.

• BROWN suede-finished crepe, printed in white daisies and green leaves, makes this straight and simple frock, over which is worn an unusual white shark-skin cape, collared and featuring enormously full shoulder-line by means of huge gathers. The very newest idea in hats accompanies this outfit—of shark-skin, it is tailored, very tall in crown, with four clever folds in front for real distinction.

• PRIMROSE pique makes this unusual jacket. The cowl neck treatment is joined in tone with the front and buttons, with three buttons high at the back neck. Short sleeves, full and cuffed. Worn over black pique, finely striped with primrose. The cart-wheel, with slightly higher crown than usual, is also of pique, starched and tailored, with black patent banding.

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# The Rolling Deep

## *Young Salts in Smart Suits for Sea Revels*

● *WHITE flannel shorts, buttoning in front, with suntop of scarlet-and-white appliqued with navy linen anchor and chain, make the snappy sailing rig above. The passenger seated on the mainsail is happily garbed in navy-and-white printed shorts and shirt, the print being a navy anchor motif. Both girls wear crepe-soled sandals.*

● *FOR A DIP while the lugger lies at anchor, the two suits at right are trim and jaunty. One, in royal-blue and white, has royal shoulder-straps and belt. The other, a golden-orange shade, shows the new strapless neck.*

● *THE LAUGHING sailor lass lending a hand with the rigging (is it?) above has donned wide-legged pants of black flannel and a shirt of scarlet aertex.*

—Fashions by courtesy of Farmer's.

● *HER nautical sister favors a playsuit of navy tobralco. It buttons at the side, has a halter neck, and is sashed. It is also patterned with S.O.S.'s—but they don't mean a thing!*

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH

*take* HEARNE'S *today*

It is positively dangerous to neglect a Cold. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE there would be little fear of any serious complications (such as Pneumonia, Pleurisy and Bronchitis).

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH that often follows the Flu; in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker in action than **Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.**

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because Hearne's obtains its amazing results **without** the use of narcotics, and does not upset the stomach. *K112*

For all CHEST troubles take

**HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .**


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# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

# COTTONS .. by Day and Night!

- *COTTON ENSEMBLE suitable for any daytime occasion or for the cinema at night. Navy uncrushable linen skirt, white pique blouse.*
- *COOL SUMMER evening frock in printed cotton—linen or pique—bright green flowers on a white ground. Novel shoulder-straps.*
- *PALE PINK CREPE COTTON for this morning or sports dress. A wide pleat down the front of the skirt and one side of the yoke above the waist forming a pocket. Brown belt.*
- *SPOTTED PIQUE for this trim two-piece dress, the bodice finishing in a flared basque. Navy with white spots for the dress, white with navy spots for the collar and cuffs.*
- *PRINTED LINEN SUIT—little bunches of pink, blue, and green flowers on a pale blue ground. Trim jacket. Blouse of blue pleated organdie.*

PETROV

YOU can wear cottons this year from morning until night. The colors and designs of the new cotton fabrics have been thought out with as much care as the more expensive silks.

There are lovely floral prints, linens embroidered with spots and little animals, striped, spotted and plaid cottons, and cottons with most interesting surface designs—open mesh, ridges, raised patterns, crinkled spots and stripes, rough and smooth textures.

For day wear the non-transparent cottons are used; these include pique, seersuckers, all the linens, cotton crepes, cretonnes and tobralco as well as a host of others with fanciful names. Linens have never been so popular; there are literally dozens of varieties all with a different appearance; the best are those that are almost uncrushable and the rough, open-meshed ones that really do not crush.

Seersuckers are striped, plain, and spotted; piques printed and plain. There are cottons that look very like silk shantungs and crepes.

For simple morning and afternoon frocks any of these plain or printed cottons are used. Frocks have short sleeves, high necks, and skirts with pleats or flares. Two-piece frocks are popular—a skirt and a jumper top that comes over the skirt in a little flared basque.

Spotted piques and striped seersuckers are useful for mornings. If you choose a print, see that the design is small and distinct—two colors are most effective, such as navy and white, green and white, yellow and white, etc. Any plain color is fashionable—pink, blue, green, yellow, duck-egg blue and green, white and navy. A simple navy-blue or tan linen frock will look most effective when worn with dead-white accessories.

Wear all white accessories with all the colored cotton frocks—unless you have a colored hat that will match.

For tennis or for everyday summer wear there is nothing so cool as white cotton—pique or linen. Have a backless dress for tennis, and a little white or printed jacket to wear over it for town.

Linens make tailored suits or one-piece dresses with short, tailored jackets. These suits have short sleeves and straight skirts, and are worn with organdie, voile, or pique blouses. Pastel colors, navy-blue, or tan are favorites, as well as prints. Floral or embroidered designs on linens are much used for suits. The background is usually white or pale and the pattern dark or bright. If you have a short-sleeved dress and matching jacket you can wear the dress by itself, and then by adding the jacket it will look like a suit.

For more important-looking frocks you can still use linens—plain, embroidered, or patterned. Worn with the correct accessories they will be appropriate for any daytime occasion. A pale pink, rough-textured linen dress, large white hat, white shoes, bag and gloves, and a bunch of white pique flowers tucked into the belt. A pale blue, smooth linen trimmed with faggoting and worn with a large navy hat, navy shoes, bag and gloves and belt. A navy linen short-sleeved dress, white hat, shoes, etc., and short, loose, white linen jacket. A yellow, open-mesh linen frock, tan straw hat, tan-and-white shoes, tan bag and belt.

## Linen Shoes

PRINTED and embroidered linen frocks can have jackets and accessories matching one of the colors in the design. Colored linen shoes can be worn—buy them white and have them tinted the color of your frock. Pale blue linen dress, matching shoes, large navy straw hat trimmed with pale blue flowers, navy bag, navy or pale blue gloves. Green-and-white print linen dress, green linen sandals, green linen jacket, large white hat with green band, white gloves and bag. Navy-and-white print dress, all white or all navy accessories.

The most effective prints show clear-cut patterns in no more than three colors.

What could be cooler than to dance in cotton? You can wash and iron your frock the next day, and it will look as good as new. Pique, printed linens and chints are the smartest evening cottons, but you can use voiles and dimities for girlish, bouffant dresses with very full skirts.

I suggest that your cotton evening dress be printed; if plain, I would keep to either white or navy pique, otherwise go into spots, stripes, or florals. Spotted piques are good—red, green, or navy spots on a white ground. Chintz, plain or glazed, in attractive, colorful patterns, will make an unusual dress. Uncrushable linens printed with large flowers on a light ground, like the one sketched on this page. These frocks must be of simple cut—skirts fitting over the hips and widening towards the hem, bodices gathered or slightly draped, decollete back and front both very low, with narrow shoulder-straps.

Belts may be tailored in self or contrasting material. Many cotton dresses have vivid sashes of crepe or velvet ribbon matching one of the colors in the print.

If the belt is of the dress material you can tuck a bunch of flowers in at one side, large blooms made of colored pique or organdie. If the dress is of a plain fabric you might wear a lei of flowers around your neck, or a hedge of them filling-in a low, square neckline.

Little cotton jackets accompany these frocks

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# SPINSTER INDEED

A Complete Short Story

*Martha was not at all modern, yet she had a way of her own that proved effective when dealing with cars, motor-bandits, and—the man she loved.*

By... Agnes Sligh Turnbull

THERE was a snug atmosphere of contentment in the Lynn dining-room that June morning, up to the moment when Aunt Ethel's step was heard on the stairs. Uncle Ellsworth had been eating large, placid spoonfuls of breakfast cereal behind a wide screen of newspaper, and Martha, delicately removing grapefruit sectors, had been alive to the fact that roses were abloom outside the window and that a bird was trilling on a nearby bough.

Now and then she glanced at the small prim gold watch on her wrist, reminding herself that she meant to reach the library earlier than usual in order to do some special cataloguing before her frilly young assistant got there.

At the first heavy sound from the stairs, however, the dining-room peace was shattered. Down went the newspaper and up came Uncle Ellsworth, hastily removing traces of his too casually eaten cereal. Martha stiffened as though for an unwarranted onslaught, and sat listening to the slow thump-thump of the descent. She and Uncle Ellsworth exchanged a glance of friendly alliance as they waited.

There was a sound of labored steps in the hallway, a groan from the desk chair, the click of the telephone receiver being removed from the hook—a lengthy pause. Then Aunt Ethel's not inconsiderable figure precipitated itself into the dining-room doorway, her face flushed, her lips trembling for speech, her chiffon negligee trailing willy-nilly behind her.

"He's back again!" she panted. "I just heard Mary Lawrence telling someone on the phone as I took down the receiver to call the grocer. Thank heaven for a crossed line! He's here for the week-end with the Lawrences. The third time this season! Now if that doesn't give our town a literary tone, I'm no judge. And this time . . ."

The proximity of food could no longer be ignored, and Aunt Ethel paused to sample some hot bacon. Uncle Ellsworth, with the air of a man long inured to wifely vehemence, took the moment to ask mildly, "Who's back?" and looked at his niece.

Martha was irritated. Not all her effort of will had been able to keep a blush from spreading over her face at Aunt Ethel's news.

"Who's back?" Uncle Ellsworth reiterated.

"I SUPPOSE," Martha said crisply, "that Auntie means David King, the author of 'Dear Desire,' that novel you've just finished reading. He was at college with Bob Lawrence, and comes to visit him occasionally."

"And this time," Aunt Ethel continued, the bacon being consumed, "I'm going to entertain him. Every other visit he's slipped through my fingers. Now I'll get my invitation in first, and I want you, Martha, to take it personally on your way to the library this morning. That may have some weight. He always seems to want to talk with you when he gets anywhere within earshot."

"Aunt Ethel, I can't possibly! I'm late now. I have special work to do. Give Mrs. Lawrence a ring on the phone . . ."

"I'll do no such thing. Late? Ridiculous! You're always hours ahead. Just tell the Lawrences we want them to bring their guest to supper on Sunday night—informal. And if Mr. King will read for us—just any little thing from his own works— that will give the party a real literary flavor. Tell them eight o'clock and don't take 'No' for an answer! Remember!"

"Aunt Ethel, really . . ."

"Run along now. Don't be disagreeable about it."

Martha rose from her chair and left the table. All her life she had been obeying Aunt Ethel's behests, outwardly dutiful, inwardly resentful. This morning and this request seemed to climax a period of intolerable discomfort. She wondered how it would feel for once to say flatly, "I won't do it! So there, now!" But she knew she never would.

She stopped in the hallway to put on a small blue hat, stuffing under it a recalcitrant curl, and then left the house. She walked slowly to the garage as though this morning were like to any other morning. It was not. Aunt Ethel's sudden announcement had revealed to Martha that she might as well stop pretending.

She climbed into her own small car, which, being a gift from Uncle Ellsworth, was an extremely good one, and drove slowly down the long street that was still hardly awake below its thick elms. She w in love with David King. Terribly in love, with all the fierce and unalterable passion of which she was capable. Only Martha did not admit the word passion to her mind. A long line of Puritan ancestors seemed to hold up hands of horror at the idea. Martha searched carefully for mild, maidenly terms with which to describe the tumult of her heart.

AS to David King? Her cheeks burned hard at the shame of her position. To be admitting her own love, even to herself, before she knew his feelings! It was indeed horrible. Which may lead anyone interested to infer that Martha was not an emancipated modern young woman. The inference is correct.

There were, however, certain undeniable facts with which she bolstered up her self-respect. David King was coming to this little town oftener than affection for an old college friend would warrant, considering that he was a busy, successful author living five hours' journey away. And each time he came he conspicuously sought her company.

On a rainy night late in April, for example, he had burst suddenly into the library at closing time, built a fire in the old grate, rushed out, and returned with coffee and sandwiches from somewhere, and kept her there till midnight talking about a million things. To Martha it was an evening of breathless delight, though at the time she had timidly questioned the propriety of it.

"Are you sure . . . I really don't think . . . what if any of the library trustees should see us in here?" she had stammered.

"Tell them to run away and fly a kite!" David King had returned airily. Then waving a hand towards the bookshelves: "We have as chaperons Mrs. Robert Browning and the Bronte sisters, not to speak of Louisa M. Alcott. Besides, we are two sober citizens now engaged in solving the riddle of the universe for its own best interest, and should therefore be left undisturbed. Do have another sandwich!"

In between their meetings, which somehow David King contrived to turn into adventures, there had been his letters, whimsical comments which seemed to require no reply, yet containing an undeniable note of intimacy. Martha had puzzled seriously over what was the delicately proper thing to do. And had ended by not writing.

And so matters stood between them at this moment when she drew the car to a quiet stop in front of the Lawrences' house. She hated coming like this. She hated delivering Aunt Ethel's invitation. She hated herself most of all for the intolerable longing to see him again on any pretext whatever.

She walked slowly up the long, winding, broken-stone path. The summer breakfast-room, where, without doubt, the family was at this hour, was at the back of the house, its french doors opening into the garden. With the familiarity of life-long friendship, Martha started towards it.

At the corner of the house she stopped short.

"Martha's not so old," Bob Lawrence was saying judicially. "She can't be much over thirty, can she, Mary?" And then his voice:

"It's not a question of age. It's a matter of psychology. I merely stated that she is a throw-back to another period. She is the absolutely perfect type of mid-Victorian spinster! With the moral values that went with that time. For instance, she conceives herself filially indebted to that old harridan, her aunt, so she'll let herself be hag-ridden the rest of her life."

"Why, David! I thought . . . somehow . . . you were awfully interested . . . you know . . . I thought you and Martha . . ."

Mary's voice trailed off, lamely distressed.

But David King's was quite cheerful.

"Oh, you would! You can't bear to see a happy, contented bachelor running loose! The truth is, I need to study all types of women, especially the unusual ones, for my work. So do stop being sentimental and pass me the toast!"

MARTHA turned round, with a strange sickish feeling almost getting the best of her. She got to the car, and once inside, sat, gripping the steering wheel, staring at the street ahead. She felt as though a black curtain had been dropped before her eyes.

The full import of David King's words had struck her immediately. She had been merely "copy" to him. A mid-Victorian spinster-type that he wanted for his next book! Copy! Copy!

And then all at once something tremendous and volcanic happened to Martha. She, the daughter of a hundred Puritans the gentle creature of life-long control and inhibitions, suddenly saw red.

"I'll show him!" she gritted, her white teeth set. "I'll show him he can't make a fool of me! He'll never see me again! Never!"

She started the car with a jerk, and drove down the street furiously, missing other cars by a hair's breadth. Men stopped and looked after her, a milkman rushed to lead his horse out of her path. Some women sweeping their steps called to each other.

Please turn to Page 38

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# An Editorial

OCTOBER 24, 1936.

## WAGES FOR WIVES

THAT wives should receive from husbands a definite salary or wage for performance of domestic duties is a claim which has been advanced by several women's organisations recently.

In those cases where the wife carries out the housework unaided (the care of babies or children is frequently added), any rational person must admit the claim is justified—in principle.

Housework of this type, which includes washing clothes and scrubbing, is monotonous drudgery, physically and mentally wearying. There is no limitation of hours (as in men's labor), and many women work an 84-hour week the whole year round.

***When the situation is critically examined, however, it is seen to be a problem which cannot be solved by any rule-of-thumb wife-wage regulation.***

In families on the basic wage, for instance, especially if there are three or more children, neither husband nor wife gets an individual "salary" from the money earned.

Rent, lighting, gas, food, clothing eat up every penny of it. Man and wife are lucky if they can afford a weekly visit to a picture-show as their amusement-share.

Unfortunately, it is in just these cases that heavy domestic work falls to the share of the wife. Obviously she deserves a salary; but where is it to come from?

Ascending the social scale, we find less and less domestic work performed by wives; they in turn are able to afford a laundry or washerwoman, a maid, and domestic aids such as electric cleaners, hot-water services and the like.

And so by a paradox we arrive at the household where the husband is able to afford an ample "salary" for domestic duties performed by his wife, yet the latter's share in these is nil or very small.

Admittedly, the case of the selfish husband on a middle wage who considers all spare cash his own perquisite needs rectification.

But of one thing the reformers must beware. They must take great care that a system of payment for wives would not lead to wives being looked on as servants.

Women in the past have had to put up with a degraded status in the household. Nobody wants a return to those days.

—THE EDITOR.

# Points of View

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN.

### New Title Wanted

WHY, in this era of women's freedom, are there still music-hall jokes about spinsters?

"Anyone can marry, but it takes a good and valiant woman to remain a spinster," said a mill-worker recently, during discussions in England, advocating earlier pensions for spinsters.

All this is perfectly true. While the bachelor is hailed as a merry old lad, the spinster seems to be accepted as an object of pity.

With equality of the sexes looming on the horizon, women should bury the old Victorian title of "spinster" forever, and get something more in keeping with the modern idea of the millions of competent, self-supporting women, who have decided on a solo flight through life.

### His Alibi

HAIR dyes of various colors to match the frocks they are wearing is the latest fashion idea for women. The tint can be washed off with ordinary soap and water. Colors favored are fuchsia, tango, blue-black, and golden-blonde.

It looks as though this idea will supply splendid alibis to husbands who arrive late for shopping appointments with their wives. When she telephones that she will be wearing a red frock and fuchsia colored hair, it's quite likely the lady will change her mind and wear another frock with her blue-black hair, or make a last-minute decision on tango or golden-blonde.

Color-blind husbands will be in for a particularly bad time.

### Kiss in Time

AN industrious person in America was given the job of finding out why express trains apparently leaving on schedule, were running a few minutes late in the early part of the journey. He found out that it was sentiment which stopped the wheels from going round and round.

It appears that 75 per cent. of the passengers begin to indulge in kisses before the train starts.

Apparently a new travel slogan is indicated: "A kiss in time saves nine—minutes."

*THIS HAWAIIAN MOTHER proudly displays her tiny infant to whom she has just given the longest name on record. The name, said to be a record-breaker even for Hawaii, contains 59 letters, and there are only 12 in the Hawaiian alphabet. It is Kananinobeaokuuhomeopuukaimanaalohinokeaweaweulamakaokalani, and means "The - beautiful - aroma - of - my - home - at - sparkling Diamond - Hill - is - carried - to - the - eyes - of - heaven." They call him "Joe" for short.*

### Piano Returns

THE piano, hall-mark of respectability and even culture of the earlier days of the century, is coming back into favor.

The wireless, gramophone, and the car ousted it from popularity, but sales records show that it is returning. During the last five years sales figures of pianos throughout the world have increased by 120 per cent. Although we may not have noticed it above the roar of the wireless, mothers have made a definite move for home-made music.

It's not the old idea, however, of putting all the children to gruelling hours on the music stool. It is the more sensible viewpoint that in this age of career-planning there may be a potential musician in the house awaiting the chance home study would provide.

### Too Costly

OLD fire-eating war-lord, General Von Ludendorff, has written another book in defence of war. Not many Australians will bother to read it, but his claim that war is the natural and cheapest way of eliminating surplus population may be worth refuting.

Apart from the humanitarian viewpoint, war in any of its aspects is the costliest folly known to man. In the Great War, about 17,000,000 men were killed and the conflict cost £106,250,000,000, so far as statisticians have been able to fix direct figures. **It therefore took £6250 to kill off every man that lost his life in the war.**

Even a war-lord must see that this price is too high.

### What You Fancy

WOMEN in the home planning dinners on calorie content, which sounds like a problem in geometry, have received help from an unexpected quarter.

A famous British doctor, addressing a conference of 5000 women, told them that people were developing nerves about what they ate. Special diets were all right for the sick, but healthy people had nothing to worry about. In fact the whole problem of diet boiled down to the words of the old song, "A Little Bit of What you Fancy does you Good."

The advice seems excellent. Anyway, it is more logical than diet charts and post-mortems on the energy value of the breakfast egg or the calorie content of the humble cauliflower.

*Lyric of Life*

### The Things That Were

**The years are slipping by: our yesterdays**
**Grow dim with time, and all their bitterness**
**Is blurred and half forgotten; all their joys**
**Seem sweeter than they were for being remote . . .**
**Perhaps they are more poignant now because,**
**Once known, they are forever gone, and we**
**Pass on to our to-morrows wondering**
**And half afraid of all the years to be.**

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

### First Seven Years

DR. WILSON, Commonwealth Statistician, says that unemployment is at its lowest level for seven years. This apparently supports the old adage that the first seven years are the worst, and we can now look forward to brighter times.

# Women Classed With Lunatics Under Our Laws

***In most of our laws dealing with women's rights, "women are classed with children and lunatics," contends Mrs. B. M. Rischbieth, president of the Australian Federation of Women Voters, in the following article, commenting on women's rights, legal allowances for wives, and women's positions in industries and professions.***

WHEN urging equality between the sexes at a recent conference held in Melbourne, Mrs. Rischbieth said that given equal wages women would be prepared to maintain their husbands if necessary.

Amplifying her remarks, in a special interview with The Australian Womens' Weekly, Mrs. Rischbieth said that when women and men receive equal pay for equal work each will be expected to stand on his or her feet, but if the necessity arises women must be prepared to shoulder any responsibility that comes with equality.

"All women should co-operate by learning as much as they possibly can of their own position in the world to-day, and to educate public opinion to appreciate the fact that inequality between the sexes is not the basis on which to build up a strong, sound, sane social structure," she said.

"The 1935 meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations decided that the League should examine the political, civil and economic status of women under the laws of the 59 countries that are State members of the League.

"It called upon the International Labor Organisation at Geneva to examine the status of women in all countries as it touches their right to work.

**"This is the first time in history that such an important survey has been made on this problem—one of the fundamental problems of our day.**

"The Commonwealth Government has been requested by the International Labor Office to supply information on the following points with regard to women—domicile, married women's property, divorce, guardianship of infants, right of appointment to public office, bankruptcy, maintenance, nationality, franchise, legal protection, unemployment, insurance, income tax, criminal law and women in Public Service.

## New Basis

**"WE feel that the way out is an International Equal Rights Convention which will be eventually ratified by various countries.**

"It is this very definite work of analysing the position and educating public opinion in every country on the important social implication of the equality of the sexes which is the work women have to do.

"We are being helped in doing this by the information which is coming to us from the Secretariat at Geneva. With the aid of this information we are able to work on a basis we have never had before.

"Inequality has been incorporated in International Conventions because of backwardness in the national field. Women are too slow to-day to realise this.

"Many women, through economic pressure of the times, and ignorance of the harm they are doing, are breaking down their own standards. The few women who are interested must make use of the wonderful information coming from Geneva to make themselves well informed and educate other women.

## Australia Lags

"SCANDINAVIA, which everybody admits is the sanest country in Europe, is working out its own salvation, and has gone further to establishing equality in laws for men and women than any other country.

"Scandinavian law defines the wife and mother as a worker. It gives husband and wife equal rights and equal responsibilities.

"A new nation is being built in Turkey. Women are treated on a fifty-fifty basis with men under the constitution.

"This is not the case in Australia. Under the Arbitration Court award there is a big differentiation between wages of men and women. In the Public Service, women are not allowed to compete for the higher posts, and they are dismissed on marriage.

**"Nationality laws are unequal, and in most of our laws women are classed with children and lunatics.**

"In short, there is no such thing as equal pay for equal work here, and it seems to be becoming less possible every year. The national focus in Australia is somewhat confused through lack of national powers in the Federal Government and lack of interest in international affairs in the State Governments, all of which adds to the difficulty of getting a true focus of the national position."

# ON THE TRAIL *as a Nor' West* "MOUNTIE"

## Getting Your Man is Easy, but It's Hard to Get What He Owes You

By L. W. LOWER
*Australia's Foremost Humorist*

*Illustrated*
By WEP

*"Ice and snow all round us, but not a scrap of ice-cream for lunch," murmurs Sergeant Lower sadly as he surveys the horizon in true Nor'-West Mountie style.*

**I don't think I have ever told you about the time I was a member of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police.**

**I was just a plain lumberjack—one of the ordinary people you see about the streets—but I had ambitions. Beneath my plain flannel shirt lurked the spirit of adventure. (I don't think you've heard this before, but stop me if you have). I joined the Mounties.**

**"Sergeant Lower," said the Chief (I joined up as a sergeant. My social position demanded it. I said, "Well, if I can't be a sergeant, I won't be in it . . . see!")**

**Get on with your work!**

"HERE," said the Chief, "is the photograph of the wanted man. It's not a very good likeness. I think it flatters him. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure that it is him."

"He," I said, straightening the school tie.

He said, "Eh?"

"You've got it back to front," I said, patiently. "He is the word."

**This went on for some time until the Chief said, "Anyhow, get your man. We want him, dead or alive. You'd better bring him back alive, and then you won't have to carry him. Go to it!"**

I saluted and went out to my dog team and set off for the frozen wastes of Alaska.

I won't tell you about my privations, but I was dogged by wolves. (Wait a minute! You can't be dogged by wolves.)

### At the Last Outpost

ANYWAY, I was followed by packs of howling wolves, and on my fifteenth day out a blizzard sprang up. I drew my revolver and fired at it. The shot went wide, and in a trice we were at death grapples.

I said in a trice. Of course, you've never been in a trice. Don't know what it is.

Anyhow, I got the thing by the throat, and with ruthless ferocity choked the life out of it. I encountered two more blizzards before I got my man, and I have their pelts on the floor of my study now.

**Don't go away. I haven't finished yet.**

For hundreds of miles I trekked through the snow, and I had to eat most of the dogs, until I arrived at the last outpost of civilisation north of Nome. Haggard, bearded, snow-blind, frost-bitten, and not feeling too well, I arrived at the Roaring Blazes, a gambling and drinking hell, and flung open the door.

### Establishing Bona Fides

**THERE was an instant hush. A man about to lay down a routine flush held it in mid-air. The barmen tried to ease things by giving the correct change in a feigned light-hearted manner.**

**But the tension was there.**

Every man's hand was at his hip, ready for the draw. I forget what they were raffling.

I stood, swaying slightly from fatigue, in the doorway of the saloon.

"One of you," I hissed, "is a hound of hell; and that man is Dan McGrew!"

I then shot one of the barmen just to show that I wasn't fooling.

### Tough Time Ahead

THEN, having had a good look at the photograph my Chief had given me, I scanned the saloon.

**I walked up to McGrew. "Is this your photo?" I snarled.**

**"Yes," said McGrew. "Dashed good, too. I'll take half a dozen, and one enlargement in color."**

"Would you rather come with me dead or alive?" I asked him. "Anything you say will be taken down in writing and altered to make it different," I said, adding the old formula of British justice.

The man quailed. Positively quailed. "I wasn't doing more than thirty miles an hour!" he pleaded.

**"It's not that," I replied sternly. "You were parked in a non-parking area for eleven minutes."**

**He glanced furtively this way and that.**

"Reach for your gun and you're a dead man!" I snapped.

The tension by this time was terrific.

"Oh, all right," said McGrew. "If you're going to be nasty about it!"

I led him out into the frozen waste, and nine months later I delivered him to my Chief.

"Sergeant Lower," he said, "it's moments like these one needs a Mountie. You have done your duty and done it noble."

I am now on another man hunt. He owes me five bob.

Why ever look or feel your Age

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. Her complexion is flawless—her figure still neat and trim — and she's as active and happy as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger than you really are and enjoy the blessing of perfect health by taking Bile Beans at bedtime each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, eliminate daily all harmful waste, and counteract any tendency to put on weight.

So, start taking Bile Beans to-night if you would be really youthful and slim.

"At forty I am as healthy and bright as a girl of twenty and I put it down to nothing else but taking Bile Beans regularly. Whereas I used to do things half-heartedly I am now full of energy all day long. Everyone who needs toning up should try Bile Beans."—Mrs. F. F. C.

* * *

"Since taking Bile Beans I have never felt better in my life. Although I am forty-eight I look ten years younger and people comment about my youthful appearance. Besides giving me such splendid health, Bile Beans have reduced my weight by eighteen pounds."—Mrs. D. W.

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*KEEP YOU HEALTHY AND YOUTHFUL*

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In Madame's own words, **"My work is perfectly safe with Gutermann's Pure Silk Thread. I find its strength and elasticity best for taking the weight of heavy beads and sequins, and can thoroughly recommend it for all kinds of sewing."**

*L. Lamoureux*

*Gutermann's Sewing Silks*

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Actual results achieved by Membrosus, a DRY INHALATION REMEDY

# LUNG TROUBLE

WE quote from personal reports and actual letters from previous sufferers. They tell of trying this remedy and that, of hopes, and then again, despair, until they at last, through recommendation or advertisement discovered and tried MEMBROSUS, the Dry Inhalation Remedy. Some tell of steady progress from the first week or so of using Membrosus. Others mention slower progress, but all tell of definite improvement. GAINING IN STRENGTH; HAEMORRHAGES CLEARING UP; NIGHT SWEATS DISAPPEARING; TERRIBLE COUGHING SPASMS CEASING; MUCUS EASILY DISLODGED. They write they are "NOW ABLE TO LIE DOWN AND SLEEP WELL AT NIGHT"; "APPETITE IMPROVES." "ABLE TO ENJOY HAPPY DAYS AGAIN IN COMFORT"; and being "ONCE AGAIN SOUGHT OUT BY FRIENDS."

These letters are so interesting that we have pleasure in quoting from them for the information of others:—

## LUNG TROUBLE

"I am very pleased to tell you that I have had my lungs examined, and a sputum test taken, which proved negative. It was a great surprise to me when I was examined to learn that there was only a cold there now. The lung trouble had cleared up, previous to the test being taken."

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"I don't really know how to express myself, as I feel so well after inhaling the tablets. I feel a different woman, have no wheezing, or sign of Bronchitis or Catarrh. I have lost the cough I used to have. Anyone suffering from any chest complaint such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, or any other lung trouble ought to try Membrosus."

## ASTHMA

"Just a line to let you know that I am keeping real good lately. I had an opinion lately and was informed that the Asthma had all cleared up. I was also told that there was no sign of the Bronchitis, either. I wish to thank you for your wonderful treatment."

## HAY FEVER ANTRUM TROUBLE

"I am pleased to say that I am feeling better, and am able to inhale more deeply. I cough still after inhaling, bringing up phlegm, but after that I do not cough again for the rest of the day. At night, after the inhalating I can get a good night's rest, and do not wake up to cough as I used to do."

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*ARTHUR W. UPFIELD.*

AFTER the gangster "speakeasies" of America and the crime kitchens of England which form the background of the average thriller, this story has a refreshing out-of-doors feeling about it which should guarantee it a world market on the score of novelty alone.

On the vast canvas of inland Australia, Mr. Upfield has painted an absorbing picture of action, mystery and adventure. The yarn is well knit and situations are as feasible as they are exciting.

### Meet "Bony"

AMERICA has its Chinese crime detector in Charlie Chan, so Mr. Upfield has given us an educated half-caste aborigine as the detective-inspector in his story.

**This clever and likeable personality, rejoicing in the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, it is safe to say, will be a famous figure in thriller fiction in the not far distant future.**

The far west of Queensland provides the plot of the story. "Bony" finds an aeroplane in a dry lake bed. In it is a girl in a helpless condition, apparently drugged, and suffering from some sort of temporary paralysis, induced by narcotic sleep. Who has brought her there and escaped without leaving even a footprint, and why the plane was destroyed, are questions which the detective is called upon to answer. He calls in the aid of blacktrackers and an old chief of his acquaintance in solving a complicated case of murder. The girl is saved from the effects of the drug, but only after a struggle, and the criminals meet their deserts.

Flooded rivers and blinding dust-storms figure in the story as hazards to be overcome, and the author's descriptive touches are vivid and colorful. Few reviewers will be able to resist quoting this description of a sandstorm:

**"It had the face of a moving cliff four thousand feet high. The sunlight slanting sharply upon it brought into sharp relief bulging escarpments and inward sucking caverns. It was as though this enormous thing was living; that, as it advanced across the world, it was actually breathing."**

### Film Story

IF ever there was a ready-made story for the films, this is one, and Mr. Upfield is to be congratulated on a novel which will stand comparison with anything in its class written this year. To the critical, the sudden winding up of the story may seem too drastic in view of the logical, easy-flowing sequences of the rest of the book. It is a minor fault, however, and detracts but little from a first-class story. Women will like this thriller since emphasis is not on murder so much as good, clean, red-blooded adventure. **"Wings Above the Diamantina," Arthur W. Upfield. (Angus and Robertson. 6/).**

## SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"HOMAGE TO BLENHOLT." **Daniel Fuchs.** A delightful story with a particular appeal to women, although men are its main and most vital characters. The hero is an imaginative boy, ranting his poetry and full of wild schemes and inventions which one day will make him a millionaire. The background is the Jewish tenement homes of an American city. Brilliantly, the author shows the impact of a poetic mind on a community bent on money-making. The boy must forget his dreams because they are of the unreal things which can't be expressed in terms of dollars. He comes in the end to grim reality, but Ruth, his sweetheart, is waiting for him with her practical common sense and sympathy to help him fight the world as it is. A tender and sympathetic book, full of quiet beauty and the saving grace of humor. (Constable. 7/6.)

* * *

"CHALLENGE TO HAPPINESS." **Maysie Greig.** This Australian writer of romantic stories invariably turns out a good yarn. "Challenge to Happiness" is brightly and breezily told, and there are plenty of mild excitements and misunderstandings before the happy ending to the love story of Sara and Grierson is reached. The author is always entertaining and ingenious, and her characters are not impossible. Good, light reading as an antidote to too many thrillers (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

* * *

"TOUCH-ME-NOT." **Anne Hepple.** If there are any old-fashioned young ladies about these days this emphatically is the book for them. If, on the other hand, they prefer even a tiny bit of reality in their romantic fiction, then the title is apt. It's all about a pale, willowy and penniless girl, and her dark Highland lover. They fight with each other, but very early in the book you realise that the wistful girl will get her rich and handsome hero. She does. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)


## BONDI CHEMIST'S New Skin Disease Treatment

MR. RICHARD DIAMOND

WITH astounding results, an amazingly successful treatment for all skin diseases discovered by Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.C., M.I.O., has brought hundreds of letters of endorsement from the whole Commonwealth.

Typical cases are those of a police detective who suffered for years with an apparently incurable septic toe ulcer, a well-known wrestler, who had wasted pounds in unsuccessfully treating an infected leg rash, and a young surfer whose body rash (dermatitis) was cured within a few days, after years of other treatments. Mr. Diamond's formula acts almost magically in drawing out poisonous matter in all irritating skin diseases, including Eczema, Psoriasis, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Varicose Veins, Surfer's Foot (Tinea), Pruritis, Germ under Nail, Ringworm, etc.

Readers should write, mentioning their complaint, to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, 36W, Hall Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, Sydney, N.S.W.

## LEARN PIANO

Jazz Pianists are in demand. Len Langford (4QG, 4BC, 2UE, 2CH, 2SM, 2KY, 3UW) can make you a successful pianist. You can learn to read at sight ANY modern popular song in a few weeks. No knowledge of music is necessary. No scales. No exercises. You learn Jazz from the first lesson. Your money is refunded if you are not satisfied. Postal or Personal tuition. Fourteen Langford students broadcasting. Thirty leading bands. You, too, can learn. Write for particulars to

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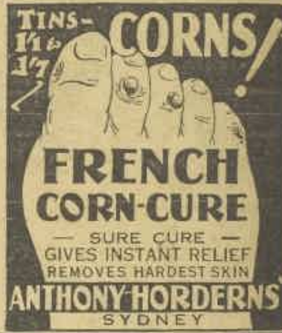


## STOP HIS DRINKING

"I could not let my son wreck his life," one mother writes, "so I secretly gave him 'DRINKO,' with amazing results. He is a new man and off the drink." "DRINKO" will save your son and husband, too. Get our free advice on this great treatment. Write or call, Dept. W.W. HOME WELFARE PTY., 333 George Street, Sydney.

# Loses FAT Quick Way 50 lbs. Go in 11 Weeks

## New Safe Reducing Treatment

*"I cannot praise BonKora enough for what it has done for me. It is easy to take and harmless. I was overweight. Had indigestion and headaches but I have them no more. I feel great now.*

*"And I have lost 50 pounds in 11 weeks."—Mrs. Lillian J. Wilson (full address on request).*

*Mrs. Wilson BEFORE*

*Mrs. Wilson AFTER Lost 50 lbs. in 11 weeks, taking BonKora. Gained health. Looks younger.*

### EAT BIG MEALS; FAT GOES QUICK

Mrs. Wilson was so grateful to find such a safe, pleasant, quick way to lose her fat, she sent us her photographs and said we could publish them. See what a difference BonKora has made.

Lose your own fat this way. BonKora is harmless. Contains no thyroid extract or dangerous drugs. Users say their health improved; tired feeling gone. Many say they look years younger since they lost fat and gained health this pleasant way.

BONKORA . . . and ORANGE JUICE

By taking two teaspoonsful of BonKora in a glass of ORANGE JUICE three times daily you will not only lose excess weight safely and quickly, but you will regain your ability to SLEEP RESTFULLY. You will be freed from the pains of rheumatism and the penalties of constipation. The essential vitamins of the orange aid and expedite the amazing beneficial effects of BonKora. Mail Coupon for FREE SAMPLE.

FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON

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Please send FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.

Name ...............

Address ...............

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note for 6/6, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.

W.W.24/10/36



# What *Profit* do A.M.P. Policies Show?

"IF I put my money into an A.M.P. policy to mature when I am 50, what profit will it show me?" asked a man of an A.M.P. adviser who had called on him and his wife.

That was a fair question.

Taking past experience as a guide to what the Society's future Bonuses will be, we can say that, if he be 24 (at next birthday) and take out an A.M.P. policy for £500 payable when he is 50, AND DIE WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS, his estate will get £500 for his investment of £17/19/2. That is good profit; indeed, it might be called an extraordinary profit.

If he live ten years, and then die, his estate (judging by past experience) should get £598, and that is mighty good profit on an investment of ten times £17/19/2, i.e., £179. If he live to 50 he should get £783 for a total investment of £467 spread over 26 years, and he will have been ASSURED ALL THE TIME, his estate standing to benefit tremendously had he died at any time during the intervening years.

It is because the Society gives its members this sort of investment, PLUS PEACE OF MIND and SECURITY all down the years, that nearly half of the assurance it issued last year was to existing members anxious to INCREASE their policies.

What of it, reader? You have only to say the word and an experienced adviser will be sent to talk this PROFITABLE business over with you. Ring or write before the day is out.

# A.M.P. SOCIETY

The Largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.

C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A., Actuary. A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A., General Manager.

Head Office: 87 Pitt Street, Sydney.

*Branch Offices at:*

MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH, AND HOBART

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# SOME NEW LAUGHS

*"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."*

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND: I suppose poor old Henry will be hitting the harp with the angels now?
WIDOW OF WIFE-BEATER: Not him! He'll be hitting the angels with the harp!

MISTRESS (to tramp): Would you like a chop?
TRAMP: Mutton, lamb, pork—or wood?

"So you want your office furnishings insured?"
"Yes, all except the clock—everybody watches that!"

"Yes, darling, I would go through anything for you."
"Would you? Then just exactly how much have you got to go through?"

GOLFER: Everybody in the club's talking about that last round of mine. You didn't talk about it, did you?
CADDIE: No, sir! I went straight home and stayed there till I'd forgotten it!

## Brainwaves

**A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.**

"WELL, anyhow," said Mrs. Smith, at the end of the argument, "women are the salt of the earth."

"Yes," replied her husband. "That's probably why so many of them drive men to drink."

AN old prisoner was asked by the judge if he had anything to say.

"Yes, your honor! I plead youth and —"

"What?" interrupted the judge. "How can you plead youth? You must be at least sixty."

"Yes, your honor, but I'm referring to the youth of my counsel."

HE: Why do girls use an eyebrow pencil?

She: Oh, just to draw a man's attention.

BROWN was showing his friend round the new house he had bought. At last they came to a room which Brown proudly announced as the music-room.

"Music-room?" said his friend. "But there's no piano or any other instrument here."

"Ah, no," said Brown; "but you can hear our neighbor's wireless best in this room."

*Poor little gal! Faced with clothes line cut-ups on her first wash day.*

She bought her husband some cheap cotton undervests and the filling fell right out of them the first time they were washed. And there, beside them on the line, was a twelve-months' old Bond's Athletic still in the best of shape. Bond's Athletics are comfortably light in weight because they are knitted from the finest quality super-carded cotton yarn.

**Bond's Athletic Vests**

*Look for the Bond's label — it guarantees you more for your money. . . . Cotton Athletics 1/6 to 2/6.*


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# END.... THESE TROUBLES Quickly!

RHEUMATISM
CONSTIPATION
NEURITIS, SCIATICA
HEADACHES
KIDNEY TROUBLES

**Thousands of Sufferers have had amazing results from the morning dose of Schumann's**

Stop being a martyr to those distressing complaints which render you mentally and physically inefficient—take all the joy out of life and make every-day tasks a drudgery.

Spare just 2 minutes every morning to take a little Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water and soon those distressing nerve-aches will stop, your blood will be purified, your skin cleared of blemishes and you will look and feel radiantly healthy again.

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts contain the most important active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs or Spas of Europe and are the greatest natural remedy, for thoroughly cleansing the system and dissolving Uric Acid, known to science.

**Read what this man says in praise of SCHUMANN'S**

*"I am fifty-two years of age, but feel that I am as healthy as any young man. This, I am sure, is the result of first of all taking the sample of your Mineral Spring Salts, and since then I have become a constant user.*

*Some time ago I had always been a sufferer of Neuritis but now the pain has completely gone and as long as I can take Schumann's Salts, I feel I will always be fit and healthy."*

*(Sgd.) R. MacAndrew.*

**SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS**

SOLD IN GLASS JARS FOR SAFETY

*Sold by all Chemists and Stores*



**MICHEL LASTS**

*In Fair Weather or Foul ..From Morning to Night*

● You don't know how truly permanent lipstick can be until you try MICHEL. It clings lovingly to your lips . . . stays with you through dining, dancing and sports . . . comes through rain and drizzle fresh and appealing.

Michel keeps lips soft and young. Its perfume is delicate and subtle. Its creamy base prevents dryness and chapping . . . helps to make mouths lovely. *Avoid imitations.*

5 APPEALING SHADES
Blonde Scarlet Vivid
Raspberry Cherry
SIZES:—Large —— Popular

*For an entrancing complexion, use Michel adherent compact rouge; for eye beauty, use non-irritating waterproof Michel cosmetiques.*

*Michel* LIPSTICK

# SLOANE *Square* *at* THREE

*Continued from Page 6*

A WEEK passed, and Angela had far from settled down. She worked well enough; that was mechanical. But somehow, however hard she tried to think of other things, her thoughts strayed to Sloane Square and a fair-haired young man in a green sports car. Once or twice she had felt tempted to go to the Square, just in case. Then she decided that it would be cheap and that, in any case, he would not be there. Besides, she had deceived him, and how could she face him again?

Angela had her morning paper propped up against her cup of coffee at lunch-time when she saw the advertisement. Almost unconsciously her eyes had strayed to the "Personal" column. "Angel, if you care, meet me 3 Sin. Sq, this afternoon." She shook her head to make sure she had not imagined the words, then read them again slowly. Her lunch-hour was from one-thirty to two-thirty. It was now 2.45. "I shall lose my job," Angela thought, "but I must go." She felt she was a little crazy, felt that perhaps there must be some mistake, but much better to go and be disappointed than to live as she had done for a week.

While her irate chief kept popping his head into the office and asking, "Miss Frost not back from lunch yet?" Angela climbed the steps at Sloane Square. Her heart beating a great deal faster than she cared to admit to herself, Angela looked up and down the pavement. There was no Barry, no green car. "I'll give him five minutes," thought Angela, "and then I'll go, and forget all about him."

There were few people about. Angela found herself staring in the window of the hat shop, close to a woman, who, like Angela, kept turning round and looking up and down the pavement. Reflected in the shop window, Angela noticed her hair just greying at the temples, her upright carriage and, most of all, her bright eyes. "I bet she gets her own way when she makes up her mind," thought Angela, as she watched the firm lips purse apparently in scorn of one of the hats displayed.

Suddenly she heard the roar of an exhaust. For just a second Angela hesitated, afraid to turn round lest she be disappointed. Then she saw Barry coming towards her, his car drawn up at the pavement. "Hullo, Angel!" he exclaimed.

"Hullo, Barry!"

The words, coming from beside her, made Angela start. It was the bright-eyed, firm-lipped woman who had been standing beside her! Angela paused. Then Barry was saying, "Mother, I knew you'd come. I wasn't so sure of the other Angel."

ANGELA found herself being coolly examined by the bright eyes. "So this is the Angel that made you turn from your foolish ways? I'm very glad to meet you." Angela took the offered hand. The grip was firm, remarkably firm for a woman.

"Now we must have tea together." Barry took them to a teashop, deserted at that hour.

"You see, Mother," he explained, as she poured out the tea. "When I behaved like a spoilt boy and refused to go into poor Dad's old business and you walked out on me without leaving an address, I thought things out and came to the conclusion you were right, and a young man ought to work even when he has enough to live in comfort. Meeting Angela convinced me you were right."

"But, Barry, why didn't you get into touch with me before? You know I would have come as soon as you asked!"

"I did . . ." Barry began, then stopped short. "What I mean is . . ."

"This is not the first 'Agony' you've put in the 'Personal' column?" The bright eyes were shrewd as they looked at Barry. "Well, I've been in Paris and didn't see the others. Were they worded the same?"

"Not quite," answered Barry briefly. "But I knew you'd come, Mother, when you saw. Meanwhile . . ."

"You had someone else to console you! Well, Angela's consolation seems to have sobered you down, dear boy, more than I could. I believe you are going to be happy together."

"I am sure we are," replied Barry laughingly. "And I shall have to find a new name for you, Mother. We can't have two Angels in one family, or we shall get mixed up."

"And I'm the one to have my wings clipped." The eyes were smiling. "Well, I suppose the mother always pays." She glanced at her watch. "Now, I must be going. It was nice of you to come and meet me, Angela, but I'm sure you, too, won't miss me. I shall be at home to-night, Barry."

When they were alone, Barry took Angela's hand in his. Angela smiled into his eyes. "Tell me, Barry, which of us did you really want to turn up at Sloane Square at 3?"

"Both," replied Barry firmly. "After all, you're both Angels, aren't you?"

(Copyright.)

## RESULT OF QUOTATIONS No. 6

The following entrants tied with entries containing five correct words, and the Prize-money (£2/2/) will be divided equally between them.

QUEENSLAND: Miss D. O'Brien, Riverton Street, Clayfield. Mr. A. Austin, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Mr. J. Stewart, Airdmillan Road, Ayr. Mrs. J. Stewart, Airdmillan Road, Ayr.

NEW SOUTH WALES: Mr. E. Y. Bensen, 3 Alexandra Road, Glebe Point. Mr. O. Glen, 161 Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill. Mr. N. Bensen, 3 Alexandra Road, Glebe Point.

VICTORIA: Mr. J. E. Cook, State School, Belgrave. Miss Nola Cook, Main Road, Toorak. Mrs. G. Clarke, Ryalick. Mr. C. L. Cook, Main Road, Toorak.

SOLUTION: 1. Table (What? No Diamond), J. P. Loughran. 2. Beat (The Burning Glass), Marjorie Bowen. 3. Prune (Laughter Limited), Nina Wilcox Putnam. 4. Faded (December Love), Robert Hichens. 5. Gone (The Pride of Palomar), Peter B. Kyne. 6. Holly (Afterglow), Mary M. Ayres.

Prize-money will be posted on Friday, 6th November.


# 'LIFE' Begins at 40: If Kidneys O.K.

**But Expect Trouble at about 40 —If Kidneys are Weak.**

Millions of filters operate in your kidneys. If they function properly, Life holds much for years yet to come, for each year increases your experience on how to live. But let these filters fail (as fail they often do in middle age), and no experience can save you from misery. If you suffer from Backache, Joint Pains, Rheumatism, Night Disturbances, Burning, Smarting, Difficult Urination, Palpitation, Gravel, Stone, Sciatica, or loss of Vitality arising out of Weak or Disordered Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary Organs—take Harrison's Pills—quickly. This remedy is a proven success—gets to the cause of the trouble as nothing else can—soothes, remedies, and restores. Harrison's Pills give you surest relief, and are safe for young, middle-aged and old. 18 Pills, 2/-; 32 Pills, 3/-; or 60 Pills, 5/-, at any good Chemists. Money back if not completely satisfied with results from very first bottle. Be sure you get genuine HARRISON'S Pills!



**STEELO**

IS EASIEST FOR ALUMINIUM!

Light rubbing with Steelo gets everything off . . . cleans and polishes in one operation. Buy a packet . . . 5 pads and special soap . . . enough for 5 weeks.

**JANET SMILES AGAIN**

Help your silken things to last by giving them PERSIL's gentle care. Instead of rubbing, let PERSIL's active oxygen-charged suds gently remove every speck of dirt. PERSIL is safer for all delicate fabrics and for woollies. Make sure you get the genuine PERSIL

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Good Housekeeping Institute Approved

**Use the safe PERSIL way for silks**


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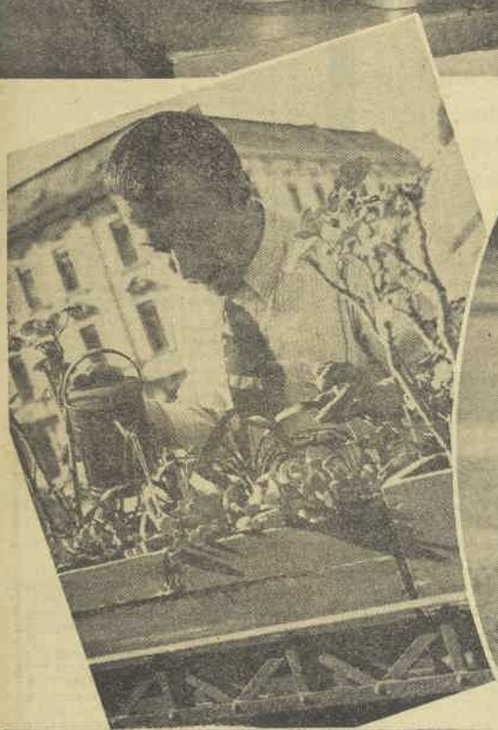
# Domestic Lessons for Men —as Proposed by Women!

WOMEN have frequently applauded the proposal that men should learn something about household management. Here is a pictorial story of men doing the home chores and liking it. Now ask your hubby what HE thinks about it.



"WHAT'S FOR BREAKFAST?" asks the man at the top, and gets his answer from the recipe book. Then, with two friends, he tackles the laundry, proceeds to the bed-making, waters the flowers, does the shopping, then hops back to the kitchen to prepare dinner. After the ironing and darning, the day ends with a quiet game of cards. Who'll get supper? Well, grateful wives would serve supper to husbands who got through this daily programme.

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# THE *Prince in* UNIFORM

ROMANCE, quaintness, and grace are the highlights of this black chiffon evening gown worn by Claudette Colbert. It is strewn with huge black and white chenille dots. The full skirt and fitted bodice are worn over a slip of white satin.

THEN, passing into the room, he stood for a moment looking over the heads of the masked dancers whirling in a festoon of confetti spirals, a swirl of rich colors under shifting lights. Gaiety and glitter such as he had never looked upon but which, strangely, held no abashment for him. It was as if the music and the revel called to some inherited affinity in him. His courage lifted, a smile of pleasure came out upon his lips. A girl in the springing brief skirts of a ballerina, dancing by, leaned back in her partner's arms and laughed with red lips up to him.

John Vassil bowed gallantly.

"My dear count!"

He glanced down at the plump white hands that seized on his arm, the fat fingers burdened with diamonds. He was being captured by a matronly houri in pantaloons, whose adoring simper he found slightly sickening.

"You don't remember me, do you? I'm Paula Werner—one of the committee. I happened to be near the desk when you came in. We are so delighted for your presence. You came—alone?" This last with a little possessive giggle that all but put John Vassil in panic.

He had, he admitted, come alone.

"But of course you know everyone here—perhaps better than I do. Only—in these silly get-ups"—again that squirmy giggle—"one feels so at loss."

"Yes, madame." Ruefully John Vassil surveyed the vast expanses of exposed territory about her arms and neck.

WHAT, he wondered absently, would his father have done with this?

"Madame," he attempted, "your charm is so visible—but at the moment—"

"Oh, Count Igor"—her clutch on his arm tightened—"Isn't it the most marvellous music for dancing?" In desperation then, with a mumbled excuse, John Vassil broke away, leaving the lady open-mouthed behind him, and strode through the sea of dancers, looking to right and left. He was tall and impressive, and his passage made a ripple of comment. In the middle of the ballroom, under the spinning glass globe with its myriad

*Continued from Page 7*

flashing facets, he halted and searched in every direction.

Along the panoplied walls, on a raised floor, tables had been set, about which gay parties gathered, and towards one of these, as the music paused, he discovered Irene Craigie making her way. She was wearing an Elizabethan costume of golden satin, shaped to her slender waist, and he would have recognised her by the creamy gleam of the Little Mother's pearls about her throat even if the proud easy carriage of her small brown head had not marked her definitely apart. A group of young men surrounded her, but she walked with her hand upon the arm of a red-bloused Cossack whose thick neck inclined towards her incessantly.

Staring after them, John Vassil was conscious of a curious feeling behind his ears, as if the hair had bristled. It had been years since he had seen his cousin Dmitri, and the sight of him now, bending his round cannon-ball head almost to Irene Craigie's shoulder, was decidedly unpleasant. With troubled eyes he watched the party grouping itself about a table on the raised floor, and suddenly, as the swish of violins announced the beginning of another dance, he headed directly towards them.

He arrived just as Dmitri and the girl descended to the dance floor and, with perfect timing, he set down his heel on the polished toe of his cousin's boot. "Pardon," he said, "you are hurt? You are hurt!" There was utter politeness, if an utter lack of solicitude, in his voice, and as Dmitri, grunting angrily, jerked back his bruised extremity from the danger zone, he turned, smiling, to Irene Craigie. "He is hurt," he repeated blandly. "No can dance. Then, should we?" Without awaiting the response he swept her away, casting only one casual glance across his shoulder to enjoy the ugly snarl that decorated his cousin's purpling countenance.

Promptly he forgot the existence of Cousin Dmitri. The knowledge that by some miracle he was holding Irene Craigie in his arms was all the traffic this poignant present could bear. A crazy happiness showered sparks in his breast. So, perhaps, his father had felt when he bore the Little Mother off with him in his troika. Irene Craigie had made no protest at his high-handed abduction, but now he heard her asking, "I know it's not cricket at a masquerade, but haven't I known you somewhere before?"

SHE had known best, he had reflected with an inward smile, the back of his head. Could he risk recognition? He met her eyes behind the mask and said, "Does it matter much, really?"

"No, only—was it nice to treat Count Dmitri as you did?"

It was reassuring that she did not seem at all offended for Dmitri.

"Glorious," he said. "Besides, all is fair—"

"Is this war?"

"Never!"

"Then it must be—love. How exciting!"

"How romantic!"

"And hopeless?"

John Vassil breathed deeply, took wing. "That, dear lady, is for you to say. Just now, in these gay lights, with this music, anything seems possible. A little later—to-morrow—we may be total strangers again."

"So true—so true." After a moment she asked, "Do you know me?"

"Yes, Miss Craigie."

"You have an advantage."

"I need one."

"Do you mind," she said, "if I remark, in passing, that you are a superb dancer?"

"Not at all. I have an academy. If you would be interested in expert instruction—"

It was good for laughter, this sprightly fencing—while above Irene Craigie's head John Vassil's eyes fiercely warned off the interruption of other men. They drifted with the eddying current of dancers and the vagaries of the music. She spoke of the Cross of St. George on his breast, and he gave her his word it had been won honorably, valiantly in a cavalry charge at Baclazov—at which she smiled only half a doubt.

"WHAT brave thing," she asked, "would you do for me?"

"I would move the world in space—but there won't be time to-night. You must be tired of dancing. Isn't there some quiet corner here, some sort of cavern I could hide you in?"

"Over there, back of the tables, in the window embrasures."

Skilfully he piloted her from the thronged floor to a deep recess behind the silver curtains where, immediately, without any skirmish, she was in his arms, and he lifted her up and kissed her. She made no effort to repulse him, only a slight movement of distress, and when he released her she remained close to him and very ominously still.

"Why did you do that?"

"Because I love you. Because time is fleeting."

"But I've never seen you before. I don't even know who you are."

"Was it so—unpleasant?"

"No-o. But my maidenly dignity has been deeply offended." She hesitated. "We'd better go back now."

He restrained her. "Darling, you don't understand. I can't be here for the unmasking. For me it was a rush to the stars, one brief magic moment. I may never see you again—like this. I shall always have something to cherish."

"Will you take off your mask?"

"Please. I cannot."

Then I must be ashamed of myself."

*Please turn to Page 22*

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**CASH PRIZES AWARDED**

*Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.*

*Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.*

**HOW TO WRITE**

*Answer one of these letters, or try writing one yourself on a new topic.*

*Letters must be short, concise, with full name and address attached. Addresses are given elsewhere in this issue.*

## MARRIAGE IS FREEDOM

THE old cliche, "Woman's place is in the home," is as true to-day as it was in our grandmothers' time.

Despite this so-called 20th century freedom wherein the sexes compete in every sphere of work, the happily-married woman has it all over her successful wage-earning sister. Few women have the physical strength to stand the racket of holding down a job and keeping on holding it down year in and year out as men do. They are at a disadvantage in being more highly strung and temperamental—the strain inevitably takes toll of the nervous system.

Actually, freedom lies in marriage, along with security and leisure. The working woman, relying entirely on her own ability, finds herself a heavily-chained slave.

**£1 for this letter to Evelyn Falconer, 33 Kareela Road, Cremorne, North Sydney, N.S.W.**

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## BE PUNCTUAL.

ARE Australians aware that they display a deplorable lack of manners in their failure to be punctual? Besides being discourteous, late arrival at theatres or concerts interferes with the enjoyment of others, whose view of the screen or stage is blocked by those reserved-seat holders who must pass in front of them to reach their places. The feeling of irritation produced is justified, when a little thought would save the inconvenience. We are also spoiling our own pleasure, since a story is always better in its entirety.

**Miss B. Noad, 49 Upper Lancaster Rd., Clayfield N2, Brisbane.**

❖ ❖ ❖

## VALUE OF RELIABILITY

IT is astonishing how very few people one can rely on.

People make promises on the impulse of the moment, and think no more of carrying them out than if they had never made them at all. Reliability in all things is one of the greatest assets in life. It is the basis of trust. It helps to make and keep friends, and lack of it has ruined many friendships.

**Mrs. E. Midson, 8 Adams St., Zeehan, Tas.**

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## GOOD-HUMORED INSULTS

THERE is a very prevalent type of wit indulged in among men and women which specialises in good-humored insults.

To keep up a sporting reputation, one is expected to laugh or retaliate no matter how deep the sting.

But what woman honestly enjoys this so-called camaraderie? Give me the good old fulsome compliments of yesteryear. They were ever so much more enjoyable.

**Lynda Sellenger, 3 Arthur Avenue, Brighton Beach S5, Vic.**

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## BREACH OF PROMISE

I RECENTLY read in the paper of an award for £300 given in a breach of promise suit!

What is a man to do if he realises he has made a mistake, and is engaged to a girl he doesn't care for? Surely it is better for a man to speak before the wedding than to carry on and, in all probability, make just one more case for the Divorce Courts!

I think the breach of promise law should be abolished, as it is most unjust.

**Mrs. D. Martin, 32 Tait St., Fivedock, N.S.W.**

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## JUVENILE PROGRAMMES

NEARLY every time one "tunes in" nowadays, it is to hear a juvenile programme.

Whether all this youthful publicity tends to the ultimate welfare of the child is a very debatable point. In many ways it is good training for the child, encourages latent talents, gives her self-confidence and assurance in after life; but, in my opinion, it is apt to make any child far too precocious.

Also, from the point of view of entertainment, I am against it.

What is your opinion?

**Miss F. Power, Box 700F, G.P.O., Adelaide.**

## *Housewives Foolish to Overtax Their Strength!*

JANE NICHOLLS (3/10/36) remarks on the fact that women to-day overtax their strength, first by working too hard in the home, then by carrying heavy parcels from the shops.

Well, what can the average housewife do but overtax her strength? She has a home; she must keep it clean. If she has kiddies she has more than a 44-hour week job. Then she must go shopping, and as she is usually pretty rushed for time, she has to do it all together—say, all on one Friday. Do you wonder, therefore, that she overtaxes her strength?

**Mary Marshall, Montague Street, New Town, Tas.**

### Not Done To-day!

I DON'T see much overtaxing of strength going on among women to-day.

They have vacuum cleaners to run through the house, telephones to order by, inexpensive laundries. And the modern way is "to get a girl in" for a few shillings to help every week, so that they can spend a couple of afternoons playing tennis or bridge or doing some charity work!

The only time I do see strength being overtaxed is when women go on shopping expeditions to town for the day and become utterly fatigued with window-shopping.

**Mrs. Henderson, Wellington Square, North Adelaide.**

### Very Foolish

I AGREE that women overtax their strength foolishly. How much better to have commodities delivered, maybe losing a few pence in money, but gaining much more in health, composure, and happiness! It is like walking to save tramfare and ruining a good pair of stockings in doing so. If women conserved their strength, did not make themselves martyrs to work, then much more marital happiness would result. I am sure a tired, worn-out woman is not a cheerful companion.

**Mrs. G. Anderson, 53 Upper Pitt St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.**

### Deprived of Some Joy

THE women who do their own shopping and carry everything home take a delight in using their bargaining ingenuity and seeing to the safe porterage of their purchases. To order things at the door and have them delivered would rob these women of a very great pleasure.

It becomes a necessity to buy cheaply and often, and impossible to lay in large stocks when the income is small or spasmodic. And so the working woman shoulders her burden cheerfully, keeps a keen eye open for bargains, and bravely struggles home with the spoil.

**Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 73 Leinster St., Paddington, N.S.W.**

### Work-Martyrs

I QUITE agree with Jane Nicholls that many women foolishly overtax their strength.

One repeatedly hears, "Oh, I've washed and ironed to-day, and polished the floors." All this is done, in addition to the usual duties of look-

*Saves her pennies and ruins her health!*

ing after the husband and a couple of kiddies; and I cannot see any sense in doing it.

One wonders just what kind of a picture these work-martyrs will present in a few years! Even now they must be far too tired to be bright, friendly companions to their husbands.

Time is relentless: We cannot undo the results of overwork—so let us all take heed ere it be too late.

**Mrs. G. E. Vaughan, 30 Belemba Avenue, Lakemba, N.S.W.**

## *Happiness and the Part Riches Play*

I AGREE with Miss M. Rodgers (3/10/36) when she says that poor people as a class are much happier than the wealthy.

Wealth brings in its wake an inevitable string of unhappiness. When you are poor you are not particularly concerned with "society," or what people will think, or if you are dressed better than your friends. You have a certain small amount of money to live on, and you are content with it. There is a very happy community spirit among the poor which no one will deny. People with small means get pleasure out of little things, and out of helping others.

Money is often unlucky. Yet we all seem to strive for it!

**Mrs. C. Ives, Palmerston St., Perth**

### Be Moderate

YOU cannot generalise and say that poor people are happier than the rich.

Some people worry and complain about their poverty, while others are thankful they are not worse off, and make the best of what they have.

Wealth becomes a burden in disguise to some, fostering selfishness, snobbery and unhappy greed for more. Others are content and happy in their good fortune.

Happy people are those who stick to the happy medium in all things.

**M. D. Butler, 42 Hurtle St., Croydon Park, S.A.**

### Soul-Deadening Poverty

HAS Miss Rodgers ever tried being poor and not being able to buy what she needs—when she needs it? I can assure her there is no fun in having to scrape for weeks to buy a necessity. I know the nerve-racking, soul-deadening task it is to carry on with a smile. Life would be far happier for me if I knew that I had a nest-egg put by for emergencies.

**Mrs. H. J. Williams, 182 Dumaresq St., Broadmeadow, N.S.W.**

### Joy in Anticipation

AFTER all, it is not the actual possession, but the anticipation, which is the sauce of life. Imagination plays a powerful part in every walk of life, and, whether it be a rich husband, a Paris model, or a new suit, when once it "belongs" it loses a great deal of its charm. There are happy people among both rich and poor, and I do not see that lack of money makes for happiness.

**Mrs. Hauram, 12 Baroona Rd., Northbridge, N.S.W.**

### Money Necessary

MONEY is a real factor in happiness. I fail to understand how happiness can exist in surroundings of squalid poverty. Human nature demands a reasonable amount of physical and mental comfort, which money alone can provide. Again, one can hardly be happy while seeing one's family doing without things they really need, and money supplies the only means of satisfying these needs.

On the other hand, money in excess of one's reasonable needs can cause unhappiness.

**Mrs. Reg Harris, c/o W. J. Baily, Huonville, Tas.**

### Poor Much Happier

WEALTH cannot buy happiness. The wealthy person, in the majority of cases, lives for himself and his own selfish interests, whereas poorer people help each other, share each other's joys and sorrows; and those who live for others are certainly happier than those who live for themselves.

**Miss M. C. Palmer, 165 Croydon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.**

### *A National Duty!*

**WHEN one considers that scientists often devote their whole lives to research, one is amazed at the apathetic attitude of the general public. These men work so that all mankind may benefit, yet most of us accept new discoveries in the medical world without any thought of the tremendous effort and sacrifice involved.**

**It should be a national duty to see that these men or women have every monetary assistance.**

**Miss Janolie May, 50 Styles St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.**

## *Are Our Children "Cruel Little Snobs"?*

I DON'T think parents are to blame for the snobbery in children.

However nicely brought up kiddies, when they get together at school, begin to compare notes re family life, dress, money for sweets, etc., and look with disdain on those of their fellows who haven't got as much as themselves. There seems to be an innate boastfulness in all of us which is first evinced when at school, and which we soon learn to hide.

Perhaps psychologists could help us here.

**Mrs. Peters, Lord St., East Perth, W.A.**

### Blame Mother

I AGREE with L. Morgan in that children are often cruel little snobs, but I blame the parents for not setting a better example.

Where you find the child who considers herself (the culprit is usually a

*Schoolgirls are worst offenders.*

girl) above certain others, look and see what kind of a mother she has. Children learn by example rather than precept.

**H. E. Caswell, Box 12, Murgon, Qld.**

### Not Common To-day

I, TOO, have noticed this snobbery among children. They are, obviously, not born with it, so we may well blame the parents—particularly the mother. No child would call another common, as cited by L. Morgan, unless he had heard the expression from his elders. This is just another example of being careful of what you say before the children.

**Myra Watson, Anderson St., East Malvern SE5, Vic.**

## AUSTRALIAN FILMS

IT is wonderful to note the enthusiasm and loyalty of Australians towards their newest industry—picture-making. As is only natural, our efforts have perhaps not yet reached the standard of English and American pictures, with their lavish spectacles and brilliant settings. But they surely will, for with the originality of their themes, the glorious setting of the beautiful Australian bush, and beauty of its youth, Australian productions should go quickly to the front and become noteworthy rivals to all others.

**Miss E. Manning, 339 Darling St., Balmain, N.S.W.**

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## BAD-TEMPERED BOSSES

I OFTEN wonder why the directors of a firm do not inquire into a man's home life and surroundings before placing him in a responsible position in charge of a staff.

I have worked for men whose home life has been most unhappy, and on that account they have become irritable and quick-tempered, making a perfect misery the lives of those people who are unfortunate enough to be employed by them.

A man whose home life is harmonious can devote all his time and thought to his business without private worries creeping in, and be a cheerful, helpful supervisor.

**S. A. Morgan, 3 Moseley St., Glenelg, S.A.**

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## UNCIVILISED AT HEART

WE thrill with delight and pride in humanity as we read of the wonderful conquests of science—of man's victories in the medical world, his inventions, his mastery of electricity, and television.

Then we turn the page — to read harrowing accounts of bloodthirsty fighting abroad, murders, acts of inhumanity at home.

Sadly we put the paper away, realising that mankind will never be civilised; that even at the peak of his achievement, in a crisis he will cast off his veneer of culture and revert to the barbarous savagery of his forefathers!

**Mrs. Barton, Post Office, Boorowa, N.S.W.**


**HOLIDAY SEASON**

**CRUISE to Tasmania**

*6 Days for 5 Gns.*

SPEND your summer holiday at sea—enjoy a cruise to cool Tasmania aboard the one-class overseas liner, "ESPERANCE BAY," of the Aberdeen and Commonwealth Line. The minimum fare for six days is only 5 guineas!

At this attractively moderate fare you enjoy a standard of comfort and cuisine comparable to an up-to-date hotel. For those who seek variety there will be the daily shipboard games, tournaments, treasure hunts, talkies, sunbaking (swimming pool), dancing, carnival nights, bridge parties, and other relaxations. For those who like to read in quiet or sit with congenial company there are sunny secluded nooks. While at Hobart you can take advantage of the special sight-seeing excursions arranged by the Tasmanian Government Tourist Bureau.

You sail from SYDNEY on 16th January, arrive Hobart noon on the 18th, leave midnight on the 19th, and return to Sydney on January 22nd—six glorious days at remarkably moderate cost.

**There's another cruise to Tasmania, too, on January 30th, and return to Sydney on February 5th.**

*Reserve your berth now by paying a nominal deposit.*

*Call, write, or 'phone for full details TO-DAY.*

*All particulars from:*

DALGETY & CO. LTD.
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'Phone B6111.

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17 O'Connell St., Sydney.
'Phone B6851.

*Or any Tourist Agent.*


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# JEAN BATTEN *Will Always* FLY

*Continued from Page 3*

SHE always seems to retain good health, but she has no special recipe for it. She must remain very fit, and she relies on some physical exercises each day, five minutes' skipping in the mornings, and a five-mile walk. She follows no diet, but just eats what she likes.

She is very technical-minded, and most of her reading is technical literature, though she reads ordinary fiction like anybody else, without any special favorites.

**She has been interested in engines and aeroplanes since childhood, but she declares that she remembers playing with her dolls as any small girl does.**

However, when she found the air her element she stayed in it, and has been flying ever since. She says that she has always disliked being undergound or down under anything at all, and has always loved heights.

When flying, she regards herself firstly as a pilot and secondly as a woman. She says that everywhere she has been she has always met with the most wonderful kindness and help, but among aviation people and pilots she has always been treated as a pilot. Which, she thinks, is as it should be.

She has been living in the country in England, at Hatfield, in Hampshire, and has not been spending much time in London. When she does go there she goes to her club, the well-known Women's Automobile and Sports Club.

## Our Chic Women

JEAN has a great opinion of the appearance of Australian women, and thinks them very chic. "Their figures are so small and neat," she says, "their hands so small, and their feet so small."

She pretty well meets these specifications herself, with her own small hands, her tiny wrists, and her neat, trim figure.

She has a soft spot for the South American women, whom she thinks beautiful in their exotic way.

The most striking thing about Jean Batten personally is her steadiness and composure. This is an essential part of the make-up of her strong personality, and it is shown in every gesture of hers, though she loses not a whit of womanliness.

When she stands, her weight is well distributed on her feet, her back is straight, and her head erect. Beneath her long, sweeping eyelashes her eyes are hazel, and she looks at you with frankness and penetrating directness, with the fearlessness and calm sincerity of one who is fully in command of her nerves and herself, who knows always what she is thinking and about to say, never lost in a whirlpool of confused purposes. When she smiles her eyes twitch at the corners.

So striking is this nervelessness, or, rather, complete control of self, that it seems impossible to imagine her being flustered or flurried under the stress of any crisis or nag of circumstance.

However, underneath it all she is a woman, with all the emotional capacity of any natural woman.

## Vital Stamina

IN her everyday clothes Jean is a small, lithe figure, showing nothing of the sinewy strength and vital stamina she possesses. But although it has been necessary for her to be physically strong, perhaps it has been the fierce driving spirit that she hides within her that has carried her to success after success.

**Her face is attractive, with her straight nose, her fine, white teeth, her fine, thin lips, her clear skin, and her sharp, determined chin. Her dark hair is always beautifully set. Her voice is pleasant and well modulated.**

Generally she gives one the impression of shrewd competency, but beneath the veneer of experience and self-control is a very sensitive nature, indeed.

Her inherent sensitivity is shown by her love for music and flowers, and her casual attitude about her successes.

Her rare character has maintained for her the closest possible friendships. Her intimate friends are captivated by her charming sincerity and her simple honesty of manner.

Her natural balance and common sense have prevented her from being spoiled, as many would have been, by the stimulation of fame and success.

She is a famous woman now, but basically she is little different from any other woman, except that she loves flying with a fierce passion, whereas another woman might love tennis, or golf, or music, or painting, or looking after her home, or any other enterprise for which she has particular talent and interest.

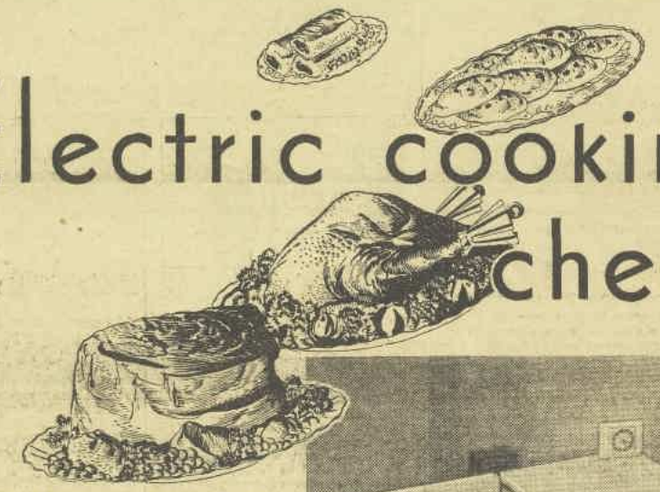
### Marriage and Breakfast All For £2

From Our New York Correspondent

*THE little town of Elkton, in Maryland, U.S.A., is becoming famous for its high speed, mass-production marriage factory where couples may have the marriage service performed in three minutes at a cost of £2.*

*Everything is arranged for this fee, including the licence, witnesses, and wedding breakfast at quick-lunch counters.*


# Electric cooking is cheaper



**TO COOK FOR A FAMILY OF FOUR PERSONS COSTS LESS THAN 1'9 PER WEEK**

Just imagine — 1/9 a week for all the benefits of electric cooking. That is a generous estimate too, for the average cost of electric cooking is less than three farthings per person per day. There's *economy* for you!

The other great saving of electric cooking is in labour. Electric cooking is automatic and requires the minimum of attention, and because an electric range is flameless, smokeless and fume-free, cooking utensils stay bright and the kitchen is always spotlessly clean and cool.

You may like your kitchen but you don't want to spend needlessly long, wearisome hours there, cooking by laborious old-fashioned methods. Decide to have an electric range and save money, do less work, have better food and more leisure for yourself.

**The Sydney County Council offers to install FREE any approved Electric Range**

An approved type of electric range may be purchased on exceptionally easy terms. Installation is Free up to £6 (the average cost of installing a range).

**30% REDUCTION**

By having an electric range you secure a reduction of 30% on the cost of all your secondary kilowatt hours (units). This means that in addition to the saving in cooking costs, you will also save on the operating cost of your lighting and any other electrical appliances you may use.

**A FREE SERVICE**

The series of domestic cooking classes now being held at the Electricity Undertaking has proved immensely popular. This service is absolutely free, and those who are interested are invited to write in for further particulars.

**cook by ELECTRICITY**

The Sydney County Council - - Electricity Undertaking - - Queen Victoria Building - - George St., Sydney

E.R.6-48


## DON'T... FORGET

A car drive for the benefit of St. Margaret's Hospital is being arranged for October 24. Cars will leave 21 Macquarie Place at 1.30 p.m. Afternoon tea will be served at The Rest, Audley. Tickets, 5/- each. Ring BW2051.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mr. Gregory Stroud and Miss Winifred Lawson will be guests of honor at the card party to be held at the Automobile Club on November 3, for the benefit of St. Margaret's Hospital. A broadcast of the Melbourne Cup will be heard during the afternoon. For reservations ring BW2051.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Petersham Musical Society, at the Ashfield Town Hall, on October 28, November 2, and November 4, are producing "The Dean's Song," and giving the proceeds to aid the funds of the Petersham Benevolent Society and the Renwick Hospital for Infants.

☆ ☆ ☆

At Kopewood House, Darling Point, on October 24—the place and date for "In a Garden Faire"—the Girls' Realm Guild of Service and Fellowship the promoters. Lady Murray Anderson will open the fete at 3.15 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

Friday, November 6, is the date fixed for the Soldiers' Annual Poppy Day Appeal. Poppies will be sold throughout the State, as well as in the city, in aid of distressed Diggers and their dependents.

Ladies willing to help this movement please ring BW6363, or write to the Poppy Day Headquarters, 309 George Street.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4609658

# THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

*By Mary Sheraton*

SATURDAY last I went to the wedding of a dear friend of mine. She wore a lovely gown of silver brocaded satin, with a halo of cut pleated tulle, held in place with white camellias. She was a daring little rascal; she had copied the idea from the Movies—and she deserved a bouquet for her choice. Her photo was later in the paper.

This just goes to show how one little idea leads on . . . to make a GLORIOUS SUCCESS; which proves if you, bride-to-be, were handed a bookful of ideas for planning a swagger trousseau, a thrilling wedding and a gorgeous home, you would be on the road to fame, too.

"If words were wishes . . ." I can hear some demure voices enquiring . . . But, presto! This very moment I can give you the very book—brimful of ideas for every bride-to-be—it is, in fact, THE BRIDE'S BOOK.

DO YOU KNOW:
What should comprise a complete trousseau?
The 27 details of wedding duties that the Bride should personally supervise?
How to plan the celebration?
How to avoid mistakes when furnishing?
How to ensure colour harmony in the Home?
The above questions are all answered in this beautiful new publication, "The Bride's Book," which will be given to you free if you send in the coupon below, or if you call and ask for me personally at Beharfalds Ltd.
P.S.—Present or post this coupon; it saves time.

Miss Mary Sheraton,
Home Planning Bureau,
BEBARFALDS LTD.,
Opp. Town Hall, Sydney.

Please send me the particulars I have marked with a cross, without charge, without obligation.

( ) The Bride's Book.
( ) The Illustrated Folder of Free Trousseau Chests.
( ) The Furniture Plans for a home under £70.

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WHY RISK DISEASE
through Flies or Mosquitoes.
HEALTH & COMFORT
for all when...
MORTEIN
is sprayed regularly.
SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

# LA MERI . . . *Woman and* ARTIST

## Dancer-Poetess is a Breath from a More Spacious World

**To watch La Meri dancing is to watch a kaleidoscope of the nations—a kaleidoscope which is enriched in color by the dancer's own vivid personality.**

***To converse with La Meri is to undergo the same experience of quickly-changing backgrounds—to taste, vicariously, the flavor of different countries, different peoples, as they have been savored by this charming and intelligent cosmopolitan.***

AN hour spent over tea with Madame La Meri and her husband, Signor Guido Carreras, is all too short a period to do anything but titillate an interviewer's palate. Dancing, poetry, music—any one of these subjects could be barely touched on in the time—and yet each of them is so much a part of ordinary life in the La Meri-Carreras menage that what commences as an ordinary question and answer interview develops, within five minutes, into an animated discussion on art in general.

In this, perhaps, more than anything else, lies the key to La Meri's charm and artistic success. No visiting artist, fresh from performances in the European capitals, could be more unself-conscious, or more eager to talk about dancing—or any other art—rather than about her personal fads and fancies.

**Even more attractive off stage than on, La Meri has that rare and precious gift of being able, by her vivacity and phrasing, to re-create verbally places and personages she has known.**

**A few sentences, and one visualises clearly a street in Berlin, a South American dictator, the overhanging balconies of a by-way in Seville, the languorous and intricate movements of an Eastern dancer.**

This ability to assimilate and translate the essence of places and things finds expression not only in her dancing and conversation, but in verse.

In regard to her verse-writing, she is inclined to be self-deprecatory. It is something she does to amuse herself. But, for one who practises only occasionally what is a highly-specialised art, she succeeds in evoking atmosphere to a surprising degree.

### Proposition

**Written by LA MERI.**

**I cannot bake you hot, brown bread,**
**Nor smooth cool pillows 'neath your head.**
**I cannot stitch a straight, neat seam**
**Of ruffled curtains' lawny gleam.**
**I will not nod to all your "Ayes,"**
**I'll surely argue half your "Nays."**
**I shall not sweep the floor, nor care**
**If every cupboard's dusty bare.**

**But I can follow down a trail**
**In boots, with gun that will not fail,**
**And I can see the dream you know**
**That lives behind the sunset's glow.**
**And I can laugh life to a game**
**Of joy some mortals cannot name,**
**And others cannot even guess!**
**Oh, I can bring you happiness!**

### Charming Personality

UNLIKE so many artists, La Meri does not adopt the worn-out pose of those who claim to live "only for their art." Dancing is, of course, her major preoccupation; music and books figure largely in her pleasures, but, to her, purely physical relaxations are important, too.

Swimming and riding are foremost among these, and, on those few occasions when she and her husband can snatch a month or two at home in their villa on the Mediterranean coast, both these tastes are gratified to the full.

It is this all-round love of life which makes her, in every sense of the word, a complete woman—one whose personality could not be overlooked, by reason of its many facets, even by one who had never seen her dance, or knew nothing of her as an artist.

**Signor Carreras, La Meri's husband, was her manager for five years before they married. Smilingly, she admits that, when working, he still treats her as brusquely as he did in the years before she became Signora Carreras.**

His life-long interest in music and his personal friendship with some of the greatest men in the musical world have been, she says, of immense cultural value to her.

Behind the footlights or away from them La Meri is a real person, vivid, alive, with something definite to say and the ability to say it. While five minutes suffices for this much to be apparent, sixty minutes is all too short in which to listen while she talks of Venezuela or Cochin-China as we would of Melbourne or Adelaide, or while she laughs over the foibles of a world-famous tenor as the ordinary stay-at-home citizen would over the eccentricities of his next door neighbor.

She is a breath from a more spacious world.

## *Australia's First Spanish Casualty*

*MARGOT MILLAR, a young Sydney nurse attached to an English ambulance brigade, who was injured a few days ago during the loyalist attack on Huesca, in Spain, is the first Australian casualty on the Spanish front. Although she was removed to the English hospital at Granen, it is believed that her injuries are not serious.*

*I Have Never Advertised Before . . .*

— mainly, perhaps, because the demand for my preparations has grown so steadily without it, or possibly, because my ideas on publicity have been too conservative. Originally, my name and prestige were known only to a limited and distinguished few, for whom Adrian Roberts Preparations were specially compounded to order.

But by word of mouth it has gone around that my preparations develop a marvellous complexion beauty. And the word has quickly passed from one to another, until it seems that my conservative ideas must give way to the insistent demand for my preparations, now that they have gained an interest and reputation I had not foreseen.

**And so for the first time, the same luxury Adrian Roberts Preparations are available to all and can be obtained for as little as 2/6d. each.**

No doubt, you, or some of your friends, know the name "Adrian Roberts" well, and are using my preparations already. But from now on, more are to know about them, and about this swifter, surer and inexpensive way to develop new, unsuspected beauty and youth.

It is difficult to know how to convince you that Adrian Roberts Beauty Preparations are the best you can buy. But call at either of my Arcade Shops to see them.

You will find the preparations much more convincing than the most forceful written or spoken word. Moreover, you will be given the best personal advice on any skin problems you may have.

**So if you seek Beauty, why not call at one of my shops to try Adrian Roberts Preparations for yourself. You are under no obligation to buy, and after all, it is always worth while experimenting with preparations known to be so good.**

**Smart Modern Original**

★

**So much has gone into their creation**

Made as good as Beauty Science knows how, made of the finest, the most costly ingredients and compounded by expert processes, each preparation possessing some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness.

| | |
|---|---|
| Face Powder | 2/6–4/6 |
| Cleansing Cream | 2/6–4/6 |
| Nourishing Cream | 2/6–4/6 |
| Foundation Cream | 2/6–4/6 |
| Cold Cream | 2/6–4/6 |
| Complexion Milk | 2/6–3/6 |
| Make-up Lotion | 2/6–3/6 |
| Cucumber Emulsion | 2/6–3/6 |
| Honey & Almond Cream | 2/6–3/6 |
| Skin & Tissue Food | 2/6 |
| Astringent Cream | 2/6 |
| Skin Cream | 2/6 |
| Sunburn Cream | 2/6 |
| Skin Tonic | 2/6–4/6 |
| Skin Freshener | 2/6–4/6 |
| Astringent Lotion | 2/6–4/6 |

*In all that concerns Beauty, personal advice is essential, so Adrian Roberts Beauty Preparations can only be obtained at these 2 addresses.*

***There is no surer way to***

**COMPLEXION BEAUTY**

— than by the faithful use of Adrian Roberts Beauty Preparations. That is a promise, so try the preparations without delay, and give them the chance to keep that promise. Just ten minutes each day, in the convenience of your home, is all you need spend in the care of your skin, with these skilfully made aids to beauty.

So you should not lose a moment in joining those who, in the privacy of their homes, are helping themselves to a new standard of beauty. Adrian Roberts Preparations have been perfectly adapted to home use. You will find them simple to apply and the directions for their use easy to follow.

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*What a change from winter foods ..... these recipes by Kraft*

## New Ways to add Delicious Variety to the Home Menu . . .

Women everywhere are discovering that Kraft Cheese enables them to prepare all kinds of delicious dishes that will intrigue any family. Kraft Cheese can be served at every meal and the Free Kraft Recipe Book shows how to make use of dozens of new recipes that make home cooking delightfully simple. Kraft Cheese is the ideal family food because it is rich in body building minerals and very economical. THERE IS NO RIND AND NO WASTE.

*Creamed Eggs*
*The ideal dish for your informal family meals. The recipe is contained in the Free Recipe Book and you will be delighted with results. Serve Creamed Eggs next week-end and note how everybody enjoys them.*

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K22/27C

IT TAKES A GALLON OF RICH MILK TO MAKE A POUND OF KRAFT CHEESE

## What day is Today?

To-day—or tomorrow or one day soon—is the birthday of someone you love — your Mother, your Father, one of your friends or your family. Or it may be an anniversary, a shower-tea, or some other occasion that calls for a present-giving. Whatever the event, there is one gift that is always right—Potter and Moore's Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne. This refreshing cologne is the choice of men and women of discriminating taste the world over. It is the one personal gift that is always joyfully received.

Blue Ribbon Cologne comes in handsome bottles of different sizes, and the same cool, stimulating perfume is obtainable in soaps, powders, creams and other toilet accessories. Together with Mitcham Lavender Water, a delicate perfume of lasting fragrance, also from Potter and Moore, it is sold at reasonable prices by chemists and stores everywhere.

*Coffret containing Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne and Complexion Soap. Price, 2/6.*

*Beautiful bottle of Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne in attractive box, 12/6. Others 1/3 to 30/-*

*Toilet preparations by*

**POTTER & MOORE**

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY, LONDON


# THE *Prince in* UNIFORM

*Continued from Page 18*

"YOU will not be ashamed."

John Vassil made bold:

"You'll remember this, perhaps, as the one extraordinary incident of a charity ball. Goodness knows, I hope you'll remember it longer than to-morrow.

"Now we'll go."

"As you command."

"Wait."

Her eyes were downcast and she was smiling "Before we go," she said, "would you mind kissing me again?"

She was in his arms when the curtains parted and an accented voice exclaimed, "No!" She spun free as Count Dmitri, smirking with mock humility, bowed his regrets. "I didn't know. I feared you had forgotten we had the next dance."

"You are," John Vassil said, "a snooping rat."

"And who are you? Miss Craigie, do you know who is this man?"

"Let him tell you himself."

Dmitri was enraged. "He is not my uncle, Count Igor, though so he makes believe to come here. I have inquired. An impostor, he is! We shall soon see, hein?"

A trumpet call in the ballroom had proclaimed the hour of unmasking. In mid-air John Vassil grasped the thick fingers that clutched toward his face. Deliberately he pressed the ball of his own thumb against Cousin Dmitri's broad nose and pushed ungently. The count reeled backward. Bending swiftly John Vassil touched his lips to Irene Craigie's hand. "For this one glorious moment," he whispered, "I thank you." Then, with a great free swinging stride he hurried away through the riot, unmindful now of the hands that snatched at his mask, and out into the street. Belated pedestrians turned to gaze and smile at the tall reveller in the costume of a Russian officer who walked as if the swaying crest of his shako brushed the stars.

Three blocks away John Vassil halted before the door of a garage. For a moment his eyes looked back over his shoulder, gleamed, then, pivoting to the left, he passed through the wide entrance.

At ten past two the head doorman blew upon his little silver whistle "One sixty-one!" he bellowed. "One sixty-one!" Assistant doormen passed the call along. John Vassil slid the Isotta smartly under the fringe of the marquee. Almost before the wheels had ceased to turn he had sprung to the sidewalk, shouldered aside an ambitious flunkey, and opened the door.

Count Dmitri's fingers tucked in the silken scarf about his coarse neck. Heels trimly together he made to Irene Craigie a precise little bow.

"You are so gracious. My own motor, unfortunately, is for the time in the shop. I live west, by the river. You are sure it will not take you too much out of your way to drop me at my home? No? Then I must repeat, you are so kind as you are so lovely, Miss Craigie."

FROM a superior six inches John Vassil scowled down at his clever cousin. Dmitri, of course, had no motor in the shop; yet Dmitri could contrive to ride with Irene Craigie, to sit beside her as her guest, to talk with her on equal terms. A warm wave of fury swept John Vassil. He looked at Irene Craigie and was comforted. She had seen his scowl, for she was smiling. Moreover, her eyes had a swimming thoughtfulness, a reflection of pleasant reminiscences, that caused John Vassil's heart to thud-thud mightily against the Cross of St. George on the breast of his father's uniform under the greatcoat of his chauffeur's attire.

"John, we'll drive this gentleman to his home on our way. His motor is —ailing."

"Yes, Miss Craigie."

She was not fooled, not she—wise little head! Ah!—John Vassil sighed —how he loved her! About to enter the car, she paused and shot at him a quick puzzled glance, before which his own fascinated gaze dropped precipitately. He must take care! To him, John Vassil, chauffeur, so much would be permitted and no more.

He resisted, closing the door after Dmitri, an almost irresistible impulse to slam it on his heels. He had no fear that Dmitri would recognise him, or if he should that he would reveal his identity to Miss Craigie. The thought of Count Dmitri saying, "Miss Craigie, your chauffeur is my cousin," was worth a hearty chuckle down in the astrachan collar.

The hour was late, traffic on the avenue thin—a few private cars humming uptown on singing tyres, the usual hopeful stir of late-cruising cabs. From all of these old Dunstan Craigie's silver trumpets commanded respect and the right of way. The grey quiet pile of St. Patrick's shifted smoothly by. Irene Craigie, John Vassil was remembering, had asked him to kiss her—she had asked him! With an unconscious gesture he lifted his hand and gave his cap a jaunty tilt.

A reckless joy filled his mind with fancies, mad fancies, heady with folly, echoes of daring from the tales the Little Mother would tell. A jingling of bells and the swift rapturous flight of a troika in the snow—

"Driver"—the stiff masculine voice grated at his ear, erasing at one stroke, like a wet cloth, all the glory he was dreaming—"we shall go by the park, driver. Turn here at the Plaza entrance—and there is no hurry, my man, remember."

IN habitual acknowledgment of an order John Vassil's glove made a movement toward the visor of his cap, dropped back suddenly at the wheel. The elation he had drained from his heart, and in its place rose a bitter and sickening discouragement, a disdain for himself and his mode of living. For this, then, he had cast himself into the mould of the land, had endeavored, in these strenuous times, to make his own way and earn his own bread honestly—for this! To salute servilely a scheming reprobate who had only to trade upon an accident of birth to find all doors open to him; who could say to John Vassil, the son of Prince Ivan Vassilivich, "Come, my man," or "Go, my man!"

All this happening in him like a storm as deftly he swung the big car from the avenue into the shadowy curving drive of the park—all the high, bright adventure of the evening going out before this shabby reality. How Irene Craigie would despise him, despise herself, he thought, if she should ever know that, hiding behind a mask, her own chauffeur had taken her in his arms!

Obediently, upon entering the park, he had cut down the motor. The Isotta moved almost silently along the deserted drive, only the crunching of dead leaves under the tyres protesting its passage. Behind him, through the heavy glass, he could hear Dmitri's throaty accent, and occasionally Irene Craigie's response, light and serene. "And young John Vassil," John Vassil thought with a twinge, "perched out front—in the cold."

*Please turn to Page 26*


## "Yes, I know your secret"

"You've been using Charmosan face powder?"

"How can you tell?"

"By your skin."

"Well," said Margaret, "that's true, too. It's rather wonderful. You know, my dear, I'm 40. But do I look a day older than 30? That's Powder Charmosan for you."

Charmosan face powder imparts charm, youth, beauty. Gain THAT and you gain happiness. No wonder Powder Charmosan sells.

Another blessing is that it stays on for hour after hour with sweet witchery.

## Charmosan face powder from Paris

Big box, 2/6. All shades and sun tan. Sold everywhere.

P.S.: Use Charmosan Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin. This lovely cream goes right into the pores and out again and cleanses the skin and pores of "make-up," dust, etc., beautifully. Leaves skin supple and smooth. A nightly face massage with this cream also keeps away wrinkles and crow's feet . . . what a blessing. It is perfumed with myrrh and jasmin . . . gorgeous. Big jars, 2/6. Tubes, 1/-. Sold everywhere.



## Housework has ruined her Nerves!

Wincarnis is the tonic that conquers nerves by enriching the blood and feeding starved tissues. Taken three times a day—morning, afternoon and evening—it very soon restores tired tissues and brings renewed zest for life . . . provides abounding energy to enjoy work and play. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle from your chemist *to-day*. Pints 4/3. Quarts 7/3.

**WINCARNIS**

Puts *Young Blood* in your veins


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# Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:—

MANDRAKE: A magician, who, with his servant,
LOTHAR: is helping
SIR OSWALD: A sporting Englishman, and
JANE: His beautiful daughter, who have been robbed of the Star Sapphire by
SAKI: Brilliant thief and master of disguises. Saki first disguises himself as Sir Oswald to get the sapphire, then as
INSPECTOR DUFFY: The man who captured him previously and then disappears. Mandrake and Lothar follow in hot pursuit, but he outwits them both, first disguised as an old lady, then as a pedlar, and Mandrake returns home. Jane now makes advances to Mandrake, much to the disgust of
RONALD: Her fiance, who threatens to knock Mandrake down. He is calmed down, however, and, saying he can't stand Jane's treatment, and that he's through with her for good, takes his departure. NOW READ ON.

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Stott's Annual Scholarship Examination for GIRLS 14-18 YEARS OF AGE, will be held on SATURDAY, 14th NOVEMBER. The subjects of Examination are English and Arithmetic—Permit-to-Enrol standard.

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(Day Classes exclusively for Young Ladies.)

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My Name .....

Address .....

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*ASTROLOGY*

# TEMPERAMENTAL *"Mrs. Libra,"* TACTFUL *"Mr. Libra"*

*By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society*

**Take it whichever way you will, there are undeniable differences in the characteristics of the men and the women born under the zodiacal sign Libra, which governs those born between September 23 and October 24.**

***Tactful "Mr. Libra" almost always deserves his title. His motto should really be, "Kindness, courtesy and compromise." He hates fuss and forcefulness and has a passion for fair-dealing. He is generally esteemed—but seldom feared. He will work hard to earn goodwill, but, if really angered, can fight relentlessly, coldly and confidently.***

**As for "Mrs. Libra," she is more forceful, but vain, with a sense of humor, and can be vitriolic and temperamental.**

SOMETIMES "Mr. Libra," in his anxiety to please everyone, develops a wishbone where his backbone should be, but even so, he is usually agreeable, pleasant, and kindly.

His demand of life is that things should be "nice." He likes nice people, nice home conditions, nice clothes, and nice work. Dirty or physical work distresses his finer feelings, so that he is generally found in shops, offices, studios or factories catering to musical, artistic or clothing spheres.

His height and slimness, plus his poise and personality, bring him opportunities in showrooms, and aid him greatly should his taste run to the stage or screen. Yet, because of his inherent ability to judge and balance wisely, and his humaneness and faculty of intuitively sensing right from wrong, his most natural field is law or officialdom.

*Written in the Stars*

## Women More Go-ahead

**"MRS. AND MISS LIBRA" have many of the same characteristics as the Librans of the stronger sex, but are usually more go-ahead. They are also a little vain, but have a sense of humor.**

**They are quick-witted and smart at repartee, will stand for a lot of imposition and unfairness, but can be vitriolic and temperamental upon occasion.**

All Libran women should be married happily, for they love children and usually make attractive homes. In fact, "Mrs. Libra's" dearest wish is to help her mate, though the latter is apt to wish that she wouldn't bother.

**If discouraged or unloved, however, "Mrs. Libra" produces all her worst traits of character. She grows lazy and untidy, and becomes irritable.**

**When this happens, the only cure is for her husband to take her to the shops and help her to "dress up." She'll be so pleased with her new self that the experiment will prove well worth while.**

## The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES PEOPLE** (March 21 to April 21): Your affairs should begin to improve within a week, so be of good cheer, though remaining cautious, especially on the 21st after noon, 22nd and 23rd.

### *Libra Affinities*

**LIBRA people are very sensitive to vibrations, and should therefore, utilise their harmonious affinities.**

**Their gems are: Turquoise and light sapphire; their metal is copper; their colors are yellow, rose, and blue; their day is Friday.**

**Many famous people have been born under the sign Libra, among them Lillian Gish, Miriam Hopkins, Marshal Foch, Ramsay MacDonald, General French, von Hindenburg, Clemenceau and Annie Bessant.**

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Get important matters finalised before the 24th. Difficulties possible thereafter. Quite good on the 21st after noon, 22nd and 23rd.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Finalise important matters on the 24th and 25th.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Better times just around the corner. Make plans. Look ahead with optimism, but live cautiously on the 21st, 22nd and 23rd. Be sure to start important ventures or changes on 26th and 27th. Ask favors, seek advancement, and be confident then.

**LEO** (July 23 to Aug. 24): October 20 and morning of 21st good, but live very cautiously on the 24th and 25th.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Fair on the 21st after 2 p.m., 22nd and 23rd.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Work very hard and finalise important matters on the 24th and 25th.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Your fortunes will seem to change for the better, particularly if you are alive to your opportunities.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Fair on the 20th and early 21st.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): The difficulties and worries you have been "enjoying" should ease off after the 24th. The 26th and 27th should be fair.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Get matters finalised by the 24th, if possible; 25th, fair; live quietly thereafter.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Make plans for promotion and new enterprises. Be consistent and hardworking. Look for opportunities during the next few weeks. Be sure to begin some important matters on Oct. 26 and 27.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

★ **HEAT NERVES**

***are the result of Summer fatigue***

**Don't let Summer take toll in frayed nerves and continual bad temper! Keep cool, stay cool, all through the hottest day—with the help of Tea. Tea lowers body temperature quickly . . . keeps it even . . . keeps you calm and comfortable by easing the strain on nerves. Drink Tea to lift vitality . . . to conquer Heat Nerves.**

HERE'S THE WAY TO MAKE GOOD TEA

1. SELECT A GOOD QUALITY TEA. 2. Boil fresh water. 3. Warm clean teapot. 4. Put in one teaspoon of tea for each person and always remember one for the pot. 5. The moment the water boils, pour it on the tea. 6. Let the tea brew for 5 minutes.

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU. 5T8D

**TEA** *lifts vitality Keeps you cool!*

ANYTIME IS TEA TIME

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# Intimate Jottings

### Did You Know That—

*The Peter Pooles have taken a furnished flat at Dalkeith, Double Bay—near enough to Lady Knox for little Bronwyn Poole to pay her grandmother a daily visit?*

*The young Alexander Gordons, fed up with the tardiness of the workmen and thinking it the quickest way to make them "get a move on," are "encamped" though hardly settled in their new home at Elizabeth Bay?*

### In Far Cathay

LETTERS from Peter and Ray Griffen dated at Hongkong tell of the wonderful time they are having and the delightful friendships they have made. They are extending their wedding journey, won't be back till December, and will visit Shanghai, Peking, and Japan before they return.

### Naval Occasions

PAYMASTER-COMMANDER and Mrs. O'Reilly are reluctantly leaving their newly equipped flat at Darling Point, which they've only occupied for about a month.

The powers-that-be have found it necessary to send him off to Melbourne to fill an appointment there, and though it would be bad form to grouch Mrs. O'Reilly can't help feeling rather sad at the upset of all her carefully and so recently arranged goods and chattels.

❖ ❖ ❖

*Just one week before her son, Julian Simpson, sailed for South Africa this month, Mrs. Ashburton Thompson left for her London home, going by the Suez Canal route.*

❖ ❖ ❖

### Grace and Glamor

THE versatile artistry and glamorous charm of La Meri are delighting discriminating audiences.

At the "first night" at the Theatre Royal last week a fashionable audience applauded her grace of movement and gesture.

Mrs. George Walker was there, wearing a beautiful gown of black beflowered taffeta. Airlie Keep donned black taffeta, too, with shoulder straps of diamante. Mrs. Lionel Dare's white satin gown was sunray pleated and worn with a froth of pink feathers round her shoulders and large diamond stars clipping her ears. Mrs. Mervyn Finlay's black frock had a ceinture of oriental colors, jewel encrusted.

Lady Budge's rust-red velvet cape was worn over pink satin. Mrs. Sep. Levy slipped into the dress circle with her brother, after a little Bohemian dinner at the Cafe Latin, in a tiny black hat and eye veil and a black street gown.

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*Commander Gifford was both intrigued and mystified this week when opening a parcel delivered by special messenger to find it contained the pair of almost new tennis shoes he had mislaid in Leura a year ago and failed to locate since, despite repeated inquiries.*

❖ ❖ ❖

### Via Singapore to Holland

MRS. M. HENRY has had more than one trip to the East, and likes it so much that she is travelling all the way to Holland by Dutch liners, via Singapore.

She left this week, and will arrive in Holland in time for the twenty-first birthday of her only daughter, who was one of last year's very youthful brides.

### In Search of Sunshine

ENID HUSSEY COOPER looks forward to breaking the back of a London winter by meeting her mother and sister, Jean, in Genoa in December, and spending a month or more with them in the Italian Riviera.

### Literary Leanings

TONY LIDDELL is back once more in H.M.A.S. Penguin, having just been transferred from H.M.A.S. Canberra.

There is a flair and flavor in the dialogue and situations of the revues he has lately taken to writing that is winning him the sobriquet of "the Noel Coward of the Australian Navy," though in appearance he and Noel are certainly poles apart.

One of these revues was greeted with acclaim during the recent cruise of the Canberra, and another is on the tapis for an early performance at the Naval Depot.

### Much-talked-of Wedding

QUITE a number of their country friends were included by Noreen Dangar in her list of invitees to her dinner dance at the Australia on Thursday, the twenty-second, in honor of her sister, Patsy, and Grant Giblin.

Their wedding at All Saints', Woollahra, next Tuesday afternoon is to be followed by a huge reception at Elizabeth Bay House.

### So Difficult to Decide

AT Randwick on Saturday there was a serious difference of opinion on the "what to wear" question. The strong and chilly wind was an excuse for those who had gorgeous furs to trot them out for one more airing.

The bright sun shone on numbers of diaphanous frocks. Mrs. Langford Gibson and Mrs. John Brunton wore short-sleeved florals, Mrs. Milgrove and Mrs. Sam Hardy were in snowy white crepes. Mrs. Leslie Sweeney compromised in short-sleeved black chiffons and a silver fox cape.

Looking "just right", Mrs. Mick Bruxner and Mrs. Ronald Traill wore lightweight grey flannels and homburg hats and enjoyed their day in comfort.

### On Guard!

MRS. ARNOLD WEINHOLT, whose husband had all those interesting and hair-raising experiences during the Abyssinian War, drove herself from Queensland with her lovely white watchdog for company and protection, spent a few days at 52 Macleay St., Ltd., and is now in Mrs. Eric Sheller's flat at 42 Mona Rd., Darling Point.

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*"An ultra-modern luxury hotel has nothing on Gloucester House," according to Mr. Keith Jacobs, whose wife is getting the acme of care and comfort in that latest addition to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.*

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### Charming Melbourne Sisters

MR. and Mrs. Alec Spence, who enjoy spoiling their nieces, Phyllis and Betty Timmins, gave a lovely party for them last week—a dinner dance at the Australia. Cerise roses, purple delphiniums, and pink carnations filled gilt baskets on the dinner table.

Mrs. Spence wore silver lame and mauve orchids, Phyllis' dainty gown was pink organza, and Betty's blue taffeta. Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Bushell brought their daughters Amber and Pamela. Other guests were Mrs. Tom Fogarty (Melbourne), Clive and Colin Hall, Bill Dawson, John Arnott and Phillip Wallace.

*GENEVIEVE SCAMPS, who is still in South Australia staying with her equally attractive sister, Mrs. Harold McGregor, at Dutton Terrace, Medindie, is the younger daughter of the P. Scamps', of Turramurra.* —Dickinson-Monteath.

### Much Be-feted

RUTH ALLEN was a much be-feted young woman before she set her slender foot on the gangway of R.M.S. Oronsay (captained by genial Charles George Matheson), the ship that carries her to Colombo.

One enjoyable party was the all-day tennis "do" that included a fork lunch and an aftermath of cocktails, given by her bridesmaid-to-be, Nancy McNaught, at her home in Ocean Avenue. Her fellow guests were Mrs. F. Pfeiffer, Mrs. Magnay, Mrs. John Buchanan, Mrs. Tom Crossing, Audrey Cornell, Norma Carpenter, and Kathleen McCathie.

### Back to the Apple Isle

COLONEL JOHNSON'S charming guest, wife of his son Jim (who is A.D.C. to the Governor of Tasmania) and daughter to Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, left for Hobart by the Zealandia last Saturday, after spending some weeks at Avalon. She likes Tasmania immensely, but finds it so cold that she has to double the number of woollies she wore in England.

### European Excursion

INTRIGUED by the letters she received from her husband, Dr. John Maude, describing the charm and beauty of Heidelberg, where he was doing some research work, "Mickey" Maude shipped her car to Antwerp and set off "on her lonesome" from London to motor across Germany to join him, thoroughly enjoying the experience and finding everybody most kind and helpful.

Later on, John goes to Oxford to acquire an additional degree. A rather vague "some time next year" is the answer to any inquiries as to the date of their return to Sydney.

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*Chinese residents in Sydney are keen tennis players, the Ying Wah Club being their largest association. They are holding their second annual ball this week. Among the official guests are Dr. W. P. Chen, Consul-General for China, and Mr. E. Yum, secretary of the N.S.W. Chinese Tennis Association.*

❖ ❖ ❖

### Sydney Will Observe Cup Day

ALREADY Sydney is bestirring itself and parties are being arranged to synchronise with Cup Day in Melbourne.

Mrs. Roberts of Kalua, Bellevue Hill, is having her party on the eve of Cup Day with a buffet supper in addition to bridge.

The Automobile Club will have a card party with a broadcast of the races as an added attraction on November 3. On the same day the Royal Sydney Golf Club will have every corner filled for another broadcast and numerous hostesses will entertain their friends with tea parties and bridge till all those keen hopes and expectations are either crowned or shattered.

### Have You Heard—

*That Ruth Allen yielded to the supplications of half-a-dozen of Sydney's leading photographers, donned her full bridal array, and for quite half an afternoon last week submitted to their battery of cameras? She stipulated, however, that no results were to be published till after her wedding day.*

Peggy Neill

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Sun-TAN THRILLS!

Sunburn Kills!

Take a tube of Cooltan with your bathing suit or hiking kit! Thus be SURE of that marvellous kind of TAN that looks so well on everyone—men, women, children, alike. You'll also KNOW you cannot get sunburnt. Remember, Sunburn not only hurts—it kills healthy skin, poisons, scars, and may endanger life. Cooltan increases the Sun's tanning action, but absorbs the burning power. No grease. No dye. No trouble. Improves the Tan and stops sunburn risk. Also takes pain away when failure to use has brought burns. Cannot fail.

BIGGEST SELLER ABROAD. Giant Tubes, only 1/6 All good Chemists and Stores. Satisfaction or Money Back guaranteed by Kathleen Court.

'COOLTAN'

For Girls, Men, Children—

Positively Prevents Sunburn

Gives Happy Tan

'COOLTAN' IMPROVES THE TAN & PREVENTS THE BURN — IT CAN'T FAIL


# THE *Prince in* UNIFORM

*Continued from Page 22*

SOMEHOW, at the thought he grinned—a very wry grin, but sufficient to break the dismal sequence of his brooding. A hand up from the depths. After all, why all the sudden self-pity? What might he ever hope to be, more than he was, to old Dunstan Craigie's daughter? It was no good to start eating his heart out over a kiss which, very naturally, had meant nothing more to her than an amusing incident at a masquerade. He would go on drawing his monthly pay, which was good pay, for duties performed—among which, he reminded himself grimly, by no stretch of the imagination could be listed the necessity for wondering why, at a late hour like this, Irene Craigie should choose to drive in the park with a scoundrel like Dmitri.

Yet, now, his own preoccupation relaxed, he found his head buzzing with this concern. Why—after all? Why with Dmitri? Shamelessly he strained his ears for some scrap of conversation that would give him a clue, but the glass between was effectively soundproof. Then, all at once, he realised that Miss Craigie had taken down the mouthpiece of the speaking tube; her voice held a tone of impatience.

"But you promised," he heard, "to tell me who he was. You said you knew. If you can't, there's no earthly reason for loitering out here any longer. John—"

"Please, mademoiselle!" Dmitri's voice, suave and imploring. "I am just now to tell—"

The mouthpiece clicked back on its hook. John Vassil's black eyes opened wide in the darkness, and in his excitement his foot tapped on the gas pedal. The whole great car made a joyous leap, then subsided, rolled smoothly again as John Vassil got himself in hand. This, of course, would not do; no matter how buoyantly his heart might flip, he had his job. Even if what he had heard——

His attention was demanded by the lights of a car coming up behind and he drew over to the edge of the drive. His fingers jigged ecstatically on the rim of the wheel—stopped suddenly and stiffened as a creepy feeling of unusual happenings possessed him. The car from behind, a large black sedan, had pulled abreast and slowed to his own speed. He looked out curiously.

At the same instant the door of the other car was flung open and a dark figure leaped to the running board of the Isotta. The muzzle of an automatic bobbled under John Vassil's nose and a harsh voice informed him that if he kept going slowly he would keep his skin whole. From the side of his mouth the man then called sharply, "All right, Mischa, what are you waiting for?"

A stickup—and the man had called in Russian! A lot of thinking went through John Vassil's head in a very short time. The pearls, of course—the Little Mother's pearls that Cousin Dmitri had sold to old Craigie's agent, that Irene Craigie was wearing tonight. That was the idea, and Cousin Dmitri was in on it. That was the reason for the drive in the park. But the one awful, insufferable thing to John Vassil was the knowledge that the little mystery of his own presence at the ball had been used to lure Irene Craigie into the trap. Ah, no! John Vassil winced—and as a second figure poised to leap across from the sedan, his foot jammed down on the accelerator.

The gleaming car surged forward. There was a red explosion in front of John Vassil's eyes and the thud of a bullet in the leather seat beside him. He struck with his left hand at the man clinging at his elbow but there was not enough room to swing. His arm whipped up about the man's body, clutched him into the side of the car. The man struggled to free himself. Two shots followed rapidly which were like two hammer blows to John Vassil's breast.

The Isotta whined with building speed. In the speaking tube Irene Caigie's frantic voice cried to John Vassil to stop and let them have what they wanted; that they would kill him. Alongside the black sedan raced, and from the window of the driver's seat a pistol sought to come to bear on John Vassil—but could not find him—for John Vassil was holding to what he had. His arm encircled the bandit's waist and his fingers were locked with an unbreakable grip on the wrist that had the automatic. The man was his shield.

John Vassil's body was wet with blood. A numbness crept up from his breast, and the black serpentine strip of the drive seemed to writhe in the glare of the Isotta's lights. Police whistles were piping through the park but John Vassil did not hear them. In a few moments, if he could hold off this dizziness, he would be out of the park, and then—

A STREAM of bullets licked out from the sedan, and the man in John Vassil's clasp went limp. Suddenly the windshield was spangled with white stars. With a furious dash the other car was forging ahead. They would shoot through the glass, and that would be all for John.

But left, and right ahead, appeared the iron railings marking the cut where the bridle path passed under the drive. John Vassil gave his powerful engines the full charge and fixed his drowsy eyes on the railing. The two cars again were speeding side by side. With his free hand John Vassil pulled the Isotta sharply against the black sedan.

The Isotta would not be withstood. With a scream of torn iron and split air the black sedan disappeared into the deep cut of the bridle path.

John Vassil withdrew his toe from the accelerator, fumbled for the brake. The lights of Central Park West rushed toward him with abating onset. Tall buildings rocked and shuddered and vanished. John Vassil went to sleep with his foot on the brake and a dead thug in his arms.

It was Irene Craigie who drove the Isotta—with two policemen clinging for their lives—to the hospital; who, in the emergency room when they stripped off John Vassil's chauffeur's coat and revealed on the uniform of a Russian officer the Cross of St. George, bowed her shining head in amazing grief—amazing, the attendants thought, to show for a simple servant. But John Vassil was not there to witness this wonderful thing, nor to hear the newsboys crying how a refugee prince had risked his life to save old Dunstan Craigie's daughter.

For John Vassil—the son of Prince Ivan Vassilivich, colonel of the Alexandrovnas—with two bullet holes ranging through his chest had a long, insensate sleep. But when he opened his eyes the Little Mother was there, and Irene Craigie was there, and he made the most of that.

But it never was made common knowledge that Count Dmitri Shonovensky, who happened to be riding in the car with Miss Craigie that night, had more than a casual connection with the sensational attempt. There would have been no point. John thought, in disclosing to Irene that the noble family of which she was about to become a part had this one crooked branch in its tree.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

October 24, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 27

# CALLING *Australia!*

## Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN. B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY

*from Hollywood and London*

### *Garbo Ill*

THE million-dollar production, "Camille," has been halted by the illness of Greta Garbo. She suffered so badly from a cold that she was forced to retire to her home, and may not be able to return to the studio for several days.

She is employed at a reputed salary of £2000 a week. It is recalled that on Garbo's return to Hollywood from Sweden, she said:

"I have had no rest or peace, and I have not been well. I hope to have a little time to get well in the California sun." She implied at the time that her last screen portrayal might be that of the tragic Camille.

### *Lily Pons Sets New Record*

*TINY LILY PONS, of operatic fame, has hit a new high in music recording. In singing "Una voce poco fa," from "The Barber of Seville," she hit high F, and studio technicians were called upon for new technique to register the note.*

*They had to use violet ray in the light beam that imprisons sound vibrations instead of the ordinary white light, which was too coarse for the note.*

*Lily achieved the high F 13 times before delicate recording instruments could capture it.*

### *Dispensation Granted*

MAUREEN PAULA O'SULLIVAN, 25, film actress, and the Australian, John Villiers Farrow, 32, scenario writer, were married in St. Monica's Church. The bride was attended by Mrs. Norman Foster, matron-of-honor. Michael Tandy, British Consul here, was best man. After the wedding breakfast and reception at the home of Loretta Young, the couple left for a short honeymoon.

Both bride and groom will resume their film work soon. Hollywood had considered them engaged for the past two years. Recently Miss O'Sullivan announced that a Papal dispensation, necessary because Mr. Farrow had been previously married and divorced, had been obtained.

GRACE BRADLEY . . . . Blonde Paramount Player

### *A Deep Disguise*

GINGER ROGERS is boasting that she spent three busy days in New York and was never once recognised, thanks to her impenetrable disguise. Dark glasses, which at one time were considered the last word in dodging autograph hunters, were no part of Ginger's unique make-up. Her own bright curls were covered with a brunette wig, and false teeth, which fitted over her own, changed the shape of her mouth.

She was travelling with Florence Lake, as her maid, and they shopped and went sight-seeing, but Ginger was never even noticed, while poor Florence nearly wore her arm out signing autographs.

### *Dietrich at Work*

THE glamorous Marlene has started work at Denham studios. The scenes in which she is currently appearing are set in old St. Petersburg, and this gives her a background well suited to her screen personality.

Magnificent uniforms, troikas, balalaikas, dashing officers, and, for herself, a flaming Cossack costume of dark green velvet with wide yellow fur collar and cuffs, a fur hat and high leather boots—these are the trimmings in which la Dietrich will show her histrionic ability.

According to those who have been privileged to be on the set, the picture is going splendidly.

### *New Screen Team*

GOOD news to the countless fans of each is the announcement that Ginger Rogers and Charles Boyer, top-notch screen favorites, will be co-starred in the near future by R.K.O. Radio. The story selected as an ideal vehicle for the pair is "Perfect Harmony," an original by the noted French playwright, Jacques Thiery.

Miss Rogers, who recently completed "Swing Time," will make "Watch Your Step," with Astaire, and "Mother Carey's Chickens" as solo star, before beginning "Perfect Harmony."

"Perfect Harmony" will be directed by Mark Sandrich, under the producing eye of Edward Kaufman.

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# IMMENSE DETAIL In Big PICTURE

## Muni, Rainer in Picturisation of "The Good Earth"

By JEANNETTE MacMAHON

I HAVE just had my most thrilling experience! There have been times when to shake hands with Clark Gable or see Carole Lombard in the street like any other normal person has sent little tingles of excitement up my spine. But such occasions as these have now passed into the limbo of forgotten things, and it takes something out of the box to give a kick to one who is so inured to movie-town's idiosyncrasies.

*And that something has happened. Yesterday I saw Sidney Franklin, veteran director, shooting a scene for "The Good Earth" . . . and, despite the fact that I have seen umpteen pictures in the making, my experience on the set at M.-G.-M. was a most inspiring one.*

FOR "The Good Earth" is destined to be a Big Picture. Not because it is taken from Pearl S. Buck's best-selling novel of Chinese peasantry; not because of the amazing make-up of its principal players, Paul Muni and Luise Rainer; but because it is a film which will depict a full cavalcade of life in all its phases, with two lovable Chinese slaves as the hero and heroine. Metro have put behind it the huge resources which have enabled them to make so many successes in the past . . . and if what I have already seen can be taken as a fair indication of the finished picture as a whole, then their judgment is as sound as ever, and theatregers the world over are destined to see something out of the box.

*ABOVE, a new and striking portrait of Luise Rainer, the talented Viennese star.*

☆

*LEFT: Can you recognise the same girl? Luise made up as O-Lan, her role in the picture.*

☆

*BOTTOM LEFT, Miss Rainer and Paul Muni in a scene from "The Good Earth."*

To such a man as Sidney Franklin, or de Mille, or Robert Z. Leonard, this motion-picture industry of ours must tot up as a remarkable achievement. For such men as these were the pioneers in the good old days of "drammers" and have seen Hollywood develop from nickleodeon days to its present pitch of organisation and efficiency, with lavish disregard for expenditure in the selection of its star material and in the construction of immense sets to give authenticity to any picture where it is necessary.

Let me describe to you, as briefly as possible, what greeted my eyes when I drove out with Bob Vogel to the spot where most of the outdoor scenes for "The Good Earth" have been shot . . . and, by doing so, perhaps you may catch, in some small way, the wonder and the almost incredulous development of motion pictures that has helped to make the film industry the fifth biggest of the world.

We scooted along a concrete boulevard in Vogel's flivver . . . when suddenly, from a range of hills that loomed out of the heat haze, came The Great Wall of China—one of the traditional seven wonders of the world.

**Instead of reproducing the famous landmark of history by building up, motion-picture engineers achieved it by carving down . . . and the result is a monument that will stand for ages, not only to "The Good Earth" as an individual picture, but to the industry as a whole in their never-ending attempt to give good cash customers the world over complete authenticity wherever it is possible.**

### Vast Location

THE Great Wall is part of the vast location for Chinese towns, villages, farm communities, fields, gardens, and orchards, in one of filmdom's most spectacular settings.

Bob Vogel—he is the publicity head of M.-G.-M. on the West Coast—told me that when considering the problem of constructing the Great Wall, as it rises from the mountains of Mongolia, Harry Oliver, art director, who is associated with Cedric Gibbons on the settings, noticed a range that strikingly resembled the outline of the famous wall in photographs. So the M.-G.-M. executives chose the locale as perfect for the purpose.

A battery of steam shovels carved into the hills, making perpendicular walls. The battlements on the top of the wall, between which a roadway runs, were carved out of granite boulders with pneumatic hammers. It is estimated that this method of construction is more practical than transporting hundreds of tons of building material. Moreover, the soil and stone which were removed could be used for other construction purposes on the location, such as the walled city.

In its completeness the location is one of the most remarkable ever attempted by studio engineers. On a 500-acre tract farms are laid out exactly as in China, with contours checking off plots of wheat, rice, leeks, onions, cabbages, mustard, greens, and other Chinese plantings. The contours, about two feet wide, are the only roads on those farms in China, thus conserving the land. Even the water buffalo, of which there are eight on the location, are trained to walk on the contours.

The farms include the one supposed to be the home of Muni and his wife, played by Luise Rainer; that of the uncle, that of Ching, that of the neighbor, and others. These are used in the first part of the story, when all the characters are poor.

**All the hillsides are terraced out and planted, just as is done in China, where the farmers cut narrow shelves into hills to walk on, and thus plant produce even on the steepest grades. A stream or small river has been dug, and water-wheels, brought from China and operated by the water buffalo, supply a complete irrigation system. Ploughs, barrows, flails for grain, harrows, hoes, and other farm implements, all authentic, are dotted hither and thither.**

And from that, maybe, you can get some small idea of the pains to which a movie producer goes to obtain the maximum result from the time spent before the cameras by his principals. There is nothing of the crude old backdrop of artificial props. Everything must be right, or else! Such tremendous foresight, such planning and organisation, such ground work, and such expense are necessary for a picture of the calibre of "The Good Earth," to the extent that, to anybody like myself who is let in on the ground floor, so to speak, it almost gives an inferiority complex, a feeling of smallness that men and women can accomplish so much for such a short space of time.

### Masterly Make-up

WHAT amazed me as much as the immensity of the general set-up of the location was the make-up of Muni and Miss Rainer. If you remember Paul in "The Story of Louis Pasteur," then you will know him as a master of make-up and of characterisation. Then, when you compare the O-Lan of Luise Rainer in "The Good Earth" with her temperamental role in "The Great Ziegfeld," you cannot help but marvel at the adaptability of our present-day Thespians.

I talked to Muni regarding his role of Wang Lung, and, according to him, make-up is the actor's best friend, but it still can be his most dangerous enemy. He points out that such character-actors as Lionel Barrymore, Charles Laughton, Jean Hersholt, Joseph Calleia and others depend upon characterisation rather than grease-paint. "Use of too elaborate a make-up is likely to cause the actor to depend on that rather than characterisation, and the result is a painted face and not a performance," he told me.

Muni uses as little make-up as possible to achieve the appearance he visualises in character. Far more often he uses trick of expression.

For his role of Wang Lung, he spent weeks experimenting with various make-ups. Hundreds of tests were made, with the ultimate result that the final make-up was simplicity itself. "It was more a case of finding what to use and where to use it to get the effect that I wanted," Paul told me

Continued on Page 32

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# CHARITY BEGINS... In HOLLYWOOD

## Movie Actors and Actresses Are Large-Hearted Givers

By MARY OLIVIER

☆

"THE quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven."

*If only Shakespeare were here to-day, he'd park his Portia right happily among the Hollywood stars and she'd be in her element. For, sitting on twin thrones with glamor, beauty and genius is charity—sweet, sweet charity. Filmdom is the home of benevolence, and its inhabitants among the world's most cheerful and unselfish givers.*

**Those who expect to find the stars a curious lot of egomaniacs are doomed to disappointment. Far from being self-centred, inconsiderate and heedless of the responsibilities of the money they make, the movie people are easily touched by appeals to heart and purse. They may lead a gay life, spend largely and lavishly, but they never pass by a deserving case.**

A LOT of abuse is aimed at Hollywood folk from time to time—by myself included—so it is time someone pointed out the many nice things they do.

You won't hear about them from the stars themselves. They are most reluctant to broadcast their charities. It is interesting too, to note that the celebrities who shine brightest—the boys and girls whose escapades are the most colorful—who turn this crazy town upside down and inside out, are those who are noted for their largeness of heart and purse.

Undoubtedly one of the most charitable persons, not only in Hollywood but anywhere else in the United States, is Marion Davies. No one in the film colony is more generous than Marion. It is well known that she owns a lot of property—that she is a very rich woman, but what people do not generally know is that in most of the houses she owns live some of the down-and-outers of the film industry—has-beens who will never come again. They are Marion's guests, occupying the homes rent free and tax free. At Christmas time she makes them all a present of sufficient cash to buy the necessities of life for the ensuing year. Even there she is not content to stop. In addition to all this benevolence, she throws a big Christmas dinner and party at her own home, and all her "guests" are invited. Further to this, every one of them receives an additional gift of some useful article of wearing apparel—a shirt, a pair of stockings, gloves, hat, or handkerchiefs.

*A FAIRY godmother to children—pretty and youthful Alice Faye, whose special care is a Los Angeles orphanage where over a hundred children have cause to thank her for her many kindnesses.*

☆

*ABOVE, Joan Crawford, friend to many a destitute Hollywood player, and patroness of hospitals.*

☆

*LEFT, Ronald Colman, who gets exceedingly annoyed if his beneficence is ever mentioned, but who does a great deal of good by stealth.*

Quite a number of Hollywood stars are supporting big families—their own or someone else's.

Norma Shearer, I am informed by a pretty reliable authority, takes care of seven separate families and sees that they do not want.

Ann Sothern, who is young and fragile and until recently earned a comparatively small salary, has some heavy responsibilities. So have many of the children who have won stardom. It seems only natural. Money earned for making pictures is easy money, most people think, and certainly big money. If Mary is a star, why should any of Mary's relatives work? And if Mary's relatives have an income without working for it, why shouldn't their relatives share in it, too?

### Avid Parents

MARY ASTOR has been made poor by her parents, who recently sued her for non-support and won half her salary. This, too, after she had bought them a 200,000-dollar house, given them an allowance of 1000 dollars a month, and given her father 25 per cent. of what she had left for investment.

Joan Crawford never mentions her charities, but to the staffs of several Los Angeles hospitals she is a guardian angel. They are free to call on her at any time, and she never questions the amounts requested. On an occasion recently, Joan learned of a youngster, the son of a studio workman, who had sustained a broken collarbone in a motor accident. The parents' circumstances being far from affluent, Joan ordered that the boy be sent to one of Los Angeles' best hospitals and engaged a leading doctor to attend him. When he was well enough to leave hospital she sent him to a health resort in the mountains for a further fortnight—all at her own expense.

The Hollywood Assistance League is one of Hollywood's pet charities. To this organisation belong most of the better-known stars, who help to maintain the cafe where they do voluntary waiting on tables. When not on duty they patronise the cafe for their own meals, and bring their friends, too. At times they graciously give their services for special entertainment nights, enacting scenes from their pictures, singing, dancing, and clowning, and all for charity. All profits from the cafe and proceeds from entertainments are paid into the Actors' Benevolent Fund, which has been the means of giving many a down-and-out thespian new life and hope.

In still another field the movie celebrities have proved their unselfishness. Dozens of film stars in the past five years have adopted children from the Chicago foundling home, The Cradle. Their benevolent gesture has thereby given some poor Cinderella or her male counterpart the advantages of home, parents, education — everything that wealth can obtain for them. Sally Eilers and her husband Harry Joe Brown, George Burns and Gracie Allen, the Wallace Beerys, Miriam Hopkins, the Al Jolsons, the Harold Lloyds and dozens of others have given some little girls and boys a chance in the world.

Loretta Young can bear witness to Hollywood's generosity. During her recent illness the news was circulated that she was not only ill, but broke. Instantly came a deluge of offers of money from friends and strangers alike.

You've only to ask some of the extras of Hollywood about the big-heartedness of many of the stars. Mae West, George O'Brien, Kay Francis, Rochelle Hudson, Warner Baxter, and lots of others have paid for operations, given money for food and generally acted as godparents to them in times of distress. They have done it, too, without ostentation, with no thought of collecting repayment or publicity for their deeds of kindness.

W. C. Fields and Charlie Chaplin are two old-timers who always see that their cronies of silent days who need the cash are placed on the payroll of their pictures in small parts and as extras. Jimmy Durante's salary cheque used to become so depleted from "touches" every week that the studio insisted upon banking it for him.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay had no more compelling interest in common than their mutual charities. Barbara is still benefactress to at least ten families, supplying food and clothing for the children and finding jobs for the fathers.

### Fairy Godmother

ALICE FAYE is a veritable fairy godmother to at least 100 children in an orphanage just outside of Los Angeles. Every time she has a day off from the studio Alice hires an omnibus and takes as many of them as can pile into it out into the hills for a picnic which she also provides. At Christmas time she stages a huge Christmas party with an enormous tree laden with presents for all.

Hollywood stars are well known for their generosity to servants and workmen on their studio sets. Many of the film colony's maids, cooks, chauffeurs, and gardeners are almost as well-dressed as the famous personages themselves, possible only because of good salaries and gifts of clothing. Lots of actresses buy frocks, wear them once or twice, and pass them on to their personal maids.

*Continued on Page 32*

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# LIPS BETRAY THE MOVIE STARS

## Mouth Gives Hollywood Expert Clue to Character

*By BARBARA BOURCHIER, Our Special Hollywood Representative*

**MORE than any other feature, the lips reveal to the world the sort of person you really are. Have you repressed emotions? Are you sensitive, moody? An expert analyst can answer all these questions by studying your lips!**

***"Lips reveal character more truly than any other feature," says Max Factor, Hollywood expert on feminine loveliness. "The most sympathetic feature of the human face is the mouth. It is significant that the mask-makers of ancient days used a laughing mouth to express comedy and a sorrowful mouth to express drama.***

"ROBBERS used to hide the lower halves of their faces, knowing that their mouths might betray them. And everyone knows that it is the inscrutable half-smile on the lips of Mona Lisa that gives her mystery!"

Photographs of the mouths of a number of motion picture personalities were shown to Mr. Factor, and he made the following amazing statements about the owners—although each pair of lips was identified only by number!

"Some of these lips have been altered by their owners," he said with a smile. "The modern woman, with rouge and powder, may change the character she shows to the world by artfully re-making her lip-line."

### Sense of Humor

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S mouth was first shown to Mr. Factor. "This mouth reveals a girl who has a strong desire to please—but is determined to have her own way," he said. "She is naturally sincere, an admirable character—but she has a temper!"

**Of Clark Gable's lips Factor's remark was: "The owner is a man with a deep sense of humor. This gives him balance and poise. He can laugh at a joke or a situation, even when the laugh is at his own expense."**

The lips of Nona Reed, famous Parisian dancer, and step-daughter of Herbert Mundin, popular Hollywood comedian, reveal "an affectionate person with a jovial, happy nature, and a strong will to accomplish great things in life."

Garbo's lips, as one might expect, betray "a desire to escape. The owner is sensitive to music and to beauty in all forms. She is cautious, sensitive and determined."

Mr. Factor guessed the identity of the owner of these lips from the attached photograph, which was marked with a number only.

"Joan Crawford's lips," Mr. Factor commented, "reveal a person who is intelligent, generous, moody, and sensitive. She seldom analyses—but feels strongly. An artist to her fingertips. She goes into whatever she attempts with terrific earnestness."

Gary Cooper's mouth is that of a sensitive and artistic man—with all the charm of a little boy!

"A mouth of charm and poise," Mr. Factor remarked of Miss Shearer's lips. "The owner knows what she wants—and is successful in getting it. These lips, by the way, have been made up to add a soft femininity."

### Well-balanced Nature

MONA BARRIE'S lips, Factor said, are "stern and determined." He added: "The owner is sure of herself and has excellent taste, and she is always careful to express it."

**Otto Kruger's mouth reveals a well-balanced nature. "A man who could easily let the mental side dominate his life, but who realises that true happiness comes only with mental and physical well-being. Sometimes he is inclined to be moody and temperamental."**

Sweetness is the outstanding characteristic of Evelyn Venable's mouth. "This is a spiritual mouth, with nothing of the material in the owner's nature," Factor remarked.

Buck Jones' mouth, with the receding lower lip, betrays "an extremely masculine man whose nature is dominated by kindliness and consideration for others. A true gentleman."

Compare your own lips with those of the stars! Learn more about your friends by studying their lips! For it is by our mouths that the world judges us!

☆

**A Strong Desire To Please**

*CLAUDETTE COLBERT, whose mouth shows a desire to please, PLUS a determination to have her own way. These characteristics must clash at times.*

☆

**PICTURE PARAGRAPHS**

## SIMONE SIMON

pronounced SEE-MOAN SEE-MOAN

SHE'S THE STAR DISCOVERY OF 1936

Young, talented, beautiful and distinctly different, already an established star on the European stage, Simone went to America under contract to 20th Century-Fox, and will shortly be seen in "GIRLS' DORMITORY." Starred with her in this film are HERBERT MARSHALL and RUTH CHATTERTON.

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# ☆ WODEHOUSE NOW IN PICTURES ☆

"PICCADILLY JIM," P. G. Wodehouse's famous piece of fun, has been chosen by M.-G.-M. as a vehicle for Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans, to say nothing of other fun-makers. The story, it is claimed, has been translated into celluloid with virtually no alteration. This being so, Montgomery and Miss Evans (top left), aided by that beautiful drunk, Robert Benchley, seen (bottom right) with Montgomery, and further supported by Ralph Morgan and Eric Blore, should turn out a first-class piece of entertainment.

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# GRACE BROS

## 51ST Birthday Gift

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1.—SLENDERISING STYLE IN PRINTED KABE CREPE, has long sleeves into a cuff. Bodice has a cowl neck finished Clip with shirring introduced. Skirt is gored with a tie Sash at the back. Colours: Saxe, Brown, Black, Navy ground with attractive colourings. Sizes: SOS, OS, EOS, and EEOS.
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2.—ATTRACTIVE STYLE IN PRINTED SILK. Frock features a Vest of White Flat Crepe edged with White Kilting. Skirt has Pleats at the foot and a Belt at waist. White ground with attractive colorings. Sizes: SOS, OS, EOS, and EEOS.
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3.—SMART 2-PIECE IN FANCY SHEER. Frock features square neck finished with a delightful Posy, long full sleeves into a cuff. Skirt is gored with a tie Sash at the waist. Sleeveless Coat, finger-tip length. In Lido/White, Black/White, Brown/White, and Navy/White. Sizes: SOS, OS, EOS, and EEOS.
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# *Immense Detail In Big Picture*

*Continued from Page 28*

THE scene they shot while I was on the set was perhaps one of the most powerful in the entire picture, that is, from the point of view of numbers and action. And, incidentally, as the central figure in an embattled mob of hundreds of frenzied men and women, through narrow streets and in terrific heat, Luise Rainer played one of the most unique scenes in her acting career . . . and I consider myself privileged to have witnessed it.

## Horde of Looters

THE sequence opened with Luise, as O-Lan, sitting by the tiny hovel outside the city wall, awaiting the return of Paul, as her husband, who had gone in search of work. Suddenly the scene is engulfed by a vast horde of starving looters. Miss Rainer is caught in the maelstrom. She is carried by the crowd through the gates into the palace of the mandarin, where the looting takes place, and where she finds the jewels that later bring fortune to her husband.

The cameras were mounted on movable mechanism over the heads of the crowds. Streets, diverging in angles, extended back from the foreground a quarter of a mile. Shops of various types lined them. The director, from a high parallel, watched and directed the crowd movements, always centring about the petite woman in the very vortex of the mob's onrush. The "extras" moved on a signal from a battery of interpreters, at the beck and call of Franklin.

## "Lot of Fun"

MISS RAINER and Charley Grapewin, as her aged father-in-law, were first discovered by the cameras, then at a signal the horde pressed in, stripping shops in their path, shouting, screaming, snarling, as they surrounded her on all sides and carried her, as a flood carries driftwood before it, down the street, the cameras overhead, following the movement.

"I was stepped on, I had to run until I was breathless, but it was a lot of fun," was Luise's comment to me after the exciting milling and struggle of the scene. "It has what you call a kick to it—a scene like that."

The scene is the first detail in the depiction of the revolution that overthrew the rule of the Manchus. Republican soldiers battle with the revolutionists and finally halt the looters. It was my luck to see this amazing sight. And as impressive as it really was, the excitement of it, the glamor of being present while such activity was going on, couldn't wholly detract from the wonder of the preparations and buildings as a whole.

I have since heard that something like 500,000 feet of film has been shot for "The Good Earth". And as the average length of any feature is something like 10,000 or 12,000 feet, then you can imagine the amount of work that will be done by the editors to bring to you the feature at its glorious best.

# Charity Begins . . . . In Hollywood

*Continued from Page 29*

OFTEN you have read about the parties thrown by the stars on the set following completion of a picture. The expense of such parties is not borne by the studio, but by the star himself or herself, and they are not niggardly with the amount of food and drink they supply. Claudette Colbert, upon finishing a recent picture, bought huge tins of cigarettes for all the workmen on the set, and a lovely powder compact each for the girls. And Claudette is only one of the few who do that sort of thing.

Don't run away with the idea that all Hollywood's stars have open purses and big hearts. Some of them are real meanies—so tight that you'd need a tin-opener to prise a penny out of them. Fortunately they are in a very decided minority, and because this set out to be a story painting Hollywood people with nice rosy colors, we'll say no more about them except that they are darned unpopular with their fellow stars and those amongst whom they work.

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# HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

*From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives*

**SAMUEL GOLDWYN has proven himself an astute business man. Mary Astor was right in the midst of "Dodsworth" when her true story hit all the front pages. Goldwyn feared he might be left with a star who had lost her sympathetic public, so he had all her sequences done by someone else.**

***Hence and therefore, if Mary should be banned in any place the film is shown, they can slip in the substitute sequences with another woman replacing her. But Mary's courage and honesty and dignity during all the rigors of the trial have put her in higher regard with her public than ever before.***

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THERE'S no snobbishness about Bette Davis. She is in London at the moment, and will play in a comedy for Toeplitz Productions—if she can settle her legal difficulties with Warner Bros.

Bette thinks England "just swell." She and her band-leader husband have come to town after a long holiday in the lovely Lake district. They both enjoyed themselves tremendously. "What I liked most of all," Bette told me, "was the sense of freedom. No need for a bodyguard with sub-machine-guns or any of that nonsense. And the people, too, are swell. Simple, kindly; just the sort of plain folks I like to meet on terms of absolute equality."

Bette learned to play darts—the great English public-house institution—and enjoyed her quiet glass of beer with the rest of them. "In fact," she says, "I like English beer very much."

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*Elaine Barrie is telling friends she will leave Hollywood in a couple of weeks to do a show on Broadway. The much-headlined Ariel is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but no picture is lined up for her and the studio probably will not object to the trip.*

## DOTS and DASHES

ARLINE JUDGE losing her 30,000 dollar star sapphire and finding it again. ● Alice Brady bemoaning the loss of the original manuscript of "Mourning Becomes Electra," Eugene O'Neill's play. ● Mary Brian's new suitor dropping notes on her lawn from an aeroplane. ● Dolores del Rio in a cape of black monkey fur. ● Jack Oakie announcing himself over the air as Bing Oakie, the old Oklahoma groaner. ● Carole Lombard looking at an old fire-engine as a prospective gift to Clark Gable. ● Clark still driving the broken-down Ford she gave him for a Valentine present. ● Those inch-long eyelashes of Marie Wilson, the Warner Bros. blonde comedienne. ● Jean Parker putting on weight with raw carrot juice.

CAN Garbo's new exuberance be attributed to her rabbit-like diet of carrot juice and milk? She has just invented this new half-and-half drink. She must have learned a lesson from the rabbits, who thrive and grow frisky on these favorite foods.

And anent diets: For you who would like to have lovely, slim figures, like Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford, here is the secret of their diet, but it isn't recommended because it's very bad for the health. Jean Harlow lives chiefly on cottage cheese and spinach, which has shrunk her stomach to such an extent that she can no longer eat a normal meal. Joan Crawford has been living for years almost entirely on lettuce, with the same resultant shrinking of her innards.

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WHEN Bing Crosby, on the set of "Pennies From Heaven" at Columbia, autographed a photo for a visitor as follows: "To Ed Thies—With sour memories from Bing Crosby," Madge Evans, sitting next to him, couldn't help wondering.

"The chap this is for used to be a Spokane pickle manufacturer," Bing explained with a grin, "and I worked for him while I was attending Gonzaga University."

"What did you do?" asked Madge.

"Ssh!" said Bing. "Don't tell anybody; I was washing pickles."

MOST directors have trouble getting their actors to inject the scene with fire and emotion. The reverse is true of Hank Potter, now directing Merle Oberon and David Niven in "Love Under Fire." In the story, Merle is in love with Brian Aherne, but when Merle turns her gaze on David the love in her soul is clearly reflected.

"Cut," calls the director "Merle dear, remember you are not in love with David now. Don't put so much heart in the scene."

The attractive pair make no secret of mutual affection.

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**CURIOSITY seekers may abandon all hope of ever seeing Mary Astor's "dynamite" diary. Superior Judge Goodwin J. Knight ordered the diary impounded, and impounded it has been, safe from prying eyes. The sealed diary of secret loves is in a massive safe, protected by an elaborate alarm system**

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*Franchot Tone should resent the advertisements of "The Gorgeous Hussy," according to which Joan Crawford has found the perfect mate in Robert Taylor. Franchot is in the same movie!*

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DIRECTOR Alfred Hitchcock is one of the few men in the motion-picture business who give you London as people who live there see it.

There are plenty of typical London

## London As It Is

scenes, there is plenty of London atmosphere, in his current spy story, "Sabotage." Full use is made of London trams, buses, and taxi-cabs—and there is even a long sequence in which "Hitch" produces his own Lord Mayor's show.

Another highlight is the mounted band of a famous cavalry regiment world-renowned for its perfections of dress.

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*Ann Sothern is rapidly becoming a first-class mechanic, picking up her knowledge from studio technicians. Disliking ticking clocks and bells, Ann "muffled" all the clocks and effectively deadened the sound of those in her residence. She also "unhummed" the electric icebox. Now she is looking for some quiet way of eradicating the barking of Stuart Erwin's dog next door.*

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JOAN CRAWFORD seeks her inspiration in music. On a Crawford set one always finds a phonograph, a fine collection of records, and a young man to run them off. She has her favorite selections for love scenes, action, or comedy. Clarence Brown, who directs most of Joan's pictures, thinks her quick emotional response to music largely explains the spontaneity of her acting.

"I have always found," he says, "that with Joan the first take is usually the best. I have never worked with another star so keenly sensitive to music."

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*It has been rumored already that Claudette Colbert and her physician husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, have reached the point of severing marital ties. But having seen them at the recent benefit performance for the Actors' Fund of America, I should be very much inclined to laugh out loud at that rumor. If I ever saw a woman in love, it's Claudette. Now, Claudette, don't put me in wrong before this gets into print!*

# SCREEN ODDITIES

***By Captain Fawcett***

**FRED MacMURRAY and his bride are going to get one of those extra fancy ranges for a wedding present. A stove works in Beaver Dam, Wis., Fred's home town, is the donor. Before Fred broke into the show business it seems he used to be a stove salesman.**

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DESPITE the fact that he is climbing steadily to the topmost rung in films, Paul Robeson is discontented. He thinks he hasn't been getting the breaks.

"The Americans," he told a literary luncheon party this week, "wanted to make me another Stepin Fetchit. They just don't seem to realise that negro actors can be actors in the best sense of the word—not just comedians or players to provide a bit of 'atmosphere'."

Paul wants to do really big things in films. He is satisfied that the screen has not yet properly exploited his talent as an actor.

He returned to London recently for the Press showing of his latest British-made film, "Song of Freedom," after his first holiday in five years.

TRAVELLING 6000 miles of sea and sky in six-and-one-half days. Doris O'Dea, a member of the noted Abbey Theatre Players, has arrived in Hollywood to play a feature role in R.K.O. Radio's "The Plough and the Stars." He and fou other members of the same theatre group—Barry Fitzgerald, Eileen Crowe, Arthur Shields and F. J. McCormick—will support Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster in this adaptation of Sean O'Casey's stage play.

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**ROBERT TAYLOR never used to think he had romantic appeal. Before he reached Hollywood and stardom, he had been in love with two different girls. They both married two other fellows.**

**Now only 24 years old, he is playing the Great Lover to Garbo!**

**Bob is still modest, however. He thinks he has been awfully lucky, and his greatest concern is that it isn't good for one's character to have things made so easy.**

"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant.

Kiddies don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable.

Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs,'—'Califig' and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning.

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If I were you, I would send for a bottle and give Winnie a dose at once.

Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' Mrs. Grant. I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realise that 'California Syrup of Figs' is a perfectly safe children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared."

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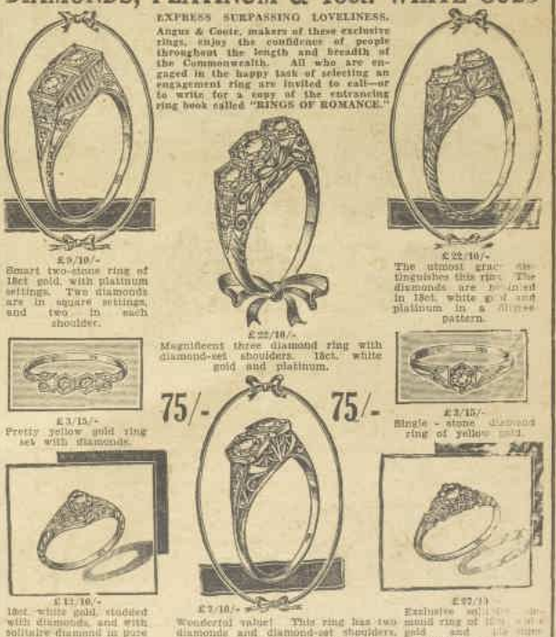


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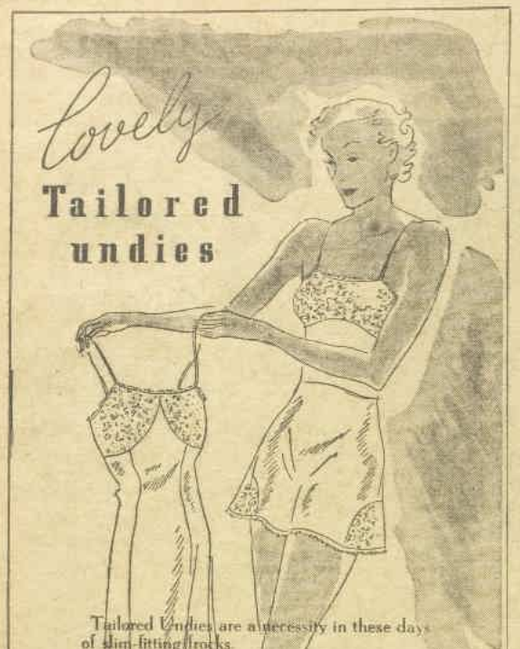


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# PRIVATE · VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

### ★★ BENGAL TIGER

**Barton MacLane, June Travis. (Warners.)**

I THINK most people, except those still lingering in their very serious and hoary early twenties, are youthful enough always to enjoy at least a preliminary thrill whenever a circus background is projected onto the screen. And in this case, where the circus atmosphere has been so well reproduced, the thrill will be more than preliminary; it will last right up to the last foot of celluloid.

The central theme of the picture is the duel which goes on between tamer Cliff Ballenger (MacLane) and Satan, a savage tiger belonging to the show. Other things enter into the story: Ballenger's marriage to the daughter of a friend killed by Satan, the love between this girl, Laura, and Ballenger's best friend, the final dramatic scene when Ballenger discovers that this love exists. But, predominating is the idea of the conflict between man and beast.

The opening sequences are packed full of excitement and splendidly handled animal shots. There are also scenes of trapeze artists, which are surprisingly well done. But the sections which are horribly realistic are those in which Satan attacks, first Laura's father and Ballenger, and, later, Ballenger himself, who has ventured into the cage to rescue the man he himself has put there.

There are no much boosted stars in this film, but for straight and honest entertainment and clever handling it carries my recommendation.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

*GERTRUDE MICHAEL, appearing in "Second Wife" at the Sydney Regent*

### ★★ THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

**Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes (United Artists.)**

D'YOU remember those grand old days when we used to sit in big galvanised iron barns, or "open-air theatres," and thrill as the U. S. Cavalry charged home in the last reel and made hay of the whooping redskins who seemed certain to massacre the small band of whites-at-bay? You do? Well, this picture, with all modern improvements, will give you just that kind of thrill.

Fenimore Cooper's novel, on which the picture is based, is too well known to need dwelling on. The thing is that the film is a good re-creation of the period of American history with which it deals. It has story value, plenty of action—even if one or two sequences are a trifle prolonged—and the cast is very well up to the job.

It is hard to discriminate among a group of actors, all of whom give a splendid performance. Randolph Scott makes a fine Hawkeye, Henry Wilcoxon is the absolute type of narrow British military man, Binnie Barnes and Heather Angel are both adequate. But perhaps the best are the three who take Indian roles: Bruce Cabot, as Magua; Robert Barrett as Chingachgook; and Phillip Reed as Uncas. These men are excellent.—Regent; showing.

### ★★ EXCLUSIVE STORY

**Franchot Tone, Madge Evans. (M.-G.-M.)**

WE'VE had a plethora of gangster stories and an absolute deluge of actors giving more or less realistic versions of the tough American racketeer of fact and fiction. That yet another picture along these lines can be screened and still give crackerjack value in dramatic entertainment speaks volumes for it. As for Joseph Calleia—this actor runs away with the offering; his acting as Acello, the killer, is alone worth going to see.

The story runs along well-defined tracks; a newspaper goes out after the big racketeers who are running the city. Tone, as the paper's attorney, is nominated by the Governor of the State to conduct the investigation, and in this he is assisted by Stuart Erwin, in the role of a reporter, and Madge Evans, who plays the girl whose father, despite himself, is mixed up with the gangster activities.

Action and tense dramatic moments are plentiful in this film. The excitement ranges from shootings to a fire at sea. And, in all this, as I have said, Calleia is the man who will hold your interest. There are two big scenes in which his work will grip you. All the others do a good job, with Stuart Erwin leading them.—Cameo and Civic; showing.

### ★ THREE WISE GUYS

**Robert Young, Betty Furness. (M.-G.-M.)**

A PLEASANT little picture, acted by a very competent cast which includes, in addition to the abovementioned, Bruce Cabot, Herman Bing and Raymond Walburn.

Robert Young is, as usual, the careless, rich young man who, in this case, is cast off by his father for marrying on the assumption that papa will support the new family. Thrown on their own resources, the young couple put up a good fight for existence, and finally win the old man's blessing. This, however, is only after Robert has been "framed" on a robbery charge, and Betty has been left alone in a barn on Christmas Eve to bear her chee-ild.

Despite the bathos at the end, fair enough entertainment for the first half of any programme.—Civic and Cameo; showing.

### SECOND WIFE

**Gertrude Michael, Walter Abel. (R.K.O.)**

I FOUND this a very dull and exasperating picture. Maybe this was because I am a mere male, and unable to understand the inner mysteries of a woman's heart.

At any rate, the story is all about a girl who marries a widower with a young son, aged ten. In due course, the young bride expects a baby of her own. She goes through a long and dreamy-eyed sequence expecting it. Then, just as the stork is about to swoop, the husband receives a cable from Switzerland, where his son is at school, telling him that the boy is seriously ill (typhoid), and calling for him.

Then, because the distracted father rushes off by Zeppelin to his son's bedside, the young wife has a fit of hysterics over his "desertion," and doesn't forgive him for about four reels.

On second thoughts, I don't think sensible women will sympathise with Miss Michael, who plays the wife in question. Millions of wives, every year, have babies when their husbands are absent on slighter excuses than a seriously ill son—have them, and think nothing of it.—Regent; showing.

### THE AFFAIR OF SUSAN

**Zasu Pitts, Hugh O'Connell. (Universal.)**

THE proportion of laughs to groans in this picture is about one in a thousand. And since the laughs are all packed into the first thousand feet, you can be prepared, if you're the type who tries anything once, for five or six thousand feet of horrible boredom.

Zasu, in her own way, can be funny—for a little while. Hugh (Teeth) O'Connell, however, can't be funny—even for a few seconds. And when the two of 'em start to get moony together, and, above all, when they commence to get dramatic, horror is piled on horror.

No; it's not very good.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

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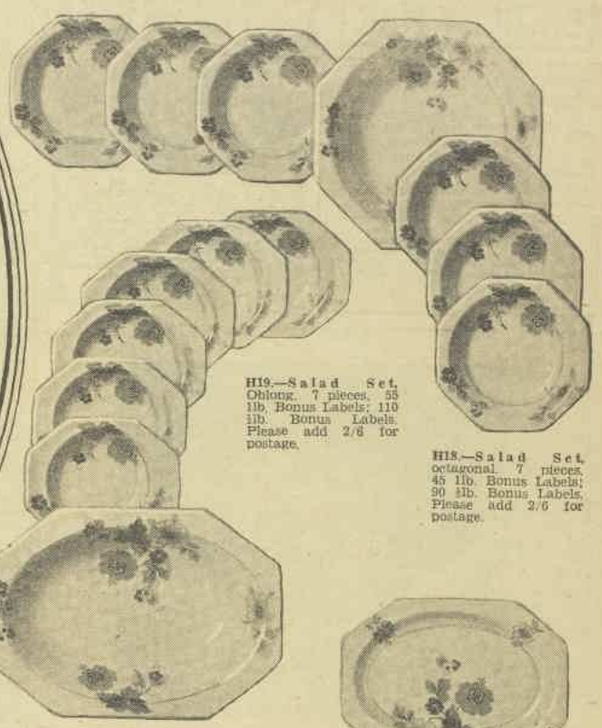

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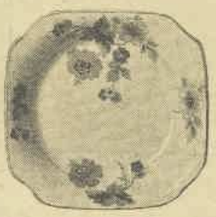
H18.—Salad Set, octagonal. 7 pieces, 45 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 90 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 2/6 for postage.

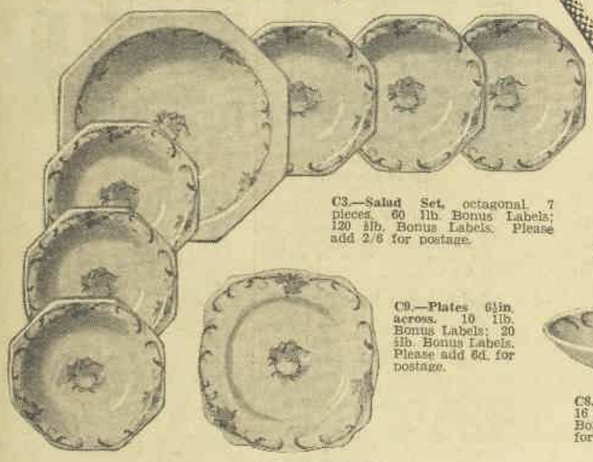
H21.—Sandwich Tray, 8/8 octagonal. 12 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 24 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 9d. for postage.



H22.—Fruit Dish, octagonal. 15 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 30 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 1/- for postage.

### VIRGINIA PATTERN

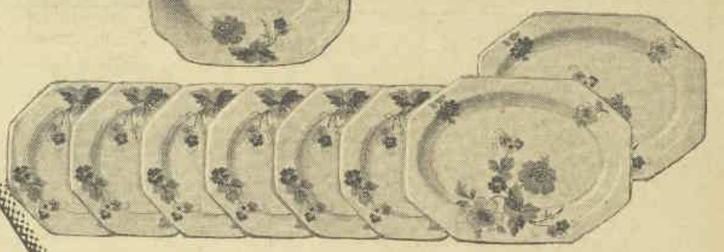
Orange Edge, Decorated with Black & Grey Spray, and Groups of Coloured Flowers on Ivory Ground.



C3.—Salad Set, octagonal. 7 pieces. 60 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 120 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 2/6 for postage.

C9.—Plates 6½in. across. 10 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 20 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 6d. for postage.

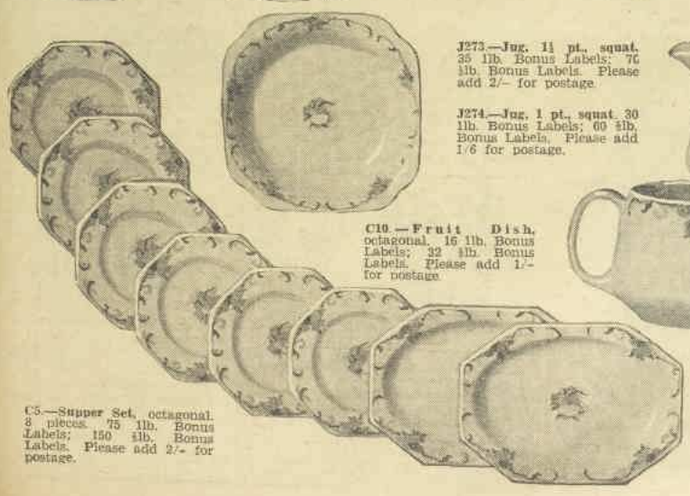
C8.—Teacups and Saucers. 16 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 32 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 9d. for postage.



J225.—Jug, 1 pint, squat. 22 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 44 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 1/3 for postage.

J226.—Jug, 1½ pints, squat. 30 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 60 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 1/6 for postage.

H20.—Supper Set, octagonal. 8 pieces. 55 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 110 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 2/- for postage.



J273.—Jug, 1½ pt., squat. 35 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 70 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 2/- for postage.

J274.—Jug, 1 pt., squat. 30 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 60 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 1/6 for postage.

C10.—Fruit Dish, octagonal. 16 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 32 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 1/- for postage.

C5.—Supper Set, octagonal. 8 pieces. 75 ½lb. Bonus Labels; 150 ½lb. Bonus Labels. Please add 2/- for postage.

# INGLIS GOLDENIA TEA

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AND AT NEWCASTLE AND TAMWORTH


# AUSTRALIAN *Artists Get* OPPORTUNITY

## *Success of All-Star Productions*

**Early this year, 2GB announced its policy of developing large cast all-star productions.**

***Already, in little more than eight months, that promise has been fulfilled, and to-day live talent is playing an ever-increasing part in 2GB's presentations.***

**What is more, Australian artists are getting real chances.**

THE well-known B.S.A. Players, consisting of Betty Suttor, James Raglan, Lou Vernon, Eric Masters, Leonard Bennett, and Peter Brunton Gibb, have become an integral part of 2GB's programmes, and individually, particularly in the portrayals of Dolly, Dan and Luigi, three of them have become household names in thousands of homes.

More recently Frank Bradley, a fine Australian actor, has returned to his native land, and is now playing in B.S.A. productions.

Three dramatists are permanently employed providing scripts, and linking the scripts and the broadcast presentations is Mr. George Burton Bennett as Production Manager.

### Radio Pie

IN another field, "Radio Pie" has presented, week by week, an ever-changing programme featuring first-rate artists, and it has created a new star in "Susie," the boop-boop-a-doop girl, played by Miss Muriel Flood.

When it is considered that no other field of entertainment is as wide in its scope of material as radio, employing as it does many orchestras, overseas players in transcriptions, famous singers, and instrumentalists, it is apparent that Australian live-talent is more than holding its own on 2GB's programmes.

**A further dramatic production, "Just Pilcher," marks a new departure in live-talent radio production, for it is a sophisticated comedy entertainment such as previously has not been attempted by Australian stations.**

HERE are two interesting facts about Luigi, that ever-popular and lovable character of 2GB's "Dolly and Dan." Although Luigi happens to be the Italian for Lou, it was a mere coincidence that Lou Vernon was chosen for the part, and, further, although Lou Vernon speaks broken English so admirably he is not an Italian, and has never been to Italy.

Italian-English, however, is only one of Lou Vernon's dialectical accomplishments. He is equally at home with Welsh, Scotch, German, French and Irish brands of English.

### Book Reviews

MISS EVELYN BENNETT, daughter of 2GB's managing director, is a very busy young woman in radio these days. Like her father, who has found time to speak on the air at least three mornings a week since the inauguration of station 2GB, Miss Bennett is frequently heard on 2GB giving book reviews.

On Sunday next at 7.5 p.m. she will review two recent books which promise to have a wide popular appeal. One is Beverley Nichols' latest rustic excursion,

*BETTY SUTTOR, leading lady of the 2GB drama unit.*

"No Place Like Home," and the other Roger Russell's "Gone Nomad," an interesting biography of a man who spent his life in the wilds in various parts of the world.

### Fighting Drudgery

POSSIBLY because of her Scotch blood, Mrs. Jordan, of 2GB, believes in the virtues of a rebellious spirit.

"Men are where they are to-day because of it," she says, "and now it is time for women to stage a rebellion."

Ever since her entry into public life, Mrs. Jordan has been staging some rebellion or other, and there was no gamer fighter for the rights of the ordinary man before the Basic Wage Commission than Mrs. Jordan.

Her latest outburst is her Banish Drudgery Campaign, which is winning the support of women listeners who, thanks to her, are realising that they have the same rights to modern equipment and modern methods in the home as the men have in their factories and offices.


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# WHAT *Stories* DO *You* LIKE BEST?

## *A Guinea for Your Opinion*

**Among the free novels and serials published in The Australian Women's Weekly during the past six months there are some you liked better than others.**

***We want you to tell us what you consider the three best stories over that period.***

WRITE us a letter of not more than fifty words, expressing your preference. A guinea goes to the writer of the best letter. In addition, there are twenty consolation prizes of 5/- each.

**A FULL LIST OF NOVELS APPEARS IN THE NEXT COLUMN, SO GET BUSY AND WRITE YOUR LETTERS NOW.**

All you have to do is:

**(1) Select from the novels published over the last six months the three stories you liked best.**

**(2) If there was a story you didn't like, give us its name.**

**(3) Write us a letter of not more than 50 words telling us the reason for your choice.**

The contest closes on November 30, and the prize-winners will be announced immediately judging is completed.

### Our Novel List

"Little Man—What Now?" Hans Fallada
"Young Simpson" .. .. Jane England
"Safety First" .. .. Margot Neville
"Husband to Anna" Barbara Hedworth
"Sinister Inn" .. J. Jefferson Farjeon
"Love Calling" .. .. William Douglas
"Fifty Bob a Week" .. .. Monica Ewer
"The Golden Face" .. William Le Queux
"Captain Blood" .. .. Rafael Sabatini
"The Slamback" .. .. Jane England
"The Isle of Atonement" Michael Raymond
"Diana Trescott's Reputation" Joan Addisonbe
"The Mystery of Norman's Court" John Chancellor
"Lord of Lonely Valley" Peter R. Kyne
"By Shadowed Ways" F. A. M. Webster
"The Three Just Men" Edgar Wallace
"Masquerade" Faith Baldwin
"The Windmill Mystery" J. Jefferson Farjeon
"Cupid in Africa" .. .. .. F. C. Wren
"Allah's Gift" .. .. .. Kathlyn Rhodes
"The Hills of Hate" Edward Vivian Timms
"The Amazing Chance" Patricia Wentworth
"Sunshine Stealer" .. .. Berta Ruck
"The Tailor's Dummy" .. .. Ray Senin
"Red Harvest" .. .. .. Newman Flower
"The White Gauntlet" Percy James Brebner
"Make-Believe" .. .. Faith Baldwin
"The Green Hussar" .. Henry von Rhau
"Five Little Heiresses" Alice Duer Miller
"Gay Adventure" .. .. Georgette Heyer
"Spanish Maine" .. .. F. C. Wren
"Sackcloth Into Silk" Warwick Deeping
"Fabulous Valley" .. Dennis Wheatley
"A.B.C. Murders" .. .. Agatha Christie
"Rising Star" .. .. Alice Duer Miller


### DO YOU KNOW WHO INVENTED ASPIRIN?

**Great benefit of taking the Original Aspirin.**

Different makes of aspirin vary in many respects. To get the original Aspirin buy Bayer. Bayer invented aspirin thirty years ago, and first gave this boon to suffering humanity. It was Bayer Aspirin that doctors all over the world first used and still prescribe.

Because of a unique process of making and tableting, Bayer Aspirin is made to dissolve almost instantly in the stomach. This quick solution means quick absorption; quick penetration to the seat of pain. Hence you get practically instant relief—the quickest safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain. Think of a headache, a nagging tooth, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatic pains, each relieved in a few minutes. Colds too, you can break them up with a dose or two of Bayer Aspirin. Allay the fever and ease the body pains of influenza. Soothe a sore throat and reduce infection by gargling with two tablets dissolved in a quarter-glass of water. And Bayer Aspirin is a blessing indeed to women who, but for its unfailing relief, would be prostrated by attacks of pain. Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart nor upset the stomach.

All chemists sell genuine Bayer Aspirin in boxes of 12 tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark is on every tablet. Say Bayer and insist because Bayer means Better.



**Friday night is AMAMI night!**

*Blondes:* and brown haired girls should use Amami No. 1. This preserves the natural fair colour of the hair and emphasises the beautiful lustrous quality.

*Brunettes:* should use Amami No. 2, which contains the right proportion of pure Egyptian Henna to bring out the natural glints which make dark hair so attractive.

*Containing Lemon Rinse & Rosemary Tea*



### WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

**WITHOUT CALOMEL**

**And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. Is take these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/6, household size 3/-. Resent substitutes.


## BRIAN ABBOT'S *Mystery* PLANS

*Continued from Page 2*

AFTER dinner we all repair to Bill Lane Bayliffe's room for a run over the lines for tomorrow.

A few rehearsals are negotiated in orderly fashion, and then someone begins to spin a yarn, more follow, and we drift out of school into play.

**Soon a hearty sing-song is in progress. George Malcolm pulls out his mouthorgan, Scotty stretches his concertina, and Des. Hay strums his ukulele.**

We sing, we have supper, we stroll or we yarn or we dance, and at length we sleep.

This lovely isle has completely captivated its film-invaders.

It's interesting to note the different reactions to the Pacific's charm on the individual members of the unit.

Jean Laidley and Des. Hay spend a lot of time between shots in trying out new "harmonisations" of old songs.

Bill Bayliffe and I have taken to silent strolls offering up our smokes as peace-pipes in appreciation of the surrounding beauty during our long rambles and seaside siestas.

Joe Lipman, Jack Bruce and George Malcolm spend every available moment in exploration.

### Delight and Anxiety

TEDDY DRUITT wanders off into the hills behind us in his slack moments, returning with breathless tales of the exquisite blooms seen in the interior; Mervyn Murphy, recording engineer, is confronted continually with conflicting emotions of personal delight and professional anxiety as he listens to the lullabies of leaf and ripple; and on the acid and arid humor of Molly Kirwan and Scotty Mackinnon respectively there has been an obvious mellowing influence.

In our own ways each of us has become a part of this, our own "Mystery Island," and our work to date has already shown that, by becoming imbued with this appropriate atmosphere, we have justified the company's decision not to stay at home and fake the whole thing.

**We don't need to imagine ourselves in our parts on an imaginary island; we live the characters we play, and "Mystery Island" IS "Mystery Island."**

I have not had time to mention several other incidents including the marooning all night of a party including Jean Laidley, Joe Lipman, Jack Bruce, George Malcolm and myself on one of the Admiralty Islets owing to very rough weather conditions.

# Rebuilt Typewriters *from* CHARTRES *are* RELIABLE... INEXPENSIVE!

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EVERY month hundreds of good "used" machines of all makes are "traded-in" on new Remingtons. Each is individually examined by an expert mechanic. Only the best are sent to our reconditioning plant — the rest are dissembled or scrapped.

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Eno's "Fruit Salt" is absolutely pure, and free from harsh mineral salts. It assists Nature gently, without supplanting her methods, and if taken daily will maintain healthy internal conditions and remove the cause of ailments which destroy fitness of mind and body.

Put Eno to the test. Do not allow unfortunate experiences with imitations to prevent you getting a bottle to-day. And, remember, when you buy Eno, you not only buy the best, but at the prices shown below, definitely the most economical.

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| DEPRESSION | LIVERISHNESS | DROWSINESS |
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# SPINSTER *Indeed*

*Continued from Page 11*

MARTHA didn't care. All at once she didn't care about anything. There was a madness working in her brain.

"I'm going away," she kept chattering to herself. "I'm going away . . . anywhere! I hate the sight of this town. I hate the sight of the library where . . Oh, how could he! I won't go back to Aunt Ethel's. I'm going to leave this place for ever!"

The very violence of her decision gave her a new courage, a vast explosive sense of freedom. She swung the car round a corner on two wheels and brought it to a precarious stop before the bank.

"I'll need money," she thought fiercely. "I'll take plenty with me."

As the young teller counted her bills, she could see Uncle Ellsworth sitting alone in his office at the rear. It gave her an uncomfortable thought. Whatever happened she must play it with him. She walked quickly back to him.

"I'm going away, Uncle Ellsworth. It's rather sudden, but there's nothing wrong . . . I'm just tired of things. I expect . . . I'll let you know soon where I am. I'll be all right, and don't worry!"

"But . . but Martha . . ."

She had a quick inspiration.

"I've just decided to take my holidays earlier than usual. Good-bye."

She left him sputtering questions.

As she climbed into her own smart blue car a dusty grey car drew to a stop behind her. It seemed to stand, waiting until she got away. She headed her car for the main highway running south. She would not go home to face Aunt Ethel again. She could buy clothes as she needed them. She would not go back to the library, which was full of memories of David King. The young assistant could get along until her letter of resignation reached them. She was off! With the dust of the town shaken from her feet!

THERE was, though, alas, no sense of happy adventure. There was only the weight in her heart, the red-hot fury of her brain to drive her on. He had sought her company only to get material! He had called her a mid-Victorian spinster! An obsolete type to be studied!

Along with the fury came a sob in spite of her. She pressed her small foot more firmly on the gas. The speedometer scuttled back and forth between fifty and sixty. The morning air raced past. Her hair flew out in careless wisps. Her cheeks were scarlet.

"I don't care what becomes of me!" she muttered, fighting back the tears. "I don't care where I go, if I just don't have to see him again!"

She had been running top-speed for an hour when the car shot into a long wooded stretch of road. No other cars were in sight at the moment. Martha's head ached, though not as badly as her heart. The coolness was pleasant. She slowed the car to a stop, shoved her hat back on the lowered top, and sat wretched and inert.

In a moment she was conscious of the roar of a racing engine behind her. Before she realised what was happening, a long grey car covered with dust had slowed and come to a stop directly in front of her. From it stepped a tall young man with a small suitcase. In one stride he was beside Martha, who was making frantic efforts to start her own car.

"What's wrong, lady? Out of gas?" the man asked sharply, his eyes scanning the road at both ends as he spoke.

Martha was frightened, but she kept her head.

"I've plenty of petrol," she said. "I'm just going on." And she pressed her foot firmly on the starter.

But the man was already opening the car door.

"Listen, lady. I need a car and I'm taking this one, see? An' I'm takin' you with it. If you keep quiet an' do as you're told, you'll be all right. If you make any fuss, there's ways of stoppin' it that ain't so pleasant, see? Move over."

As he shoved into the driver's seat, Martha felt a hard, unmistakable shape in his coat pocket.

The car started with a spurt. Out of the tail of her eye Martha saw her small blue hat jolted into the dust of the road behind them.

She shrank back as the car leaped to the seventy mark, and then slowly crept higher. The landscape flowed past like water. Houses and trees melted into a green liquid that tempted and tortured the eyes. The man beside her was tense at the wheel, his keen eyes fixed often on the mirror that pictured the road behind them. There was no sound except the hard roar of the engine. Then the man seemed to relax slightly and a small satisfied smile played over his mouth. There was about him a swaggering air of egotism.

"When I did decide to change cars I sure picked a good one. This little one can go! Where were you headin' to so fast, sister?"

"Nowhere in particular," said Martha, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Just takin' a little sixty-mile an hour drive, eh? What's wrong? Boy-friend chucked you?"

"I don't know what you mean," Martha answered with dignity.

"OF course you do," said the man. "There's just two kinds of women when it comes to bein' chucked. One goes to bed with hysterics, an' the other starts off seein' red an' marries the first bloke she meets. Well, how about me, sister? Why not take me on for a while? I'll give you a grand time. I'm a grand little spender. How about it?"

The terrified daze in which Martha had sat from the moment the strange man took possession of her car became sheer panic. For even as he was speaking the facts pieced themselves together in her brain. The abandoned grey car behind them in the road was the same one she had seen draw up to the bank as she left it! This man had robbed the bank, and perhaps murdered . . . She thought of Uncle Ellsworth in his neat little office, and her heart seemed to stop beating. She felt choked. But she had not learned self-control for nothing. She knew she must think more clearly than she ever had done in her life.

She was riding at seventy miles an hour with a dangerous and brutal bandit. In the suitcase at their feet were probably all the liquid assets of the bank.

*Please turn to Page 40*

## GIRLIGAGS

"JUDGING by the looks of most husbands, married women must have a wonderful sense of humor."


# SHE HAS NO HANDICAP NOW!

It's easy to have a lovely complexion if you give your skin Lifebuoy care. Lifebuoy's lather removes the waste matter clogging up the pores. Then the cause of skin blemishes is gently removed. Your skin becomes clear and velvety—really healthy!

**B.O.** *(Body Odour)* **can cause such unhappiness**

No matter how attractive, witty or charming you are, popularity can never be yours while you offend. Play safe and bath daily with Lifebuoy. Its deep-cleansing lather — containing the famous health element—gets rid of the cause of B.O.—perspiration impurities!




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A LEVER PRODUCT

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# What Women Are Doing

### *Visited Poland*

MISS MARGARET BROWN, a Brisbane University woman, returned by the Moldavia from Europe. She was a Queensland delegate at the conference of the Imperial Federation of University Women at Krakow, Poland. She studied domestic and academic life in Poland, and has very favorable views on them both.

✣ ✣ ✣

### *Maryborough Pianist Makes Good Abroad*

THE citizens of Maryborough (Qld.) are doing all they can to still further assist Miss Daphne Cockburn, the brilliant young pianist, who is an exhibitor at the Royal Academy of Music in London.

She is a Maryborough girl, and a strong committee headed by Mr. E. D. Harris is continually working to raise funds so that she will be able to stay abroad until she has completely finished her studies.

Signs of exceptional talent were shown by Miss Cockburn at the early age of five, when she received 100 per cent. in Trinity College examinations for beginners. At the age of 13 she won the A.T.C.L. with 91 honors. Later she went to Lourdes Hill convent and was under the care of Sister Juston. At the age of 16, while under her tuition, she had A.T.C.L., L.T.C.L., and A.Mus. to her credit. In 1933 she sailed for England and studied there with Professor W. Murdoch. In 1935 she won the Janet Duff Greet prize.

✣ ✣ ✣

### *Secretary of Arts and Crafts Society*

MARGARET F. COOKSON has just been appointed secretary to the Arts and Crafts Society of Victoria. She has always been interested in craft - work, has done quite a lot of raffia-work and exquisite needlework and is also a keen student of music.

Miss Cookson —Broothorn.

She was educated at the Hermitage, Geelong Church of England Girls' Grammar School, and spent some years in the State Electricity Commission.

The organization of the present Arts and Crafts Exhibition is her first big undertaking. Interstate members have submitted some exquisite work.

## Grace Maudesley Prizewinner

**MISS BARBARA STENHOUSE, daughter of Mr. A. S. Stenhouse, Devonport, Tasmania, has been awarded the Grace Maudesley Prize for 1936 at the Melbourne University. This prize, founded by friends of the late Lady Maudesley as a memorial to her, is awarded to the best all-round and most popular resident student at Janet Clarke Hall.**

**Miss Stenhouse is doing fifth-year medicine, and will continue her course next year, but not as a resident. She is also treasurer of the Students' Club.**

### *From Politics to Social Service*

A BUSY young woman who has turned her thoughts from political matters to social service is Miss Patricia Sanderson, of Guildford, West Australia. The youngest member of the council of the National Party of West Australia, Miss Sanderson was in the van of the "youth in politics" movement of the University of West Australia, and in spite of being tiny, pretty and strikingly smart in dress, holds as clearly-defined and well-expressed views on current problems as many of the more mature feminists.

Miss Patricia Sanderson —Axel Poignant.

She is now working for committees for the Perth Public Hospital, and has been helping to arrange the garden party in the lovely grounds of the Thorogood home at Kalamunda on October 15, and the ball to be held on the Kanimbla at Fremantle on November 4.

✣ ✣ ✣

### *Adding to Knowledge Of Social Service*

MISS GRACE RATTENBURY, daughter of the Reverend Dr. J. E. Rattenbury, of London, the official visitor to the Methodist Church Centenary in South Australia, is herself a special visitor with a particular interest in social work. She is on the committee of the Invalid Children's Aid Association and the Charity Organisation Society.

A graduate of Cambridge in economics, Miss Rattenbury obtained her degree of social service at the London University.

She came to Australia through America, and will leave at the end of November for London.

### *New Home in Northern State*

MRS. E. M. BAILY, one of our most prolific novelists, has now joined her husband, Rev. J. Baily, who has had a call to the Congregational Church, Rockhampton.

In fresh woods and pastures new Mrs. Baily hopes to gather material for still another novel.

When not busy with her pen, Mrs. Baily helps her husband with his parish work and attends to her household duties, so her life is indeed a full one.

✣ ✣ ✣

### *Research Fellowship*

MISS FRANCES PENNINGTON, M.A., almoner of the Victorian Society for Crippled Children, has been awarded a fellowship with 1000 dollars which will enable her to do research work for crippled children at Northampton College, University of Massachusetts, U.S.A.

✣ ✣ ✣

### *To Be Matron of N.S.W. Military Hospital*

"I FEEL as I am sure a tree must feel when it is being uprooted," says Matron J. M. Harte of Brisbane, who is in the midst of preparations for taking over her new appointment as matron of the Prince of Wales Hospital, Randwick (Sydney).

Matron Harte. —Tribune Deazeley.

Matron Harte has been in charge of Rosemount Hospital, Brisbane, for the past ten years. She has become attached to the soldiers who have been in her care and the break is a big one for her as well as for the patients.

Farewell parties are being held on every hand, and packing has to be fitted into whatever spare time matron can find.

### *First-hand Knowledge of Life Overseas*

MISS DORA GRANT, of Hobart, is one of those fortunate people who have been able to see Life, as it is lived by people all over the world. She made her first trip to Europe several years ago, and quite recently she returned from an extensive tour of England, the Continent and America. She was a passenger on the Queen Mary's maiden voyage to America.

Miss Dora Grant.

Miss Grant is particularly interested in Free Kindergartens and inspected the work of these organisations in various parts of the world including Vienna and Russia.

Of all the places visited Miss Grant was most impressed by Budapest. Its lovely situation, the beauty of its architecture and the gay cosmopolitanism of its people were charming.

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### *Wins Prize at 80 Years of Age*

MRS. DAWBARN, of Norfolk, has reason to be very proud of herself. She is 80 years of age, and has just won a golden thimble—a prize in connection with the Contemporary British Needlework. There were 90 competitors who sent in footstools they had worked themselves. Mrs. Dawbarn's footstool was one of the smallest submitted, but it was perfect. It was in a traditional design.

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin was among the voters, who numbered 2000.

✣ ✣ ✣

### *Is Qualified Doctor Herself*

MRS. EDWARD HURST, wife of the director of the new Institute of Medical Science, who arrived in Adelaide from England recently, is a qualified doctor. Since her marriage, however, she has not practised and at present three attractive small daughters take up most of her time.

Both Mrs. Hurst and her husband gained their medical degrees at Birmingham University, in the same year, and they continued research work together. They spent several years at the Rockefeller Institute in America, while the doctor was engaged in the study of infantile paralysis.

### *Long Service Medal Is Highly Prized*

REGARDED by Miss May Melton, of Brisbane, as one of her most valued possessions is her long-service Red Cross medal which she received this year. These medals are awarded to women who have worked for the Red Cross Society for twenty years. Miss Melton is one of the original workers, and since the termination of the war she has given up every Wednesday afternoon to sewing. Just now the work that she helps with mostly goes to distressed men on the land who are finding it hard to make a living. The making of patch-work quilts is a feature of the sewing on these afternoons.

Miss Melton's hobby is growing flowers, and she spends hours of her spare time in her garden—carnations being a specialty.

✣ ✣ ✣

### *Soon to Seek Fortune Abroad*

MISS NANCY FRYBERG, of the rich mezzo-soprano voice, is soon to seek further training and further laurels abroad, and at present a large committee is working in Melbourne to see that when she departs for Europe she has enough funds to carry her through some years of study.

Miss Fryberg was practically unknown until she won a scholarship for Melbourne University Conservatorium, and she has worked hard ever since. The late Dame Clara Butt and Senor Rossi both praised her voice, which is to be heard at a concert in the Assembly Hall, Melbourne, on October 26.

✣ ✣ ✣

### *First Important Production a Success*

WHEN Miss Mercia Benson recently produced Noel Coward's "Tll Leave It To You" for the Brisbane Amateur Theatres, it was her first attempt at such an important production, and she did remarkably well. She has always been a keen student of the drama, and has herself appeared in many amateur productions in Brisbane.

Miss Mercia Benson —Ranald Simmonds.

Miss Benson studied music with Professor Benson, and has gained honors in examination for music and elocution. Now she is busy training her pupils to win prizes.

## IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY - - By WEP

*About Your*

# Indigestion

*. . . Is your trouble*

Diagrammatic Sketch of Stomach, Intestines and Heart.

**HERE** Distension of the stomach caused by gases from fermenting food. Excess acidity is the trouble. Flatulence, heartburn and palpitation are the symptoms.

**HERE** Inflamed or ulcerated stomach. The continual action of hot stomach acids on the lining of a weak stomach eventually causes painful inflammation (gastritis or dyspepsia), and in extreme cases, stomach ulcers.

**or HERE** Duodenal ulcers. Excess outpouring of stomach acids attack the interior walls of the duodenum (the first portion of the intestines). Agonising, gnawing pain is the symptom. This pain often disappears directly after a meal, only to recur with agonising intensity shortly after.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been prepared to meet the very complicated nature of indigestion troubles. It acts in a logical and common-sense way, and if you persevere it will eventually relieve you of your trouble entirely.

On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder **FIRSTLY** neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

**SECONDLY,** the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

**THIRDLY,** another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, excess acidity is avoided, your pains vanish and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in sky-blue Canister, **2/6**

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# SPINSTER *Indeed*

*Continued from Page 38*

THE man was speaking again, an ugly leer upon his face.

"How about it, sister? You know you ain't hard to look at. How about headin' straight for the big city? Only mind this, girlie. I treat a woman squealer the same as a man. An' after I treat 'em they don't squeal no more, see? So we'll just understand that at the outset. Well, what d'you say, girlie?"

Martha made a superhuman effort. She dare not anger him. Everything depended upon the way she kept her head, the way she appeared to fall in with his plans. Through her terror and her deadly anxiety one small note of triumph rose hysterically to the surface. This man, at least, did not find her spinsterish, that was certain. Oh, that David King could see her now!

She forced herself to speak calmly.

"I don't care much where I go, so any trip will suit me."

Her companion seemed satisfied. "Atta girl! I'm gettin' along all right. My luck always holds."

Martha pressed her shaking hands tightly together and tried to think connectedly. In some way she must give the alarm to the outside world. In some way she must bring about the capture of the bandit and save the bank's money. But how? One ill-considered move on her part, and she knew that the chances were she would move no more. And if the bandit made an unstopped get-away, with her his prisoner . . . Martha set her teeth hard to keep them from chattering.

THE alarm could not be spoken, that was sure. And as to writing—she remembered with a sinking heart the contents of her purse. A powder compact, two clean handkerchiefs, a stub of a pencil, her money, and her car licence. Of paper, not a scrap!

They had burned their way through two more villages and a long stretch of open country, when Martha made her decision. She threw what she prayed might seem a coy glance towards the man.

"I must look an awful fright," she murmured, and opened her purse. She held the flap up and scanned herself critically in the small mirror set within it. The man gave her a sharp glance, then, apparently reassured, set his face again to the road.

Martha drew out her stub of pencil and moistened it well with her tongue; then, pursing her mouth, gave a clever imitation of a girl using a lipstick. She slipped the licence out of its pocket, but held it firmly in her purse. Still apparently studying herself in the mirror, she wrote four words largely, if ungrammatically, across the face of the card. "Armed bandit. Draw quick." Then taking out her compact she slowly and carefully powdered her nose.

Her hands were like ice. If he suspected . . . but apparently he did not. His brows were drawn and his mouth was set in an ugly line as he peered into the car mirror.

"There's somebody on this road makin' almost as good time as I am, but not quite," he muttered.

Martha knew then they were being followed. She sent up small incoherent prayers. But the speedometer before her kept climbing. After half an hour, the man smiled.

"I think we've got him licked," he announced, including Martha in the triumph.

THEY swept down a long hill and entered a valley. Ahead lay a country village surrounded by open fields.

The man slowed down to a mere fifty miles an hour and started up the long narrow street. Suddenly he cursed under his breath. Then Martha saw, too. A drove of cattle, presumably on their way to market, literally filled the road ahead.

The bandit swore again.

"It would be cows! If it was sheep we'd plough straight through 'em. We've got to slow down a little, but we'll get away yet. An' mind you, watch your step, girlie. No funny business, or you'll be out of the picture. Understand?"

After a little slow driving the man's mouth tightened suddenly.

"Sit tight an' keep quiet," he snarled at her.

Behind them, now in easy hearing, raced a motor-cycle. In a few minutes a man in the uniform of the mobile police had overtaken them. Directly in front were the last of the milling cattle. Martha felt the man beside her stiffen. He drew to the side of the road and stopped the car. He whisked a cigarette into his mouth, then made a feint of reaching for matches. Instead Martha felt his hand gripping the weapon in his coat pocket.

"Well, officer?" he inquired blandly.

The young patrolman who had dismounted was at the car window.

"I say, do you know what you've been makin'? Eighty miles an hour! I clocked you. Don't you know we've some laws in this country against speeding? Let me see your licence."

Martha did not wait a second.

"It's my car, officer. Here's my licence."

She handed it across directly under the bandit's nose, and then held her breath. She could feel the man beside her relax. He even lighted his cigarette. Apparently he felt he had just had a bit more luck.

"I guess we were flying along a bit," he said with great casualness. "Sorry, officer. You know how it is when you're tryin' out a new car with your girl friend."

"Yes, I do," the policeman returned amiably. "I'll just check your licence number."

He stepped to the back of the car. Martha's heart was lead. Had he not seen the words? Did he not understand?

But in a second he was at the window. He had merely used a subterfuge to draw his gun.

"Stick 'em up," he gritted to the bandit sharply. "I know all about you!"

And then—

"Get his gun off him, will you, lady, and then get out. One move, boy, and you're a dead man."

MARTHA reached gingerly into his pocket and pulled out the revolver. She climbed out carefully, holding it by the handle.

"Good work, lady. Feel in his other pocket from this side. I'll bet he has a second gun." He had.

It was at this point, as Martha stood, a revolver drooping from each hand, trying to make her quaking limbs support her; it was at this point, as the officer was handcuffing the bandit, and the butcher and the grocer and the chemist were all rushing up, a crowd at their heels, to see what it was all about; it was at this point, I repeat, when another car, driven as furiously up the street as the now retreating cattle would permit, came to a sudden stop and four men got out. Martha saw only one, the one who came straight to her. It was David King, his face white, and a look in his dark eyes that Martha did not dare interpret. For she knew, of course, it could not be true.

*Please turn to Page 42*


## To ward off Skin Faults keep Under Skin active

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## NERVES PERMANENTLY RELIEVED!

**The story illustrated here is true. It is the story of a man broken by NERVES — a man too tired to do anything. If you are one of the countless thousands who are suffering as this man did you must do something about it. You can't expect to do your work properly—you can't hope to enjoy your leisure—when you are suffering from NERVES. That's the whole cause of your trouble — weak, over-strained NERVES, which affect the whole of your general health. Leave off treating symptoms. Get to the root of the trouble! Strengthen your nerves and revitalize your system with CLEMENTS TONIC.**

**The harmless, non-habit-forming ingredients contained in CLEMENTS TONIC include Phosphoric Acid, Tricalcic Phosphate, Ferrous Phosphate, Potassium Phosphate Anhyd. and Sodium Phosphate Cryst., Quinine Sulphate Cryst. All of these are absolutely necessary and the best obtainable. Each has a *definite*, positive and quick effect, and is included to give the very best results without in any way pandering to the palate. CLEMENTS TONIC is made to get results and CLEMENTS gets them alright!**

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**CLEMENTS TONIC will make you feel a new man. Your work will seem easier, your pleasure more enjoyable, because you'll be FIT. You will have ceased to live on your nerves! Remember, CLEMENTS TONIC gives *permanent* relief, and prevents your trouble from recurring.**

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*(The above is an illustrated testimonial from Mr. F.W.W., Seabrook, W.A.)*

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# NOTHING *is* SAFE

*Continued from Page 5*

THEM, thought Julia definitely, that meant both of them.

Well, it was quite fun, being at the Plas, and there'd be Chang. And Terry wouldn't be worried by Uncle Tom. Both grandpa and grandmamma were always very kind to Terry, and he liked being with them.

And perhaps he wouldn't frightfully mind being with Petah, if it was only for a few days, and if daddy was in one of his nice moods.

Still, Julia thought gravely, it was a frightful risk. She knew what Terry could be like when he was with a person whom he rather hated, and she knew what daddy could be like when Terry aggravated him. If only she could be there herself, she'd probably be able to smooth things over quite a lot. Petah, she was absolutely certain, would only make things worse.

She was that kind of person.

Before she went to bed she asked Terry if he thought he'd like staying with daddy, trying to make it sound casual.

"Naturally, I should like seeing daddy," Terry replied, giving her the look that meant she'd better not go any further in that direction.

So Julia hastily said, "Oh, yes! Only I wish we were both going there together."

And Terry said, "Oh, so do I."

"But we shall meet at grandmamma's and Chang will be there," Julia quickly reminded him.

"He'll be frightfully pleased to see us, won't he?" Terry said, with his smile; and Julia suddenly realised that she'd hardly seen him smile at all, these holidays.

She hated this thought so much that she wouldn't look at it at all.

In about five minutes, as it seemed, Terry was gone.

Mummy had packed his things for Chepstow, as well as what he'd want in London. She sent Julia into the garden while she packed, instead of letting her help, but as soon as it occurred to Julia that Terry might like having mummy all to himself before he went away, she felt she didn't mind a bit.

AFTER Terry had gone the holidays at Rosslyn became absolutely and entirely different. The house and the garden didn't look the same—one noticed them more, for one thing—and Mrs. Strang, the cook, became more important, and one spent more time with her—and Uncle Tom seemed to improve quite a lot. Julia seldom remembered to hate him.

Once they had quite an interesting talk, when he'd taken her and mummy out in the car one afternoon, and they'd gone to bathe and have tea in a place with a swimming-pool.

They were waiting for mummy, who was, as usual, taking ages to dress.

"You ought to swim fairly well, one of these days," remarked the captain, feeling the muscle in his own arm.

Julia, who had hoped that she swam rather more than fairly well already, was slightly disappointed, but the captain, she felt, knew what he was talking about. She had been fearfully impressed by his diving.

"I wish I could learn to dive," she said. "I have tried, but it gave me earache."

"You should wear a rubber helmet, or put cotton-wool in your ears."

"Yes," said Julia, not liking to tell him that both these precautions had already been tried and had proved ineffectual.

"What games do you play at school?"

"Tennis and net-ball, and the seniors play lacrosse. Some people play cricket, but it's not one of the organised games."

"Women's cricket isn't ever any good," said the captain calmly. "I shouldn't worry about it, if I were you. Go all out on tennis and swimming."

"We haven't got a swimming-bath. Only the sea. But when I go to my next school, I hope they'll have a decent swimming-bath."

"Your next school?"

"Yes. I'm going to a bigger school, when I'm thirteen. Like a Public School. At least," said Julia, suddenly assailed by a new doubt, "I was always supposed to be going to. But perhaps it'll be too expensive."

"Ah," said the captain.

He and Julia looked at one another solemnly.

"I don't mind frightfully, about going to a Public School, if it's too expensive. I know education costs a lot nowadays," said Julia, thinking of poor daddy, and of how mummy had said, "Alick n'a pas d'argent."

"Don't worry about that," said Uncle Tom, quite calmly. "You're a good little sport, I'll say that for you, and know what's what. I wish that brother of yours was more like you. What's the matter with him?"

He spoke as if he really wanted to know, and Julia could have killed herself because she could not put into words some really sensible explanation that might have made him understand about Terry.

She could only say:

"He's always been like that."

"Spoilt, eh?"

"No," said Julia. "Daddy was always——"

She stopped dead.

"Go on."

Well, if he didn't mind her talking about daddy, she needn't mind either. Julia went on.

"Daddy was always rather strict with Terry, and used to get frightfully cross with him, often."

"Any man would. I dare say women could put up with that moonstruck look of his, and the way he drops everything he touches, but no man will ever stand for it for two minutes. How does he get on at school?"

"Absolutely all right," said Julia, looking straight at the captain.

"Does he like it?"

"Nobody likes school, much."

"Rot! Don't tell me you don't like yours."

"Not frightfully. I'd rather be at home. At least——"

"At least what? For goodness sake say whatever you want to say, and don't break off half-way like that."

"Sorry," said Julia. "Well, you see, home's a bit unsettled now. First being here—I mean at Rosslyn—and then Terry's going off to grandmamma's next week, and Chang not living with us any more. It is rather like, not having any proper home at all, isn't it?"

*Please turn to Page 43*

*By a Girl of 17*

### *Content*

I can't afford the pretty things
That many girls are wearing.
But do I mind? No, not a bit;
I'm not the least ashamed of it,
I'm far too glad for caring.

I have a horde of lovely things
That no one knows is there,
And would I change for hats and frocks
The magic key that now unlocks
My castles in the air?


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South Sea Colour for Lips

## Cure For Bad-Tempered Husbands

HINTS to wives on how to "feed the brute" were given by Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser in an address to the International Rotary Conference at Blackpool, England. She said:—

**Malnutrition is associated with crime.**

**Overfeeding has a deteriorating effect on character.**

**Much of the lethargy and stupidity, bad temper and business ineptitude of menfolk are due to lack of calcium or magnesia or phosphorus in their food.**

"How can we blame a man for ill-temper," Dr. Chesser asked, "if we clog his liver, brain, and heart, fill his blood with toxins of auto-intoxication, or starve him of the minerals which make for vigor and beauty?

"No woman may presume to call herself educated if she is ignorant of food values, dietetics, and good cooking. Because women are complacent in their ignorance, half the population of this green England is suffering from vitamin and mineral starvation.

A danger in nurseries to-day was too much sugar in sweets and food. Peevish and irritable children, martyrs to colds and catarrhs, too fat and too pink, were the victims of excessive starch and sugar.

—Extract, Daily News, Adelaide.

# BIDOMAK

## *The Tonic of the Century*

## MAKES YOU WELL OR COSTS YOU NOTHING

### Praise from Lecturer

*(Original of report quoted below may be inspected at our office.)*

*Clovelly,*
*Sydney, N.S.W.*
*21st April, 1936.*

*The Manager,*
*Douglas Drug Co.*

*Dear Sir,*

*It is not my practice to offer testimonials, but under the circumstances I feel that I would be wanting in thanks if I failed to write you.*

*Briefly—my work as a lecturer in applied psychology and ancient history, involving, on occasions, as many as ten lectures weekly, is such that the nervous system suffers in direct ratio.*

*Six weeks ago I went down with an attack of sheer lethargy, which was really the warning of the possibility of a breakdown. To make matters worse, I found that my skin erupted on the chest, the back and the face and legs, until the irritation was well nigh maddening. I understand that the starved nerves allowed the lymph content of the blood to erupt through the skin and the toxic state of the blood brought on poisoning. My condition was grave, so much that the specialists were concerned to a degree. I was supplied with lotions and what not, but failed in securing cure.*

*In disgust I decided that I would be my own Doctor and, having heard BIDOMAK extolled, I decided to give it a trial. A week ago I bought the first bottle. To-day I procured the second. My face, chest, and back are healed, the skin of my face being clear and almost too good for a man. The legs are practically healed, being only treated with an emollient to ease the irritation. I forgot to mention that the leg muscles assumed an almost constant state of stiffness, rendering walking extremely difficult, and impossible without the aid of a cane. To-day I can walk with anyone.*

*Withhold my name, but publish the rest of this letter, and by all means refer other sufferers to me. I will answer their letters willingly.*

*I am,*
*Yours gratefully,*
*(Signed) J.W.*

Go down to your chemist or store and buy a bottle of Bidomak if your husband is showing signs of irritability. Nine times out of ten "nerves" are the cause of bad-temper, and nerves are caused by "mineral starvation." Perhaps that may seem strange to you—but people who have tried everything else have been amazed at the immediate, quick happy results which come from the use of a mineral food supplement such as Bidomak. ***Bidomak contains the vital food minerals, without which, leading dieticians tell us, life would be impossible.*** It's use as directed changes grumpy, tired men into fit, well, vigorous personalities again.

### How Mineral Starvation Can Be Recognised

The loss of mineral elements in the body is due to the strain and stress of modern life and the fact that these losses are not replaced by our daily food supply. To begin with, they show themselves in an insidious loss of energy and vitality. The power to concentrate is lost. Then other symptoms crowd upon the sufferer. He loses his spirit, the desire to exert himself fails—his appetite weakens—he gets oversensitive and quick tempered.

Sometimes he becomes the victim of *indigestion, neuritis, headaches,* and subject to fits of depression. Altogether the mineral starved man becomes a less efficient member of society. The more youthful jump over his head in business. Socially, he becomes a back number. Thus, through lack of vital mineral food he loses his ability to enjoy life and to win success. No wonder he "snaps," even at those most dear to him.

What a tragedy this is! But it need be a tragedy no longer.

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## Or YOU PAY NOTHING

**So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit from the first bottle we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on its return, nearly empty, to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.**

Bidomak can now replace the vital minerals and bring the sufferer back to vigour and vitality. Energy returns—life looks brighter—daily tasks become easy—the power of concentration returns—temper improves and irritability vanishes—confidence grows quickly as vigour and nerve strength return. It is like a miracle how the iron, lime, calcium, sodium, potash, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose in Bidomak combine to provide a new savour to life, even in the worst cases.

### No Dangerous Drugs

Remember, too, that Bidomak is a food. It contains no bitter, dangerous narcotic drugs nor opiates. On the other hand, Bidomak is safe for the youngest children, who take it readily because of its very pleasant flavour. Get a bottle from your chemist or store TO-DAY.

### For Women and Children Too!

*No other tonic is so good for all as Bidomak. Not only men, but women and children too, find new life and vigour in the big Bidomak bottle. Benefit is guaranteed or you may have your money back.*

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**FAT CAN KILL!** Much nonsense is talked about the dangers of this and that. But there is no doubt about the menace of fatness. Ask any doctor. Fat threatens the heart, affects breathing, nerves, digestion, muscles and joints, and often completely wrecks health.

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Please send me .... bottles Enjola. I enclose cost, adding 9d. each bottle towards postage.

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Don't hesitate a moment to get the benefit of this modern Treatment. Enjola is different to other reducers. It contains no Thyroid and has no vicious, harmful eliminant action. It contains no worms or parasites. It cannot do anything but improve health, increase energy and TAKE OFF UNWANTED FAT. It forms no habit. The Enjola Company guarantees that Enjola is made of pure, harmless, effective medicinals, of the highest standard, prepared in modern, perfectly-equipped laboratories, under the direct supervision of competent chemists. When you take Enjola, you take the most modern, efficient, SAFE Reducing Medicine ever devised. Enjola costs 6/6 at the Chemists', or you may obtain by post if you send Coupon above, and add postage.

**Enjola** *Makes Rapid Slimming Safe*


# SPINSTER *Indeed*

*Continued from Page 40*

"MARTHA!" he said. And his voice sounded odd. "Martha, are you safe?"

"Of course," she answered. "But . . . but what about Uncle Ellsworth?"

"All right. The cashier got a scratch on the arm, but no one else was hurt. They're all upset about you, though. I'll go in here and telephone and then we'll start back as soon as we can."

It was David King who managed everything as far as Martha was concerned. It was he who removed the obnoxious weapons from her hands. It was he who steered her to the haven of the village store out of hearing of the very questionable language which was flowing steadily from the lips of the bandit, especially since he had discovered how his arrest had been made. It was David King who produced from his pocket her blue felt hat and set it upon her head, saying quietly, "Clue number one." All of this with the strange, intense light still smouldering in his eyes.

In a short time he was helping her into her own roadster. He took the wheel, and alone together they were headed for home. It was, Martha felt, the most intolerable anti-climax which the whole unreal day could have had. But through the hot ache of her heart, her pride rose high. She forced a light tone.

"I might have known you would be among the pursuers," she said. "It's really awfully good material."

"Material?" David King echoed strangely.

"Yes. Copy, story-stuff, whatever you call it. You ought to make something quite good out of it. I'll tell you all the details. I was driving . . ."

But David King interrupted by turning towards her regardless of the road ahead.

"And you think that is the reason I came after you?"

"Of course," Martha returned, in the bright, hard little voice she was using. "Now listen carefully. It's a fine plot."

She told him all about it. He told her the other side. Neither spoke of the reason for his being in the town. They kept up a sort of conversation, but their voices were mechanical. Through her misery, Martha puzzled over the hurt, white look on David King's face.

THEY reached home at last, and drew up at the house. It was Aunt Ethel who greeted them in the wide hallway, Uncle Ellsworth being still at the bank. Her large proportions were quivering with excitement.

"Well, Martha! Well, Mr. King! Such a morning as I've had! Whatever possessed you, Martha . . . Come in, Mr. King . . . I'm really so nervous I can't . . ."

But Mr. King broke in.

"I think, Mrs. Lynn, that Martha is about ready for some food and some rest, so I'll say good-bye and be running along."

Aunt Ethel gave a sound like a trumpeting elephant.

"But, Mr. King, what about Sunday night? Such a time as I've put in! I don't know whether to invite the other guests or not. I didn't know whether to get the chickens for the salad. And you know what these small-town confectioners are! Orders have to be in two days ahead! Do you wonder I'm nervous? I couldn't even get Mary Lawrence on the phone to find out anything. I . . ."

David King took a step nearer. His face looked stern. "Will you please tell me what all this nonsense is about?"

"Nonsense? It's serious. This morning I heard you were in town. I sent Martha over to the Lawrences' straight away after breakfast to invite you to supper on Sunday night. Just a few congenial friends and if you would read for us—any little thing . . ."

"Yes, yes," interposed David King, hastily, "and what then?"

"What then? The next I hear is from the neighbors next door to the Lawrences'. They saw Martha park her car and go round to the breakfast-room, stand there for a few minutes, then come back to her car with a face like a beet and drive off like mad Jehu. And," she added, "the next we know she's mixed up with bandits and the Lord knows what!"

The tears which Martha had restrained all thir time with difficulty forced their way now to her burning eyes. Her cheeks were scarlet. It would be Aunt Ethel who would add the last drop of misery to her cup.

BUT David King's face, which had been stern enough as the tale progressed, now took on a look of wonder and of rapturous understanding. He sprang forward and caught the trumpeting elephant firmly by the arms.

"Aunt Ethel!" he cried, "for I may say Auntie now, may I not? Sorry about Sunday night, but Martha and I are going to be married to-morrow and leave at once for the honeymoon. It has to be to-morrow, for I refuse to take a chance on another bandit's running away with her. And now," steering his large burden steadily down the hall, "now if you'll excuse us, we have a few last details to discuss."

He hurried Martha into the library, which, in Uncle Ellsworth's wisdom, had a door with a lock.

He closed the door against the sputtering noises in the hallway and turned the key. The l.e came close to Martha. Even she could not now mistake the look in his eyes.

"You heard that line of rot I was giving the Lawrences this morning to throw them off the track, and you cared!"

He repeated it triumphantly: "You cared!"

And then he had her in his arms.

When she was free to speak, Martha looked up with one last question in her heart.

"And you don really think I'm the spinster-type?"

"Spinster!" David King looked at the sweet disorder of her tumbled brown hair, her shining eyes, her cheeks warm and rosy from his kisses. "Spinster, indeed!" he retorted. And so: about seriously at once to prove the irony of it.

It was late that evening, when he was trying to say final good-night, that David King suddenly stopped and gave a low whistle.

"By Jove," he said, "do you know today's happenings would make a story! I'll tell you! Let's collaborate on it some time."

And they did. This is it!

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# NOTHING *is* SAFE

"I SUPPOSE it is," said the captain slowly. "You see, Julia, your mother having married me, and me being in the Army we may, naturally, have to be hopping about the world a bit. In fact, next year I shall probably be going to India, and, naturally, I shall want her to come with me."

India! This was the first Julia had heard of it.

"For how long?"

"Perhaps a year—perhaps two years. I don't know. Anyway, the point is this: I think you're a good kid, as I said before, and you've got plenty of spirit, and I want you to make your mother understand that it's O.K. for her to go. Naturally, she'll be sorry to leave you and the boy, but after all, what's two years?"

What, indeed?

Julia couldn't imagine.

"Where should we go in the holidays?"

"Relations," said the captain briefly.

And he added after a pause:

"I expect your father'll be quite glad to have you with him, when it's convenient."

"Both of us?"

"I expect so. And your grandfather and grandmother—and this dog of theirs."

"He's ours," said Julia quickly.

"Very well, yours. I tell you what, Julia, when we come back from India, I'll let you keep a dog of your own, if you like."

Julia felt herself turn scarlet.

A dog of her own—a puppy!

"Could he sleep in my room?"

"Yes," said the captain.

"Thank you most frightfully," said Julia earnestly.

"That's a promise, then. And you'll tell mummy that she needn't worry about you, and you'll be all right and hold the precious Terry's hand when he needs it."

"He doesn't. He isn't a baby. But," added Julia, remembering the puppy. "I'll do everything I can to make him not mind."

"That's splendid. I thought you'd play up all right," the captain said approvingly.

Then mummy came back.

As usual, when she and Uncle Tom were together, they talked to each other the whole time and paid no attention whatever to Julia.

*Continued from Page 41*

She sat back and thought about the puppy, and mummy going away for a year or perhaps two years to India, and Terry and herself paying visits and, if they stayed with daddy, having Petah there all the time.

Gosh! Things were odd—never the same, but changing all the time. Quite soon it would be the Plas—and grandmamma reading old-fashioned, nice stories out loud after tea—and darling Chang—and remembering to be fearfully polite all the time and not to use slang expressions—and having to speak very slowly and clearly so that grandpapa could hear.

Terry was far better at all these things than was Julia.

WORRIED, she remembered that she really ought to have been able to make Uncle Tom understand about Terry better, when he gave her such a good opportunity. It was maddening to know a thing quite well oneself, and at the same time not be able to explain it.

"Julia! Come out of the moon—we're going now. What were you thinking about?" mummy asked.

"Nothing," said Julia, beginning to laugh, she didn't know why.

The next day there was a fuss. The captain kept on ringing up from the barracks, and it was all about some change of plans or something, and mummy seemed frantic and in the kind of mood that daddy, in the old days, used to call one of her frenzies.

Julia judged it better not to ask what was happening, and only hoped that she would find out, sooner or later, from the servants.

Mrs. Strang was always kind, and always glad to see one in the kitchen, but Norah could be very cross.

She looked cross this morning, especially when mummy called to her from upstairs just as she was laying the table for lunch.

"Norah! Where's my blue suitcase?"

Norah muttered something that Julia couldn't hear, and went up the stairs.

Julia at once ran into the kitchen.

"Come to see me dish up?" Mrs. Strang asked. "But it's only cold today, with a nice salad."

"Do put a banana in the salad," begged Julia. "I'll cut it up."

"There you are, then," said Mrs. Strang—kind as ever—and Julia forgot everything else as she carefully sliced up the banana.

Just as it was finished, Norah flounced in, looking angry.

"It seems I'm supposed to be a lady's maid, now," she said in a disagreeable voice. "She calls me off just as I'm putting out my silver, and wants to know where her something luggage is. As if I knew—or cared!"

"Is she off again?" said Mrs. Strang.

"Paris. It's well to be some people, isn't it? Nothing to do but smoke cigarettes and drink cocktails and throw money about. He'll find himself in Queer Street, I should think, the way she's carrying on."

"Give over, Norah. You pop along, ducky," Mrs. Strang told Julia—not in the least as though she expected Julia to take any real notice, and go. "What's it all about? I thought they weren't going to Gay Paree till next week."

"Oh, his leave is altered or something. I don't know. They're off to-morrow. I tell you, if there's any more of this chopping and changing I'm off. To think of me cleaning all that silver only yesterday!"

"There's no rest for the wicked," said Mrs. Strang in a perfectly cheerful voice. "I'm ready with my lunch when you are."

"Her ladyship would like it put off for a quarter of an hour," said Norah, in suddenly mincing tones.

"She can't have it, then. I want to be out of this house by 2 o'clock, and that's that! Run on up, Norah, and sound the gong."

"May I take the salad?" Julia asked.

"Of course you may, poor little mite, you. Whatever'll become of you I don't know. Give Mrs. Strang a kiss before you go."

*Please turn to Page 44*

### YOUR TOUCH

**Because you had no need of me**
**When I adored you madly,**
**I took the love I had for you,**
**And not a little sadly**
**I calmed its passionate appeal**
**And gently bade it see**
**That even though I loved you so**
**You did not care for me,**
**So through the years we have been friends,**
**All wearied from its weeping**
**My love has found a place apart,**
**To pass the years in sleeping.**
**And since it is so deeply hurt,**
**So much by you forsaken,**
**I have no power to call it back,**
**It needs your touch, to waken.**

—YVONNE WEBB.

**He loves me - -**
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# NOTHING *is* SAFE

*Continued from Page 43*

JULIA gave her the kiss, and Mrs. Strang said she'd never seen such blue eyes, and she stroked Julia's hair and shook her head over her.

So mummy and Uncle Tom were going to Paris the very next day.

Julia supposed they'd send her at once to the Plas.

They didn't.

After more telephoning and a few telegrams, mummy said that daddy would fetch Julia that very evening.

"Fetch me here?" said Julia, feeling quite odd at the idea of seeing mummy and daddy together again.

Then she saw that mummy, who had turned very red, didn't mean that at all.

"No. It's rather too far for him to come up here. He'll pick you up at the club."

"Oh, good! Then I shall see Mullins. Will Terry come, too?"

"I don't know. Julia, run and see if you can find my blue shoes with the silver heels. I believe they're in the cupboard in the bathroom."

For most of the rest of the afternoon Julia helped with mummy's packing. After a short and particularly nice tea, Julia's own packing was done. Half of the things she felt sure she was going to want were left behind, because mummy was in such a hurry and said "There wouldn't be room."

There was heaps of room at the Plas, so she must mean daddy's flat.

"Where do they live?" Julia asked.

"Quite near the British Museum. In a place called Raven Mews. Give Terry my best love."

"Okay."

"And don't use that horrible expression."

"Ok—I mean, I'll try not to. But everybody does. Who's taking me to the club?"

"Norah. I've got to go and get my hair done now—there won't be time to-morrow."

THERE never seemed to be time for anything nowadays, thought Julia. She felt very tired, to her great surprise. She was scarcely ever tired.

Possibly it was the packing.

When she said good-bye to mummy Julia almost felt she wanted to cry.

"I wish," she said in a cross voice, "that you were taking me to the club. I hate Norah."

She knew it was naughty to say that, and so was not surprised when mummy answered in a very vexed, sharp sort of way:

"Julia, you're quite old enough to realise that I'm most fearfully rushed, having to start for Paris at a minute's notice like this. I simply don't know which way to turn, to get through all I've got to do. It's absolutely impossible for me to take you all the way to my club—it's inconvenient enough to have to spare Norah. Please try to be a help, instead of grumbling and whining."

"I'm sorry," muttered Julia, ashamed.

It was a horrible sort of parting, even though mummy kissed her a lot at the end, and promised her a postcard from Paris with a picture of the Eiffel Tower.

Norah took her to the club, and they went by the District Railway, and there wasn't a single moving staircase even when they changed to the Tube.

But when she saw Mullins, and he smiled at her and said: "How are you, miss?" Julia felt happy again—especially when Norah had gone. Mullins asked after Terry. He said: "How is the young gentleman?" in a most interested voice, and listened to Julia's answer very carefully.

She thought:

"Mullins is a very intelligent man. Not a bit like that beastly Norah."

"Mrs. Capper is in the drawing-room, miss."

"What?" said Julia, thinking that she couldn't have heard what he said.

"She's waiting for you. Been here half an hour or more."

"I don't know any Mrs. Capper. I'm waiting for daddy."

"That'll be it then," said Mullins.

He stood behind his little counter and looked at Julia very kindly.

"Daddy's a bit busy to-day, most likely, and he couldn't get here himself, so he's asked this lady to come along and meet you. A Mrs. Capper, she is, and been a member of this club for years. You may not know her, miss, but you know her daughter."

"Do I?"

"Yes, miss. It's the young lady as got married to your daddy the other day."

"Oh," said Julia, much startled. "Do you mean Petah?"

Mullins nodded.

Then the telephone bell rang and he turned to answer it.

Mrs. Capper! thought Julia. What next? Why couldn't Petah have come herself, if daddy was busy at the office? She was perfectly sick of all these strange people, and anyway, she'd hoped Terry would be there, and he wasn't. Julia felt again as if she might be going to cry—a thing she hated.

SHE sat on the radiator—which was very uncomfortable—and kicked with her heels.

"Very good, madam," said Mullins into the telephone, and then he hooked up the telephone and came back to Julia.

"Have you had your tea?" he asked.

"Yes, and it was a horrible one," Julia answered—not quite truthfully, for the tea, though dull, had not been horrible.

"That's bad," Mullins rejoined, shaking his head. "Could you manage a toffee drop, now?"

"Oh, yes. Thank you very much."

"Not a word to the wife," said Mullins, in a solemn way that made her laugh, and he handed her a tin that was half-full of toffee drops. "Now, when that's finished, I'll take you up to the drawing-room. You pop down there, behind the desk."

Julia popped down behind the desk and ate her toffee. It was a crunchy kind and was soon gone, which was a pity.

A lady came and asked Mullins for stamps, and never knew that Julia was there at all, sitting on the floor, close to Mullins' enormous boots.

When she'd gone, Julia laughed, and Mullins looked down at her and smiled.

"She never saw me, and I was there all the time!"

"There's a many things that the members of this club never see, and never will see, either, if you ask me," said Mullins. "Up you get."

"I don't much want to go with this old person."

"There's no help for it, miss, that I can see, and she's not so particularly old, either, and anyway, she wouldn't thank you for calling her so."

Julia reluctantly got up.

"How am I going to know which one she is?"

"I'll take you right up to her myself and announce you as if you was the Princess Elizabeth herself," said Mullins.

Julia was cheered by the prospect of making so impressive an appearance—and besides, the toffee had made her feel better.

She followed Mullins up the staircase and the carpet was so thick that their footsteps made no noise at all.

(To be continued)


# MODEL TELLS SECRET of BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES

"I DO ENVY you—always dressed in such lovely things," says Ruth enviously, as she examines her friend's lovely summer frocks. "But I suppose it's easy to afford new things very often when you earn such good money as a model!"

SYLVIA laughs at her friend's glum expression. "Cheer up," she says. "*You* can have clothes just as lovely!" Then she explains how an occasional whisk through gentle Lux suds keeps her smart fabrics like new all the season.

"MANY THANKS for that Lux tip. It keeps my dresses *beautiful*," says Ruth, when they meet again. They both agree that Lux is so *safe* because it contains no soda to harm the colour, fabric or finish of dresses.

*Fashions by courtesy*
ANTHONY HORDERNS

LUX WILL KEEP YOUR SUMMER THINGS *thrillingly smart!*

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The newest creation by our Fashion Expert, this smart model has a contrasting, wide-peak collar cut with slight roll at back and fastens at front with neat tie to match.

Frock has centre panel at front, from neck to hem of skirt formed by three pleats on either side and stitched from waist to knee. Back of skirt has panels formed by single pleats.

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## Results Film Star Competition No. 6

Thirty-three entrants submitted solutions of correct names, totalling 898 points. Each will receive 15/-.

QUEENSLAND.—Mrs. O. Fitzgerald, K. Reid, Mrs. L. Reid, W. L. Dawkins, B. Stephens, Miss N. Thompson, R. McGregor, W. Nicholls, Mrs. W. Nicholls, Miss Gwen Dixon.

N.S.W.—M. O'Connor, F. B. Anderson, S. Philpott, R. Eade, Mrs. L. W. Walters, Mrs. A. Young, H. E. Tomlinson, Miss D. Brag, C. Olsen, R. F. Olsen, Pat Ward, Miss N. Bolton, Miss T. Bolton, T. R. Gallagher, Mrs. J. King.

VICTORIA.—W. Murray, F. B. Murphy, Miss T. Bennett, Frances Howard, G. C. MacDonald, S. Gilmour.

S.A.—R. Wilkinson, R. D. Goede.

WINNING NAMES: 1, COWARD (Noel); 2, DADE (Frances); 3, BRENDEL (Arthur); 4, Lynn (Ralph); 5, BAGGE (Harry); 6, KOYE (Kenneth); 7, BARRYMORE (John); 8, CHASE (Charley); 9, BLANE (Sally); 10, DIX (Richard).

**WET FURS.**—If you are caught out in the rain with your fur, here's a handy tip for dealing with it. Shake out all superfluous moisture, and hang it up in a draught. When quite dry, comb with an ordinary comb, and it will come up as good as new again.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
October 24, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers—Page One


# ITALIAN QUILTING *makes a dream of a jacket!*

## THIS BERTHA MAXWELL creation is designed to charm a friend at Christmastide, a convalescent, the girl with a "box"—and you!

**HAND-CUT patterns in any one of the four sizes quoted, also lovely rose transfer design available for quilting.**

LITTLE quilted dressing-jackets of filmy silk in shades of morning-sky, shell-pink, blush-rose or fairy-green are among the most costly items in the trousseau or holiday outfit. One usually sighs longingly and passes on to other more useful things.

The wise girl merely resolves to make one for herself, for although these entrancing trifles look as if they had been made by experienced lingerie artists, they are so simple that any needleworker will find their making only a pleasant way of passing time. Even if you are one of those odd people who say they hate sewing, you will like quilting a jacket or cushion for yourself.

MUCH confusion exists regarding the working of quilted designs, now again one of the most popular forms of needlework. I have heard girls arguing at cross purposes when the whole subject might have been simplified by remembering that there are two main methods of this fascinating old craft.

The so-called Italian method outlines the design in double rows of stitching, a thick soft thread being afterwards run through the narrow tunnels so formed, and thus causing the pattern to rise in a corded manner on the right side. This is very easy for small designs, but is tedious for large articles.

The other method is called English quilting, and is worked by stitching the design through three thicknesses of material, the top silk, the wool or wadding lining, and the muslin pattern at the back. The finished effect is the lovely puffed work which is so handsome in cushions, bedspreads, handbags, collar and cuffs, and opera coats.

The method chosen for the lovely little jacket here is the Italian one, which is suitable for a summer garment and very quick for you to do.

There is a very well-cut pattern, for which you will require the amounts of material set out in the making description, which accompanies each pattern, and also you will require about one-quarter yard of firm, but coarse, muslin for stamping the designs.

This muslin must not be hard to sew, but must be firm enough not to pull out of shape and so spoil the little flowers and leaves. You will need also stranded cotton to match the jacket material, for stitching round the designs; and plenty of shrunk wool in delicate shades or stranded cotton for padding the quilting lines.

There is a special thread for this purpose, called Anchor Flox, but as you may not be able to obtain it, use skein wool in preference to stranded cotton, although the latter will do.

**The pattern comes in the following sizes, 32, 34, 36 and 40 inches, and costs 1/1, post free. Directions for cutting and making-up accompany each pattern.**

**The transfer, a sheet measuring 8 by 20 inches, has the six motifs shown, and costs 1/- posted. It is useful for dozens of purposes such as small silk cushions, handbags for evening use, baby bed-spreads, and collars and cuffs of dressing gowns.**

The jacket is made up in the outer material, and pressed. The lining is also seamed up, pressed and set aside for the meantime. You will have chosen lovely shades for these, either two pinks, two blues, a green and primrose, or rose and cream; soft crepe-de-chine is the ideal material, but all silks are equally good.

Now take the muslin, and stamp each rose motif on to it so that the longest width of the motif runs on the square of the weaving; that is, place the leaves and flowers squarely by the edge of the muslin, for if the design is placed anyhow or diagonally, it is harder to keep it shipshape and pretty.

### Quilting Is Easy

CLIP each motif apart, allowing plenty of muslin all round for later trimming. Then tack each one on the jacket's outer material where you want it to appear, but tack it at the back, for all the stitching is done on the wrong side.

Now thread your needle with two strands of stranded cotton to match the jacket silk, and go over all the lines of the transfer in tiny neat running stitches as shown in the motif at the right hand of the transfer illustration on this page. Don't cross your stitching from one place to another, follow the lines of the design; work the centre circles of the flowers first, then the petals, then the leaves, finishing each part in its double lines clearly and distinctly.

### The Padding

THREAD a wool or crewel needle with the thick soft wool or cotton you are using for the quilted padding, and then proceed to insert it in the tunnels formed by the double lines, as shown on the left leaf of the motif in the drawing.

The spot marked "A" shows where this work has been started; leave a small loose end hanging, and make no knots. Run the needle along between the double lines of stitching, bring it up here and there for convenience or to turn corners. Insert it again, if possible, in the hole through which it has emerged, and so keep the thick thread well inside the muslin. Finish off by just leaving a hanging end.

When all is finished, trim away the muslin fairly close to the design, but not close enough to endanger the stitching; clip off the hanging ends and tidy up.

Press very slightly from the back with a warm iron, but hardly let the iron touch it or you will flatten the cording and spoil its appearance.

Now assemble the lining and jacket, and finish off the making. A nice finish to the edges of neck and sleeves is to run two, three or more lines of small stitching all round just like the quilting lines, and then run in a thick thread.

As these lines are fairly straight, the quilting thread can be pushed along without comf... to the surface.

### To Color Quilting

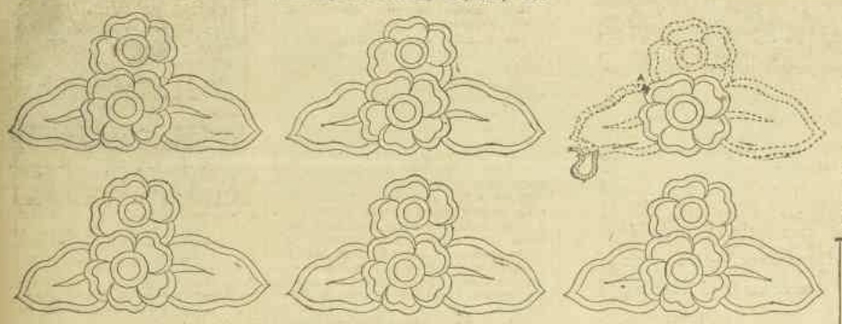
IF your crepe-de-chine is very thin and slightly transparent, you can give a very delicate tinting to the quilted flowers and leaves by padding them with natural-colored quilting threads. The color will show through on the right side in a faint pastel effect.

Heavy colors should not be used, as the whole effect must be kept dainty and light.

If your quilting looks a little thin or too slight when you have finished, it means that you have not used a thick enough quilting thread. You can go through the lines again with a second thread, working it in beside the first one, and this should rectify it.

*SKETCH of plainly but elegantly-cut dressing jacket showing two motifs on each side of the front opening and one on each sleeve. Pattern costs 1/1, post free.*

*THE JACKET is made of crepe-de-chine, lined with the same material in a deeper shade, if liked. This type of garment is one of the most costly of the luxury items in the lingerie shops, but is very easily made.*



*SIX ROSE MOTIFS for Italian quilting on transfer measuring 8 x 20 inches. The sixth motif, showing method of stitching the design and running in the padding or cording which gives this form of quilting its raised appearance, is on the right side. All the work as shown in the sixth motif is done on the wrong side of the working material. Transfer costs 1/-, post free.*

with us soon.
I am glad that you and Ted are able to come over next Saturday. We have just had our place painted.
A friend told Harry about Sterling Home Paint — its wonderful finish and low cost. He took the tip and thanks to his advice — and Sterling Home Paint — our place looks marvellous now, in fact the smartest in the street. You'll scarcely recognise it when you see it.
I might also mention that I used Sterling Sevac for the kitchen furniture; it's easy to use and has not the usual unpleasant lacquer odour.
Jean

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# Eat what You Like!

## No More Indigestion

***— Prof. H. Maclean's Famous London Formula, Proven by Millions, can Help YOU, too!***

Indigestion is dangerous as well as painful. Best not ignore that fact. "It couldn't happen to me" says the stomach sufferer who fears of dire operations. ALL run risks who permit stomach unrest to turn to stomach ulceration. Prof. Maclean, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, won world-fame for his discoveries on the proper treatment of Digestive and Stomach Disorders. Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder, based on the famous Hospital findings, offers the best relief possible — and more than relief — a strengthening of the stomach to full, healthy vigour! Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder instantly stops harmful stomach acidity. It protects the stomach against ulceration. It shields the bowels from attack. It heals raw, inflamed internal tissues. When you take Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder you say "good-bye" to stomach unrest; you start, the world's most proven way, to win back the strong stomach of a healthy youngster. Try it! Whether you have Acidity, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Flatulence, Heartburn, Gastritis or Ulceration—Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder, costing 2/6, at any good Chemists, will give you sweet internal calm, healthier appetite, more restful sleep, sweeter breath and, naturally, an improved feeling of all-round fitness. If any difficulty in procuring, order from Amalgamated Laboratories, Sydney.***


# SEVEN CASH PRIZES *to be Won* WEEKLY

## *In a Competition that will interest every woman*

**Every week we award cash prizes to those who send in the best recipes for the week.**

***First prize is £1, and there are six consolation prizes at 2/6 each. Recipes need not be original, but must be tasty, unusual, home-tried, and within the means of the average housewife.***

ALL you do is write the recipe out clearly, and address to our offices, marked plainly, "Best Recipes."

This competition is always open; send in now!

### ORANGE AND MARSHMALLOW CHARLOTTE

Beat ½ cup cream until stiff, then stir into it ½ cup halved marshmallows. Peel and chop 4 oranges into small dice. Soak ½ tablespoon granulated gelatine in two tablespoons water. Warm the orange dice together with ½ cup orange juice. Add melted gelatine, and stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken. Remove from fire, add cream and marshmallows. Line a mould with sponge fingers or small pieces of sponge cake and turn mixture into this. Set on ice. When set, turn out; decorate with cream and cherries.

**First Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. C. McCann, 12 Franklin Avenue, Flinders Park, S.A.**

### HUON APPLE MUFFINS

**One pound flour, 6oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 6 large apples, peeled and cored and grated, 1 egg beaten, sufficient milk to make a stiff dough.**

Rub butter into flour, add rest of dry ingredients and apples, then egg, and milk. The paste must be very dry as the apples moisten it in the baking. Put into a flat tin, well greased, and bake in a moderate oven, and when done cut into squares; split open and butter, and dust with sugar; join together again and serve hot. They are equally good, cold. Time, 30 to 40 minutes.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Denholm, Lindisfarne, Tas.**

### MADELINES

**Three ounces self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 3oz. caster sugar, 2oz. butter, 2 drops vanilla essence, apricot jam, coconut, cherries, angelica.**

Whisk eggs and sugar together over hot water for five minutes, remove and whisk until mixture is thick and pale in color; add vanilla and whisk again. Fold in sifted flour, add butter, melted and cooled, half-fill small moulds and bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Cool, brush over with warm jam and roll in coconut; put half cherry on each, and leaves cut from angelica.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Sinclair, Brucces Creek, via Whittlesea, Vic.**

### CHEESE BUTTERFLIES

**Cheese Pastry: ½oz. butter, 1oz. hard cheese, ½oz. cheddar cheese, cayenne, salt, 1oz. flour, 1 yolk of egg, little water.**

**Filling: 2 tablespoons cream, 1 tablespoon grated hard cheese.**

Rub butter into flour. Add rest of ingredients, mix thoroughly and bind with egg. Roll pastry to about 1-8-inch. Cut into small rounds, and cut an equal number of rounds in half. Bake in a moderate oven for about 10 minutes. Allow cheese pastry to cool. Whip up cream with grated cheese and seasoning. Pile the mixture on the rounds of pastry. Place two half-rounds so that they form wings, and sprinkle with paprika pepper. Serve daintily on a paper d'oyley.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Road, Petersham, N.S.W.**

### SWEET PICKLED PEACHES

**Six pounds fruit, 3lb. sugar, 1 quart vinegar, ½ pint water, 1 tablespoon allspice, 1 tablespoon mace, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon celery seed, 1 teaspoon cloves, 2oz. stick cinnamon.**

Mix ground spices together and tie them in thin cheesecloth bags, using at least three bags for this quantity. Place bags and stick cinnamon broken into tin lengths in the preserving-pan, and turn in the vinegar, water, and sugar. Heat slowly to draw out the flavor of spices. Allow to steep 15 minutes, stirring frequently while sugar is dissolving. Remove all down from the peaches, and insert in each at least five cloves. Cook peaches, a few at a time, in syrup, and when tender enough to be pierced with a steel fork, skin them and place in a stone jar. When all are cooked, turn the contents of the pan into the jar, cover while steaming hot, and set away. The next day, and for two days following, making three times in all, drain off the syrup, place the bags of spice in it, and boil slowly 30 minutes, turning it on the peaches hot.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to H. Bunt, Main Rd., Cardiff, N.S.W.**

### ALMOND ROCK BUNS

**Half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 cups flour, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, ½ cup raisins, ½ cup sultanas, almond essence (few drops), lemon peel.**

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten eggs, milk, flour (with salt and baking powder), and cleaned fruit. Flavor with almond, which may be blended with liquids. Space buns on a prepared baking-sheet, garnish with strips of lemon peel, and put a blanched almond on each. Cook 25 minutes in moderate oven.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Mack, The Hill, Bingara, N.S.W.**

### VEAL BIRDS WITH RAISIN STUFFING

**One pound veal, ½ cup raisins, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 egg-yolk, 2 cups stale breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup hot water, a piece of suet.**

Add raisins, salt, pepper, and beaten egg-yolk to crumbs, and mix well. Melt butter in hot water and pour over mixture. Cut veal in five or six square pieces and put a spoonful of stuffing in the centre of each; roll up and tie, season with salt and pepper, and place in a roasting-dish. Put a piece of suet on top of each "bird," and add hot water to cover the bottom of the dish. Roast till tender.

**Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Z. Jennings, 64 Pine St., Ipswich North, Qld.**


*Lovely to look at · delightful to feel and heaven to wear*

**UNDIES WITH THE COURTAULDS HOUSEMARK**

Now you can be the lucky possessor of the prettiest, most fashionable undies you could imagine. Undies that are trimmed with the daintiest of lace or applique, and cut on "fluffy" or tailored lines. In spite of their luxurious appearance these undies wash perfectly and are wonderfully long-wearing. That's because they are made of Courtaulds world-famous Rayon.

Designed by the leading Australian underwear manufacturers, these undies of Courtaulds Rayon fit the figure marvellously. Not a wrinkle is revealed even under the most caressing gowns. Look for the styles that carry the Courtaulds Housemark — it's your guarantee of lasting beauty and loveliness.

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*SOLD AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE*

And kiddies ask for "More, Please!" Hansen's Junket is full of the flavour of freshest, ripest fruit — gives your children plenty of milk in an attractive form. You'll make it in a jiffy; it will set in five minutes; never fails. Ask for Hansen's—it's real junket, if it's Hansen's. ***In Tablet form for Plain Junkets; now also in Liquid form for rich, colored Fruit Junkets.***

HANSEN'S
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SILVO—the Gentle Liquid Polish for YOUR Silver

There is nothing better than Silvo to preserve and retain the glow that is silver's real charm.

Silvo guards your Silver and restores and maintains the delicate charm of Silver without the aid of mercury, acids or any harmful substance.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Made in Australia by the Makers of Reckitt's Blue

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 34 years.***


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# GOLDEN HONEY...

## One of Nature's FINEST FOODS

No home should be without it—and it is always inexpensive. Here are delicious ways of using it.

By Ruth Furst
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

*NO doubt we all think we know what honey is, but do we really know all we should about its health-giving properties, and the many uses to which it can and should be put?*

*Honey is made up of three of the most valued sugars—levulose, dextrose and sucrose, and embodied in it are such mineral matters as iron, calcium, potash, magnesia, etc., all of which are essential elements of the blood stream.*

HONEY comes to us pure from the beehive. The flavor and aroma vary with the predominating kind of flowers which the bees visit. Prominent dietitians state that there is no need to worry about food values providing ample quantities of natural farm products are consumed, and honey is one of nature's leading farm products. It is the most perfect predigested food obtainable.

Long summer days sap our energy, and we need a food which is an energy producer. Chilled honey used morning and night has the rejuvenating effect we desire—so, during the summer, be sure and keep honey in the ice-chest or refrigerator.

### STEAMED HONEY PUDDING

**Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 good tablespoon honey, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda.**

Cream butter and sugar; add honey, and cream well; add beaten egg, then milk, lastly the well-sifted flour and soda. Pour into greased mould, cover with lid or greased paper. Steam 1½ hours. Turn on to hot dish and serve with honey sauce.

### HONEYCOMB TART

**Shortcrust, seeded raisins, honey, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped almonds.**

Line deep sandwich-tin with shortcrust. Arrange a complete layer of raisins in the bottom of the pastry. Mix honey with crumbs and almonds. Spread evenly over the raisins. Form a lattice across the top of the tart with strips of twisted pastry. Bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with custard.

### HONEY TART

**Three-quarters cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 3 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup cold water, 2 teaspoons butter, 1 tablespoon honey, lemon juice, shortcrust.**

Make the shortcrust, line deep plate with it; prick the centre well. Bake in a moderate oven till pale brown. Put the flour and sugar into a basin, add the 3 tablespoons water gradually, and mix to smooth paste. Then add the cup of water, butter, honey, and lemon juice. Pour into saucepan, and stir over low flame till it thickens and boils. Then cook for two minutes, stirring all the time. When cool, pour into pastry case and serve cold.

*THERE IS AN ADDED RICHNESS about the flavor of a sweet or cake which has honey as an ingredient. Above, you see honey gingerbread.*

### HONEY BRAN BISCUITS

**Two tablespoons butter, ½ cup honey, 2 eggs, ½ cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon soda, salt, 1 cup bran, cinnamon.**

Cream butter and honey, add beaten eggs, sifted flour, salt, soda, cinnamon; then the bran. Mix in well. Drop in small spoonfuls on a greased Swiss-roll tin not too close together. Bake in a moderate oven from 12 to 15 minutes. Leave on the tin till cold.

### HONEY LUNCHEON CAKE

**Four ounces butter, 4oz. brown sugar, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons honey, 3 tablespoons milk, 1lb. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, sultanas and raisins to taste.**

Cream the butter and sugar; add the beaten eggs, then honey and milk, sifted flour and baking powder; then the fruit. Pour the mixture into a well-greased loaf-tin. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Remove from tin carefully on to a cake-cooler.

### HONEY SALAD DRESSING

**One tablespoon honey, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 tablespoon vinegar, mustard, salt, cayenne.**

Beat together the honey and cream and add mustard, salt, and cayenne. Work in slowly the vinegar. Serve with salad vegetables.

### HONEY GINGERBREAD

**Six ounces honey, 8oz. self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, ginger, spice, 1 egg, little milk.**

Sift the flour and spices into a basin and make a well in centre. Put the butter, honey, and sugar into a saucepan, and allow to dissolve slowly over a low heat, but on no account boil. Allow to cool, add the beaten egg, then add to the flour, adding a little milk if necessary. Mix well. Pour into greased tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold, cover the top with lemon glaze and decorate with ginger cut into fancy shapes.

### HONEY WHOLEMEAL GEMS

**One and a half cups wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon honey, salt, ½ cup milk.**

Rub the butter into the flour, salt, mix with beaten egg, honey, and milk. Mix well, place a good teaspoonful of the mixture in thoroughly heated and greased gem irons. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Turn out on to cake-cooler. Butter and serve at once.

### HONEY FILLING

**6oz. icing sugar, 2oz. butter, 2 dessertspoons honey.**

Cream butter and sugar very well, add the honey and beat in well; use as a filling for sponges, cakes, etc.

### HONEY TOFFEE

**1lb. leaf sugar, 1lb. honey, ½lb. butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.**

Melt the butter in an enamel saucepan, add sugar and lemon juice. Mix well; add honey. Place over flame and boil till it forms a hard ball when tested in cold water, or till it reaches 300-deg. Fah., if thermometer is used. Pour into buttered dish. Leave till set. Then break into pieces.

### HONEY SHORTCAKE

**Six ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, yolk 1 egg, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 tablespoon milk, salt, chopped nuts, honey.**

Sift the flour and salt. Rub in the butter, add the sugar. Mix into a stiff paste with yolk, honey and milk. Turn on to floured board. Roll into an 8-inch square. Lay carefully in a well-greased Swiss-roll tin. Brush lightly with honey and sprinkle thickly with nuts. Mark into squares. Bake in a moderate oven till pale straw color. Leave on the tin till cold. Cut into marked pieces.

*NATURE'S WONDER FOOD . . . Use honey as a means of sweetening and flavoring the artificially-prepared bottle for your babe, give it to your children on brown bread or with crisp toast, and when schooldays arrive make them a toffee with honey—a nutritious and inexpensive food.*

### HONEY AND LEMON PIE

**Three eggs, ½ cup honey, 1 tablespoon flour, rind and juice ½ lemon, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 1½ cups milk, shortcrust.**

Line a greased pie-dish with the shortcrust. Beat yolks, add honey, butter, lemon, and flour. Pour in the milk and mix well. Pour into the pastry-lined dish. Bake in moderate oven till set. Beat the whites to stiff froth, add sugar, and heap roughly on the custard. Return to the cool oven to brown slightly. Serve hot or cold.

### HONEY SAUCE

**1 tablespoon arrowroot, 2 dessertspoons butter, ½ cup honey, 12 cups water.**

Blend the arrowroot with a little cold water. Boil the remainder of water with honey and butter. Pour on to the arrowroot, return to the saucepan. Stir till it boils, thickens, and is quite clear. Serve with steamed pudding.

### HONEYCOMB TOFFEE

**4 tablespoons sugar, 6 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon carb. soda.**

Boil water, butter, sugar and honey till the mixture hardens at once when a small quantity is dropped into cold water. Stir in the sifted soda, and as it froths, pour into greased dish. Leave away from draught till set.


YOURS FOR 1/- DEPOSIT

An opportunity you should not miss. This most charming creation in Figured Moreain for only 1/- deposit. Sent on FREE APPROVAL to any address in the Commonwealth.

Our Fashion Expert has featured the ever-popular Raglan Sleeves in this delightfully cool design. The round neck, opening at shoulder, is finished at front with three-tiered flared collar of self-material, edged with white, creating an unusually smart effect. Front of skirt features panel formed with three pleats on each side and panel at back of skirt is formed with single pleats.

Waist has belt of self-material with neat buckle to tone.

FULL PRICE . . . . . 22/6
(O.S. — 2/6 extra)

SIZES: S.S.W., S.W., W., O.S.
COLOURS: Black, Blue, Green, Red.

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I enclose Postal Note for 1/- as deposit, together with 8d. for postage, and will pay the balance either in one sum or in fortnightly instalments of 2/- till full price is paid. If not satisfied and I return frock to-morrow within 7 days, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose coupon, with Full Name (Mrs. or Miss) and address clearly written on separate sheet.

No. 14 W.W. 24/10/36 No. 35

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DON'T NEGLECT A CUT
DALZO STICKING PLASTER
FOR FIRST AID
ALL CHEMISTS

THE FINEST, safest cleanser you can get for all your cleaning

For baths . . . for sinks . . . for pots and pans . . . for *all* your household cleaning Bon Ami is the perfect cleanser!

Bon Ami doesn't scratch, and gradually wear away surfaces, as gritty cleansers do. Instead, it leaves what it is used on smooth . . . unmarred . . . and *polished*.

To suit your taste, Bon Ami comes in a long-lasting *Cake* or in a handy sifter top can of *Powder*. Both are the same pure, scratchless, odourless, material.

BON AMI

. . . cleans quickly and easily doesn't redden your hands


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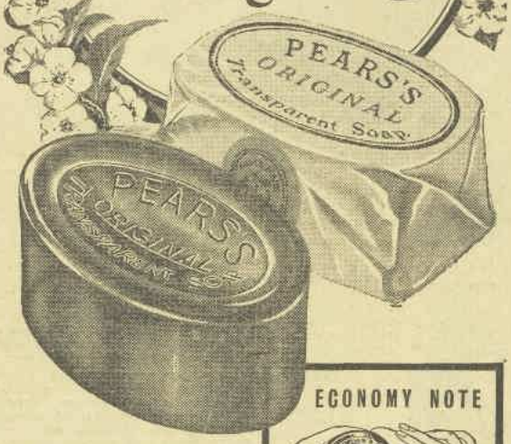
# A cake of Pears lasts longest!




You cannot buy a more economical toilet soap than Pears! A cake of Pears outlasts a cake of any other soap because it is so free from moisture. The moisture is driven out by the unique maturing process which every cake of Pears undergoes before it is sold.
And in addition, Pears gives you greater complexion beauty. The well-known tonic action in the rich, mellow lather of Pears brings to your skin a new, fresher bloom—a greater beauty.

**ECONOMY NOTE**

*There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.*

NOW REDUCED TO 6 D. A CAKE (City and Suburbs)

Pears

ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

10.135.25

# A Glorious 20-day trip

To West Australia and back is a delightful trip on the modern luxurious interstate liners sailing from Sydney every Saturday, calling at Melbourne and Adelaide. Passengers maintained on board at all ports except Fremantle.

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# ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

...BY A DOCTOR...

## *Human Nature's Chemical Laboratory—the Liver!*

**PATIENT: Why do so many persons suffer from derangement of the liver? Surely this is not natural. It would be of general interest to learn how this organ functions.**

THE liver, the largest gland in the body, measures from ten to twelve inches from side to side, six to seven inches from front to back, three to four inches in its thickest portion from top to bottom.

This organ is subject to many derangements, thirty or more, some due to trouble with the liver itself and some caused by disease in other organs.

The liver, therefore, should be recognised for its importance. Constituting a most marvellous chemical laboratory, its function is very complicated and the following three processes are the most outstanding.

### The Main Processes

FIRST, the smallest subdivisions of the liver—the liver cells—manufacture bile from the blood. This is stored up until needed by the body in the gall-bladder—a sac in the shape of a banana situated under the right lobe of the liver.

Bile is of a golden brown or greenish color. The amount secreted in twenty-four hours, averaging about fifty ounces, varies with the quantity of food eaten.

**One of the most essential functions of bile is in digestion, particularly in its action on fats, which it emulsifies.**

Bile also aids in the absorption of fats through the intestinal walls, and it acts likewise as a mild laxative in that it stimulates the muscles of the intestines to activity.

### Chemical Changes

THE liver is, in the second place, the organ which converts the dextrose of the blood (which is derived from the starches and sugars eaten) into a chemical form known as glycogen.

When the body needs more starch and sugar for its well-being, the liver cells turn the glycogen back again into dextrose, and as such it is passed into the circulation.

And then, in addition, the liver performs other wonderful chemical changes, such, for instance, as changing certain waste products into urea, which remains in the circulation until it reaches the kidneys, which pass it out.

Most people are familiar with jaundice. In this disease, the bile pigment colors the skin and membranes because the bile, due to an obstruction—usually gall stones—cannot pass into the intestines.

Cirrhosis of the liver is another common and well-known affliction. In all cases of cirrhosis there is an increase of so-called connective tissue in the liver.

This tissue might be likened to the framework which supports the numerous liver gland cells.

Alcoholism is probably the chief cause of liver cirrhosis, although other poisons may cause it.

In some cases of liver disease the organ is shrunken, while in others it may be fatty and enlarged. Abscesses may also occur in the liver, as well as cancer.

In gall-stone obstruction, the pain is most agonising and is colicky in character. Operation for the removal of the stone or stones is often indicated.

As stated previously, the liver may be subject to many diseases, which is not astonishing when we consider its intricate machinery.

**SILK SECRETS:** To iron silk frocks successfully, the silk should be of an even dampness, so if it has dried too much, don't damp it down, for that would make it uneven. Instead, wring out a thin cloth in water and lay it over the ironing blanket. On this place your frock and iron it.

**AIRTIGHT TINS:** To make the tins quite airtight, seal round the edge of the lid with a length of adhesive tape. Done this way the contents will keep fresh almost indefinitely.

**SOAP ECONOMY:** This hint will prevent slimy soapdishes and make each cake of soap last much longer. Take a piece of silver paper, damp the underside of the cake of soap, and flatten the silver paper on it till it sticks. Trim the edges of the paper after washing, and put the soap back in the dish, paper side downwards.

**HOUSE PLANTS:** House plants often die for the want of water when the soil around them appears to be quite damp. But to be healthy they must breathe as well as absorb water. So try wiping the leaves of your plants with a damp cloth every week to rid them of dust, and you'll be surprised how much longer they will survive.


## Blackheads, Pimples Freckles defeated

"My Skin Nearly Drove Me Mad"

● A genius in the cosmetic world has come to the rescue of women who suffer from blackheads, pimples, or freckles.
● By means of "LE CHARME" special purpose creams these unsightly disfigurements can be banished, and coarse unlovely skin transformed into radiant, healthy loveliness.
● "LE CHARME" creams work gently but surely, delving deep into the pores of the skin, cleansing it of impurities. Begin a "LE CHARME" course to-night, and see how quickly it restores your skin to clear, smooth beauty. The first application proves its worth.
● Blackhead Cream, Pimple Cream, and Freckle Cream, each costing 2/6, are obtainable at leading stores, chemists, and Beauty Salons. If you reside in the country, send 2/6 for preparation, and add 6d. for postage to

LE CHARME LABORATORIES
Box No. 2286LL, G.P.O., Sydney.

Le Charme



# CLEANS TEETH thoroughly

**Even where the toothbrush cannot reach**

**Brushing your teeth with Colgate's the Colgate way**

DO this morning and night: Using Colgate's Dental Cream, thoroughly brush your *upper* teeth from the gums down; your *lower* teeth from gums up. Brush the grinding and cutting surfaces of the teeth with a circular motion.

Then put a bit of Colgate's on your tongue and take another sip of water. Swish and flush this water several times through your teeth! Rinse again with clear water. That's all.

**This Colgate Method gives you these 5 results...**

First: Beautifies teeth—the polishing ingredient contained in Colgate's, the same one dentists use, keeps your teeth white and sparkling. Second: Thoroughly cleans your teeth. Third: The gentle massage you give your gums with Colgate's, keeps them firm, rosy and healthy.

Fourth: Removes all food particles from crevices and between teeth, thus eliminating the most common cause of bad breath, and fifth: Colgate's delightful flavour refreshes your mouth, leaves your breath pure and sweet. Start the Colgate method *to-day!*

VISIT YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE YEARLY

LARGE SIZE 1/3
GIANT SIZE TWICE THE QUANTITY 2/-

IF YOU PREFER POWDER—
*Colgate's Prophylactic Dental Powder gives the same results. Its oxygen content prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhoea.*

9/206.


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# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

# LET YOUR SKIN *Breathe* AT NIGHT

## Remove every vestige of make-up if you would have a clear, clean skin.

By Evelyn

THE girl or woman who slips into bed at night without meticulously cleansing her face and neck of the many layers of foundation cream, powder, rouge, dust and grime, is simply asking for coarsened pores and a muddy complexion.

***No skin, however fine and lovely to begin with, will stand up to neglect of this kind. It must have a chance to breathe, to take in oxygen, and throw off impurities.***

MANY girls and women wash their faces nightly with warm water and a good soap, rinse them in cold water, and dry them before jumping into bed; others rub in cold cream, wipe it off, and take a flying leap into bed, with the thought, "Thank goodness that's over."

Others cleanse the face, half-heartedly rub in a tracing of skin food, and hope for the best. Still others, after applying heavy make-up in the morning, powdering and rouging over this at frequent intervals during the day, go to bed with their faces still dressed up in odd bits of daytime war-paint!

Now, I'll tell you what you should do, in order that your skin can breathe and so throw off all impurities during the night-time, when your body, too, is being rejuvenated by sound, restful sleep.

*A COMPLEXION BRUSH is a useful adjunct to your toilet requirements. Use it to stimulate and tone the skin after cleansing first with cream, and secondly with warm, soapy water. See article.*

### The First Step

INSTEAD of washing the face first and then getting to work with the cold or cleansing cream, smother the face with a cream that seems to liquefy and melt into the pores of the skin. This treatment softens the adhesive type of powder and rouge used to-day and opens the pores of the skin.

After allowing the cream time to soften make-up and penetrate the pores (a couple of minutes should suffice), take a piece of Turkish towelling and scrub the face vigorously with it. I would advise you to save all your old towels, wash and boil them, cut into neat squares, and keep in a covered cardboard box for this purpose.

Don't rub or stretch the delicate skin under the eyes as you work the dirt out of the pores, but be sure you treat the crevices round the nose and mouth firmly.

*SAVE YOUR OLD TOWELS. Wash, cut into squares, and then use them for "scrubbing" the face after the cleansing cream has been allowed to soften the make-up and "melt" into the pores.*

When you soil one piece of towelling, take a fresh square and continue the good work until you are absolutely sure that all the dust, grime, and make-up are cleaned away with the cream.

And now you can give your face and neck a thorough cleansing in warm, soapy water. Use the best soap—when I say best, I do not necessarily mean a powerfully scented soap. And I do advise you to use soap free from drying sodas.

Using a soft, absorbent towel, dry your face after rinsing, if possible under clear, cold, running water.

Don't use an astringent as some, foolishly, think they should at bedtime. Astringents are used in the morning for toning up and firming the skin and for closing the pores before make-up is applied.

You can buy to-day at most beauty parlors, the toilet counters at our bigger stores, and from most chemists, what are known as complexion brushes.

These brushes are small and possess soft, fine bristles. You can add to the beauty of your skin by giving a "friction polish" nightly with one of these brushes, when the cleaning procedure is completed. Used regularly, 'tis said, it will make the skin velvety smooth.

Commence beneath the chin and brush in firm strokes up along the jaw-bone to the ears, from the corner of the mouth along the cheek bone and up to the temples; from the top of the nose (between the eyes), in fan-like movements, up and out over the forehead.

*OF COURSE, you cleanse your face at night before slipping into bed. But do you do it thoroughly? In this article is given the simple but expert way of freeing the skin and pores of the day's accumulations of powder, rouge, lipstick, dust, and grime. If you follow this advice consistently, you can rest assured your skin will breathe its way to new and lasting loveliness.*

### The Final Touch

AND now, if you feel your skin demands it, massage into it a little of the best skin food you can buy. Leave on for a few minutes and gently wipe off again. The merest trace can be left on occasionally, but whenever possible leave your skin free to breathe.

Of course, you can leave a generous amount of skin food on the skin beneath the eyes over night. This should be tapped in ever so gently with the tips of the fingers—use the third finger of either hand for preference.

In the morning—that is, if you have followed faithfully this simple cleansing and stimulating face treatment—you need only rinse your face in clear, running cold water, or better still in cold rain water, and then apply an astringent. You might remember that I spoke of the wonderful value of rain water as an aid to skin beauty a few weeks ago. If you have your copies of The Australian Women's Weekly by you, look up the beauty page and re-read this article. Hard water is definitely damaging to the skin, and according to doctors, it is not so good if continually taken internally.

### *To Soften Water*

***MANY who live in districts where the water is hard complain of its disastrous effect upon their skin and complexion. Yet lovely soft water can easily be obtained by simply putting the skins of a couple of lemons in the water jug overnight, and leaving them there until morning.***

## COMPACTS

THE arms and neck are danger zones, and if you're not very careful they will soon become dry and scraggy-looking, so follow this advice before it's too late: Rub your skin with cleansing cream both night and morning, soak a pad of cotton-wool with skin tonic, rub well over the cleansing cream, then wipe off with a soft rag. Now massage some skin food well into the skin, and if you're ready to jump into bed allow a little to remain on all night.

o o o

ALL housewives will find the lemon unsurpassed for keeping their hands soft and white. Keep a half a lemon at hand in the soap-dish, and rub your fingers well into the pulp, and you will find it will remove like magic all trace of those ugly stains left by vegetables, or after cleaning brass or silver.

o o o

UNFAIR, isn't it, that those long and silky eyelashes always seem to go to your freckled, footballing young brother? But don't despair, for with five minutes' treatment each night yours can be sweeping and attractive, too. Try massaging them regularly with castor oil to promote growth, and if you want them to be darker brush them with strong tea.

o o o

TIRED and aching feet mean a haggard face, so those poor feet simply must be given attention. I suggest you bathe them every night in a bowl of hot water to which you have added some bath salts; or epsom salts would be equally effective. Soak the feet in this for about ten to fifteen minutes, and after drying them massage firmly with olive oil, using the balls of the fingers and the palms. In the morning wash your feet again and dust them with boracic powder.

o o o

IF your face and neck are burnt to an unbecoming red by exposure in the sun, try this effective whitening lotion. Chop two cucumbers into tiny pieces and slowly cook them until soft. Strain through a piece of butter muslin and add one part of toilet alcohol to each eight parts of cucumber juice. Finally add a goodly pinch of boracic powder, and then bottle for use.


YOUR FEET WON'T LET YOU DOWN

If You Regularly Use

Zam-Buk

DOESN'T this weather tell on your feet and start them aching, burning, and swelling? Doesn't it make a toil of your housework, shopping, and getting about generally?

To put your feet in real good trim and keep them so, adopt this easy treatment—it doesn't take many minutes each night, but the relief is wonderful! First, bathe your feet in warm water, and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, instreps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus,

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are relieved quickly by Zam-Buk. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, blisters are healed, and ankles, joints, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. There's nothing like Zam-Buk for the feet.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores

"During Summer I suffered a lot with my feet until I used Zam-Buk. This stopped the throbbing and swelling and enabled me to get about with ease."—Mrs. M.W.

"After a hard day in town my feet were tired and painful. When I got home I rubbed Zam-Buk into the soles and my feet were wonderfully soothed. I could once walk in comfort."—Mr. S.P.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



For the woman of Exotic charm

上海 SHANGHAI

There's a Lenthéric fragrance specially created to express and complement each woman's personality. If you're glamorous, intriguing, exotic—your perfume is *Shanghai*, the mystic essence of the dreamy Orient. Its sweet beguiling breath is languorously lasting—like its user, it can't be forgotten.

In contrast, Lenthéric's *Lotus d'Or* is for the woman who's gay, lighthearted, romantic. *Miracle* was created for the modern, more magnetic personality. *Risque Tout* is for her who dares to be different, and the enchanting new *Gardenia de Tahiti* is for a dreamy, poetic type. Find your own Lenthéric fragrance and use it regularly.

All Lenthéric creations are available in two forms: Perfume for the competitive hours of the evening and Bouquet Lenthéric for daytime use. Lenthéric creations are all imported from France, and sold in sealed bottles only. *Shanghai* prices, 12/6 to 30/-. Purse size 4/6

Lenthéric Paris


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# PROTEX SELLS FOR SIXPENCE AND IS BEST GERMICIDAL SOAP MADE

## IT IS ENDORSED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION & CONTAINS ANTISEPTIC TI-TREE OIL WHICH IS 11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC YET ABSOLUTELY NON-IRRITANT!

Medical men know the real value of Protex Soap. They recommend its regular use by men, women and children. Being completely non-irritant, Protex is recommended even for baby's tender skin. The principal ingredient in Protex is antiseptic ti-tree oil. It keeps skin tissues fresh, healthy and free from the germs which cause complexion blemishes. Although Protex is a Germicidal Soap it leaves no carbolic or medicinal odour.

Protex is an economical health and beauty soap. It costs only sixpence, it does not waste away, and it ensures complete germicidal protection for the whole family. Buy Protex and use it regularly.

**11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC YET NON-IRRITANT**

Melaleuca Alternifolia (showing the tree and the leaf) from which ti-tree oil — the powerful Australian antiseptic used in Protex—is distilled.

# PROTEX

MADE BY COLGATE

12/226

MAKERS OF FINE SOAPS SINCE 1806

*gives the illusion of colour* **BENEATH** *the skin*

Here's headline news for smart girls! Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has evolved a NEW principle of colouring for the Kissproof Lipstick. Clear, glowing shades that give the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin. This NEW Kissproof Lipstick keeps lips soft and smooth, prevents chapping and drying. Four vital shades — Natural, Theatrical, Raspberry, Orange.

KISSPROOF CREAM ROUGE is also made on Dr. Pacini's NEW colour principle. In four shades to match the lipsticks.

The NEW Kissproof LIPSTICK

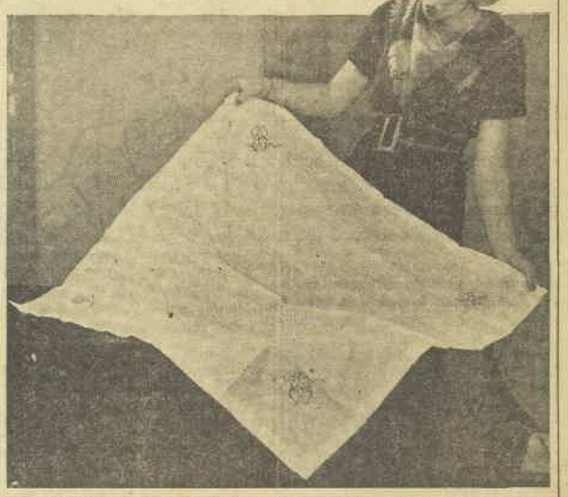
BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES with Delica-Brow. Makes lashes look longer, darker; encourages that fascinating upward curl. Black, Brown or Blue. A Kissproof product.

EACH KISSPROOF BEAUTY AID COSTS BUT 1/- K2-106


# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS.

Conducted by EVE GYE

## *A Bright New Hint For Summer*



THIS charming automobile or tray lawn throwover, measuring 34 x 34 inches, will be a boon to the hostess who prepares her dainty teas and suppers in advance.

With summer on its way we have to be so careful with those troublesome flies—but just lightly place one of these inexpensive little cloths over your food and it will keep fresh and free from germs.

Such a dainty gift it would make, too, so fine and crisp, with its hemstitched hem and gay sprigs of flowers. The latter take just a little time to embroider.

Send 2/- to our needlework department and we will send one of these useful throwovers by return mail.

When you order state whether you would like it in white, pastel-blue, green, or corn-yellow.

## *Gay Scarf*

*QUICKLY-MADE Christmas gift for the surfing girl. Material available from our offices.*

BEACH accessories play such a very important part these days, and even though we may have scarves for these occasions, we can always do with "just another one"! So why not make the scarf illustrated on this page?

The material used is an attractive "off-white" cotton mesh (closely woven), and the trimming is simply carried out in gay stripes worked in darning stitch with scraps of wool.

The more colors you introduce the brighter the scarf.

Send 1/9 to our needlework department and the material for one of these kerchief scarves will be sent to you.

Fringe the two short sides by drawing about eight threads—these pull out very easily. Turn over a neat narrow hem along the third (long) side, and either machine or hem firmly.

Begin your first row of stripes about 2 inches in from the fringe, and work three rows of darning stitch. It is very simple to keep this even as you have the holes in the mesh material to guide you. Pass the needle and wool under one strand and over three of the material with each row matching.

Miss half an inch, then work four rows with the next color wool. Leave a space of a quarter of an inch, and then commence your third stripe—preferably in another color. For this, work two rows of darning stitch.

Now leave an inch space and work your fourth stripe, doing three rows to complete the stripe. Continue in this manner till the required number of stripes have been worked. You may introduce as many stripes as, or leave whatever spaces, you choose.

**I LIKE TO DRESS WELL AT THE OFFICE**

*I wear frocks of*

**'SUMMER-BREEZE'**

You're in the smartest company under the sun when you're dressed in Summer Breeze. It's such a beautiful dress material — so up-to-the-minute with its Parisian patterns. Buy office-frocks of British Summer Breeze your way through Summer. They're boil-fast and sun-fast and lovely to look at.

1/11½ A YARD

A SPINNER PRODUCTION

## Before FILM does this to you

*Remove it daily as only Pepsodent—the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste—does*

***How to remove film***

IN removing film the Pepsodent laboratories have made a great discovery. A new cleansing and polishing material has been developed. As a film-removing agent it stands unsurpassed. Yet in spite of its high cleansing powers, this new material is far softer than the one most commonly used in dentifrices. Being softer, it cannot harm precious tooth enamel.

And so, in judging a dentifrice ask yourself: Does it remove film? Is it safe? These are your dentist's standards. Judged by them, Pepsodent stands unique. No other can give you Pepsodent results.

**SAVE MONEY!**

Buy Pepsodent in the *new 10% larger tubes* at the old prices. You can't afford to take chances on cheap "bargain" brands now that it costs no more to insist on the special film-removing Tooth Paste.

# PEPSODENT

*the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste*

THE 2/- SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL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# Our Fashion Service & Concession Pattern

## Notable styles for all occasions, complete with expert, reliable patterns!

**NET TUNIC**

WW1369.—Made in net, as suggested, no style could be smarter or dressier than this tunic frock. Shirtmaker blouse and full sleeves are attractive features. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 54 inches wide net and 2½ yards, 36 inches wide for slip. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**CHIC FROCK AND COAT**

WW1371.—Smart ensemble with hip-length coat and popular coat sleeves. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide, for frock and 2½ yards for coat. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**SLEEVES ATTRACTIVE**

WW1372.—A very charming frock with unusual and dressy sleeves shirred on the shoulder line. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required, 36 inches wide, 4 yards for dress and ½-yard for collar. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**CHILD'S FROCK**

WW1370.—A choice that will meet with every little girl's approval. Make it in dainty floral voile or printed silk. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Material required: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 4½ yards pleating. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**PLEASE NOTE!**

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.

**SMART FOR SPORTS**

WW1373.—For sports or spectator wear, a charming style. Observe scarf and quaint bodice effect. Bust sizes 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**DAINTY, YOUTHFUL**

WW1374.—A very sweet little style for a figured summer-weight material. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required, 36 inches wide for 36-inch bust: 4 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**CHIC SKIRT**

WW 1375. — A very necessary item for your summer wardrobe, cut on tailored simple lines. Sizes 73 to 44 inch hips. Material required, 36 inches wide: 2½ yards. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**PYJAMA SUIT**

WW1376.—A very pleasing and desirable pyjama suit. Shoulder line is shirred, belt has quaint finish. Bust sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

### CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE.—Box 1009F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE.—Box 153, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH.—Box 401G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY.—Box 4299YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA.—C/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-111 Liverpool Street, Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
State .....
Size .....
Pattern Coupon, 24/10/'36.

### OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

**Patterns for these three designs cost only 3d.**

Don't forget when sending for patterns to state size required, and to include 3d. stamp for each separate pattern in each size.

FILL IN COUPON AND SEND IN NOW!

This smart trio of daytime frocks may all be made from this week's splendid three-in-one concession pattern, which is cut in three sizes, 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

To obtain pattern, fill in coupon at left, stating clearly which size you want, enclose 3d. stamp, and send to our offices as directed.

Material required for frock No. 1, buttoned down the front: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard for sash.

For frock No. 2: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide.

For Frock No. 3: 3¼ yards, and ½ yard for bow.

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How easy it would have been for malicious tongues to wreck her happiness. Yet there are hundreds of wives like you — just fagged out. As the Doctor explained, we use up energy even while we sleep. Then, unless this energy is restored as it is used, little wonder that we wake tired — we are suffering from "Night-Starvation".

Horlick's taken regularly at bed-time prevents "Night-Starvation" — replaces energy as it is used. The flavour is fascinating. And Horlick's is economical — you need no milk — only water. Prices from 1/6. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 1/-.

**HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION**

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.



# AFRAID TO SIT DOWN

## Pains Like Knives in Her Back

### Not a Sign of Rheumatism Since Taking Kruschen

A letter just received from a woman states that she is telling everybody about Kruschen Salts. It is gratitude which prompts her to do so. She was a victim of acute rheumatism, and she is anxious to let other sufferers know that she has not a sign of it now—thanks to the "little daily dose." Read what she writes:—

"Five months ago I could not stand up. The pains in my back were like knives going through me with rheumatism. I could not stand up, and was afraid to sit down. I called at the chemist's and asked if he could give me something for rheumatism. He said 'Why don't you try Kruschen Salts?' I tried it, and to-day I have not got a sign of rheumatism. I am telling everybody about Kruschen, and shall never be without it."—(Mrs.) H.D.

Rheumatism has its origin in intestinal stasis (delay)—a condition of which the sufferer is seldom aware. It means the unsuspected accumulation of waste matter and the consequent formation of excess uric acid. If you could see the knife-edged crystals of uric acid under the microscope, you would readily understand why they cause those cutting pains.

Kruschen Salts will dissolve away those knife-edged crystals of uric acid which are the cause of all the trouble. It will also flush those *dissolved* crystals clean out of your system. Then, if you keep up "the little daily dose" your inside will be so regular, so free from stagnating waste matter, that no such poisons as uric acid will ever get a chance to accumulate again.

Kruschen is taken by the people of 119 different countries. In none of those countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.


# FOR *Young* WIVES and MOTHERS

## *Answers to Inquiries from Our Readers*

By MARY TRUBY KING

***The following questions are of a general nature and the replies sent to the individuals will be found helpful to many of our other wives and mothers.***

**"I HAVE been ordered to dilute baby's milk-mixture with barley-water instead of plain water. What is the best way to make barley-water? How much nutriment is in it? Is there any substitute for this? Baby is only five months old; is he not too young to be having barley-water?"**

TAKE one level tablespoon of barley specially prepared for invalids and infants. Mix into a smooth paste with cold water. Add a pinch of salt. Add 24 pints of water. Boil for one hour in a double saucepan, and then strain.

Barley-water must be made freshly every day. It contains virtually no nutriment—being merely water with a trace of starch.

The use of starch is commonly considered wrong for babies until six months or more of age, and Food and Drug Acts compel proprietors of baby foods of a starchy nature to label their tins "Unfit for infants under six months of age."

**In the case of barley-water, however, the starch content is so small (only a few grains to the ounce) that diluting the milk-mixture with barley-water in place of plain water will not hurt your baby of five months.**

There are only 18 calories in a whole pint of barley-water; in other words, one tablespoon of milk contains as much food as a pint of barley-water.

Do not, therefore, make the mistake of regarding the barley-water as nutritious. Its looks are deceptive in this way.

However, the use of barley-water tends to lessen the formation of tough, solid curds in baby's stomach, and is sometimes useful, temporarily, if baby is a little upset.

Fine granular gelatine has the same effect as barley-water on the curds, so that if the milk-mixture contains a sugar comprised of lactose, dextri-dextrose, and gelatine, there would be no need to use barley-water in ordinary routine feeding.

## Adenoids and Tonsils

**"SO many of the children I know, otherwise seemingly perfectly healthy, have had operations for tonsils and adenoids. I am very anxious to prevent this necessity with my little girl. How can I do this?"**

ENLARGEMENT of tonsils and adenoids is caused through overwork of the lymphatic tissue from which they are made. The best preventive is for the child to live as much as possible in the fresh air and sunshine.

The frequent use of the handkerchief should be insisted upon, so that waste material, dust, etc., are not allowed to accumulate in the nose. The child should be taught to remember to blow its nose immediately after sneezing.

The home should be well ventilated. This means that you should keep the windows open at the top all the time, and also at the bottom for as much of the time as possible, and that there should be some means of exit for the air at the opposite side of the room, such as another window, a fireplace, or an open door.

**Of course, household cleanliness and bodily cleanliness are essential, as are also a good daily evacuation of the bowels and wholesome food at regular intervals.**

Keep the child's teeth and mouth clean by the use of a toothbrush and mouth wash twice daily, and encourage gargling.

Do not let the child breathe through its mouth. From babyhood a child should be taught the proper use of its nose.

By these means the abnormal growth of tonsils and adenoids is frequently prevented. But when a doctor declares that tonsils and adenoids should come out, it is sheer stupidity not to have the operation performed without delay.

## Send For Doctor!

**"BABY has such sore buttocks which I cannot get to clear up. What would be the cause of this, and what is the best treatment? He is three months old and artificially fed."**

I ADVISE you to seek medical advice immediately regarding this condition. Meantime it is a safe precaution to dilute baby's milk-mixture to half strength; and obtain a correct formula for your child's artificial food from your nearest baby health or mothercraft centre.

When changing baby's napkins, clean the affected parts with warm olive oil on swabs of cotton wool. Take a piece of clean boiled rag, smear it with zinc and lanoline baby ointment (procurable from any chemist), and place it over the raw patches before putting on the clean napkin.

Butter-muslin napkins should be worn next the skin till the complaint is quite healed. Over the muslin napkin wrap a towelling napkin round baby in the form of a skirt, not placing any of it between the legs.

The most usual cause of this complaint is the giving of an unsuitable milk-mixture. This should be guarded against for those unfortunate little ones who are not at the breast at this tender age.

Other causes are: Lack of proper hygiene; uncleanliness (leaving baby lying in wet or soiled napkins); a digestive upset caused by sudden weaning; the use of cane sugar in artificial feeding; the use of strong soaps when washing the napkins; frequent motions caused by bacterial infection; harsh, irritating clothing next the skin, or acid urine.

If a baby has this complaint really badly, his bath water should be slightly thickened and softened by the use of an oatmeal bag.


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Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated form at 2/6



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# KEEN REVIVAL *of* INTEREST *in* ANTIQUES

— By —
OUR HOME DECORATOR

## *More and more home-lovers are acquiring lovely old pieces to add to the beauty of their homes . . .*

### Trend of fashion reverting to designs of Georgian era, says Authority

FOR the past eight years—since 1928, when the Government repealed the provisions enforcing duty on all antiques and works of art over 100 years old—Australians have been taking a lively interest in collecting antiques for their homes.

Hundreds of them, visiting England and the Continent, bring back not only one or two antique pieces, but, planning their homes in a certain period, complete sets of fine old English furniture.

HERE Mr. E. Allen Watt, one of Australia's foremost authorities on antiques and works of art, in an interview, tells us something about activity in Australia, and just how valuable this new interest is to our culture.

We Australians, as a whole, are realising the beauty and refinement of fine old English furniture—realising, too, how greatly its charm is enhanced when placed in the correct setting.

In short, we are learning to make our homes dwelling-places of real interest — not merely places to sleep and eat in and make a sort of depot for all our real activities.

And while we are the guardians of our British heritage, and can appreciate and create the beauties of an old-world atmosphere for ourselves, we are forming something independent of every other nation for the generations to come.

It is the Georgian period and the famous craftsmen of the eighteenth century who are "fashionable" now among antique collectors. You will notice this particularly in motion pictures. If a film is shown, either of American or English production, depicting interior scenes, it will, as a rule, be in the eighteenth century style.

Whether the pieces shown are genuinely antique or only reproductions it matters little. The fact is that the trend of fashion is reverting to designs of the Georgian era, strongly exemplified in the many Georgian-style homes built in our midst by our architects to-day.

Those persons experienced in the pastime of collecting antiques set themselves a definite goal and concentrate on this objective. So if you are planning to introduce an original scheme into your home you must do likewise. And if you want an old-world atmosphere in your home in this way, you must collect furniture that is useful as well as beautiful.

That phase completed, you will have to decide which is the right piece and which is the wrong piece to keep. To every discriminating collector comes this weeding process. As his knowledge becomes greater, so he must part with his "mistakes" which have not come up to the standard he has chosen to set himself.

Inexperienced collectors must exercise the same decisions and discriminations. You will be wiser to choose pieces of plain design, of pure outline, or good color. When the value of quality and condition is understood, then you will be on the royal road to success.

Whether it be old furniture, silver, porcelain, or pictures, or anything else, quality is the first essential.

Rather an interesting point to note is that when furniture is discovered in its original condition, it will be found to be showing a beautiful faded or mellow color, with a dull shine caused by the continual handling and rubbing which the piece has been subjected to throughout the long years of use.

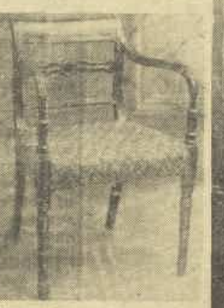
This condition is known as "patina," the joy of every keen collector.

Collectors and dealers alike who are interested in the relics of bygone days are ever on the alert for a possible "find." Sometimes one sees a table or a cabinet of outstanding interest soar very high; but almost every day in the week, in the least likely places, little monuments of the past are to be obtained for the proverbial mere song.

*Queen Anne period papier mache chair, floral decorations. About 1710.*

*High-back Windsor type armchair, showing crinoline stretcher rail. About 1750.*

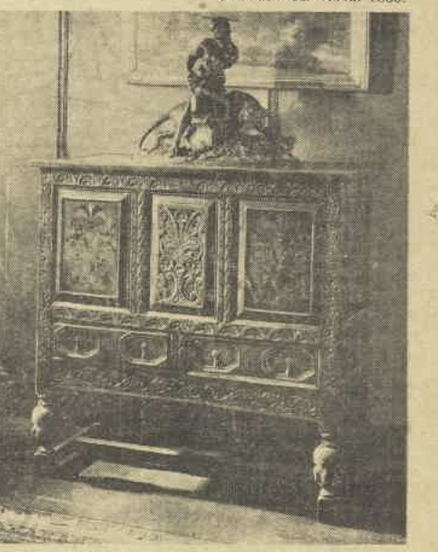
*Rare Adam period elbow chair, with Gothic back. About 1775.*



*Late Georgian mahogany elbow chair. Duncan phyffe type. About 1810.*

*Curious Henry VIII Bobbin chair with oak panel seat.*

*Charles II period, turned and bobbin spindle type, with rush seat. About 1660.*



*CARVED OAK "mule" chest with side panels of marquetry inlaid with various colored woods. About 1690.*

*18th century Japanese porcelain model of rooster. Colored enamel decoration over etched ground. About 1760.*

*Right: Carved jade Chinese bowl. About 1850.*

*CHINESE "gourd shape" vase—period "Kang-Hsi," 1662-1722. This was purchased by a keen collector for 3/-! At right, you see an old Roman "pinch-neck" jug.*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It's the simplest thing in the world to "do over" that shabby furniture in your guest-room with "Dulux" and to turn it into a modern, charmingly coloured room. "Dulux" is DURABLE — it has an amazing "wear-resistance." It has such a beautiful lustre, too, which lasts indefinitely and is so easy to keep clean.

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The Cutex 5-minute care of the nails keeps them in perfect condition. Send 9d for generous trial manicure kit.

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379 Kent Street, Sydney, N. S. W.
I enclose 9d. in stamps for a trial size Cutex Manicure Set, including two shades of Polish.
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# Why sigh for lingerie sets

*—collect them in Duladene piece by piece*

*Both vest and scantie in pink, peach white, bud and sky.*

*Duladene's lace-edged vest with matching scantie—and that scantie! It's a masterful little trick of tailoring. Wide at the legs and next-to-nothing at the waist, where there's just a whisper of "Lastex" yarn to hold you "put". Vest 3/11. Scantie, 3/11.*

EACH exquisite Duladene undie can be matched by other pieces—from the scanties you skip into each morning to the jamas you fall into each night.

Of course, if you're as innocent as a Spring lamb when it comes to judging the wearing qualities of a locknit fabric there's just one thing you must do. Ask the salesgirl to show you Duladene. And look for Bond's label on every garment. For Bond's Duladene is knitted from the very highest quality British rayon. That is why Duladene has scampered away with all honours as the loveliest and longest wearing lingerie that you can buy.

P.S. Bond's Duladene bloomers are cut with *extra* roominess. S.W., W., O.S. 2/11, X.O.S. 3/11, X.X.O.S. 4/11.

**Bond's**

**DULADENE**

Pronounced DULL-A-DEAN

*Look for the Bond's label—it guarantees you more for your money*


# CHRYSANTHEMUMS *for Autumn* GLORY

**You must find a place for these regal daughters of the sun; no plant is easier to grow, and now is the time to prepare for them.**

*. . . says the Old Gardener*

**The seasons seem to come and go so quickly that we have to plan well ahead to keep our gardens up to standard with a wealth of color and blooms.**

***Easter-time is the beginning of the chrysanthemum season, but to have a really lovely display we must commence preparations at once. It seems a long time to wait to see the result of our labors, but throughout the summer months there are countless varieties of flowers to keep our gardens gay, and when the glory of the summer display is fading along comes the chrysanthemum to give charm and abundant color.***

*A MASS OF glowing color — the Mayfield Decorative chrysanthemum makes a glorious display and will bloom freely.*

THERE is no flower easier to grow than the chrysanthemum, especially in Australia, where there is everything in its favor—soil, climate and lots of sunshine.

Gardeners who are growing the Mayfield Decorative from seed this year will have a delightful surprise in store for them at flowering time—such a splendid array of colors, and to have them blooming in June will give you such a grand feeling of superiority. Why not plant some now? You may still obtain seeds from the Women's Weekly Seed Department.

Chrysanthemums will thrive in an open, sunny spot, so select a north or north-easterly position against a fence or building, and so protect them from the southerly and westerly winds.

If a position like this is not available in your garden, then an artificial wind break should be built.

The beds should be long and narrow, for then the plants can be attended to during the growing period without having to walk on the bed. Spraying for fungus diseases and aphis, too, can be simply done, and flowers picked without any trouble.

## Soil Preparation

DEEP soil is not essential, for shallow beds will produce equally excellent results as beds with deep soil. Chrysanthemums are surface feeders, so manure and fertilisers must not be dug deeply into the soil, but forked in lightly. The quality and quantity of the flowers will naturally depend on the nature of the soil.

Good, loamy soil with plenty of staple or farm-yard manure is ideal, and a sprinkle of blood and bone and superphosphate mixed in equal parts and scattered over the beds will produce excellent results. A double handful to the square yard would be quite sufficient. And, of course, the stronger and healthier the plants become, the better chance they have of combating all diseases and insect pests.

## How to Plant

WHEN the beds are ready for planting, mark out in rows, and drive in stakes about 3 feet 6 inches high, and 3 feet apart, and place one plant at the base of each stake. As the seedlings grow bigger keep them securely tied to the stakes, and when the plants are from 5 to 6 inches high, nip out the centres, and so force them to send out laterals, which in turn are also pinched, and so you will have compact and trim bushes, instead of tall and miserable ones. No chrysanthemum plant should be allowed to grow any higher than from 3 to 4 feet.

October and November are the correct months for planting, and during the growing period you must be particularly careful to keep the plants clean.

## Spray Regularly

RUST and aphis are the two pests which are likely to prove the most troublesome. However, periodical spraying with lime sulphur or Bordeaux mixture will prevent rust, so spray your plants whether they need it or not. When using the lime sulphur, use 40 parts water to one part of the sulphur, or if spraying with the Bordeaux mixture, use two ounces to one gallon of water.

Aphis can be easily detected. They make their appearance on the tender young shoots of the plant, and are always massed closely together. They can be destroyed most effectively by spraying with nicotine (Black Leaf 40) — one teaspoonful to each gallon of water. Another splendid cure is to dissolve cake of sunlight soap in a gallon of boiling water, and then add one dessertspoonful of kerosene, stir well and spray while still warm.

Do not try to grow chrysanthemums in a shady position, for they revel in the sunshine, and then again, aphis usually choose shady spots, so the selection of a sunny position is going to save quite a lot of trouble.

IF you are one of those unfortunate people who do not possess a garden you may still share in the glory of the chrysanthemum and even have the thrill of growing them yourself. Pots, tubs, tins, boxes, or practically anything that will hold soil can be used for your chrysanthemum plants. All they require is a few inches of good rich soil and plenty of morning sun. So why be without them?

All the popular varieties and many charming new types of the chrysanthemum are obtainable through our Seed Department.

The double varieties include:—Anamath Ghoeh (heliotrope shade), Bessie Cook (pink), Canada (silvery pink), Carrie White (white), Dawn (pink), Rec Majestic (old rose), Pink Pocket (pink), Madam Maggie Stirling (crimson), J. S. Lloyd (lemon), Edith Cavell (rose), Lady E. Miller (yellow), Golden Champion (yellow), Red Cavell (red), Lady Swanson (white, showing pink), Monda (rose).

Or, if you prefer the single types, take your choice of:—Bronze Queen (bronze), Mensa (white), Yellow Giant (yellow), Mabel Sutherland (golden bronze), Conspicuous (rose pink), or Shirley Higgins (dark crimson).


**NEW CHRYSANTHEMUMS**

**"MAYFIELD DECORATIVE"**

Here's a strain of Japanese Chrysanths that grows easily from seeds—produces myriads of single, semi-double, and double flowers of light and graceful form; in all the fashionable shades of bronze-yellow, brown, red, pink, and lamp. Stems are long and wiry, and the blooms last for many weeks in water. What a boon to busy housewives and CUT FLOWER GROWERS! The blooms are borne from April to July, when other flowers are scarce. They are not damaged by rain so readily as other chrysanths, and the plants are extremely hardy and disease resistant. Seeds sown now flower profusely this coming Autumn and Winter. Price, 1/- and 2/6 pkt., post free. Bulk Prices on application.

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Carry a tin with you—slip a tablet into your mouth when you're close to others. You will have far greater peace of mind when your breath is not unpleasant.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

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MT253.



NEW BEAUTY CREAM that dissolves away UNWANTED HAIR

An amazing new discovery by a celebrated Chemist. Dissolves the Keratin in the hair and hair roots so that it just falls away. No odour, no mess or bother. Simply spread this dainty toilet cream on the skin—wash off with water—and every trace of hair is gone. Skin is left soft and smooth; no stubble; no coarse regrowth. The razor method is old fashioned and dangerous. Only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Nasty smelling pastes and powders are out of date. The up-to-date scientific way is New Veet (new and improved formula). Get a tube to-day and end your superfluous hair troubles for ever. New Veet 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all chemists.


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# BETTY'S *"Racey"* NARRATIVES

## When a Northwind Meant Tea Instead of Champagne

By BETTY GEE

*Girls, beware of Caulfield Cup days!*

**Why didn't I look up the history of the race and see that Palfresco was 20 to 1 last year, Journal 16 to 1 the year before, Gaine Carrington 16 to 1 the year before that, and Rogilla 14 to 1 the year before that, and so on ad libitum right back to the apparently far-off and gloriously victorious days of hot-pots like Manfred and Whittier.**

***There was another long shot, the longest in all the history of the Caulfield Cup, when Northwind won the Caulfield Cup on Saturday at 66 to 1.***

**You can always find a few know-alls who tell you a reason why you should never have missed backing a winner of a race—afterwards—but Northwind confounded even these. There was not even a zephyr to blow the weathercock of their fickle fancy in this direction.**

*Sydney owners who had horses running and a few of the "heads" were the only ones from our State, so the slaughter was confined to Victorian punters. Still, I was one of the fools who came down too early to join the poor lambs in the sacrifice.*

**But what I thought was this: I could get the "exes" out of our champion Sydney filly, Siren, in the Burwood Handicap, the first race, and then close my purse and look on.**

**But hopes built on plans like that don't merely collapse like a Spanish bridge—they pitch you into a stream of mad betting when they are beaten.**

Well, to cut a harrowing tale to its conclusion, I took £10 to £4 Siren. Darby Munro rushed her to the front, but she died in his hands fifty yards from the winning-post, and with nobody to hasten to her assistance, Arbalest, a 50 to 1 chance on the tote, beat her into second place.

*That started the trouble.*

*Dr. Syme, Melbourne's richest medico, gave us all the tip that his Corra couldn't lose the Mona Nursery and when I saw that Andy Knox was the jockey, I just put my head down and went in for £12 to £2.*

But just to be contrary, Corra bolted off the course at the home turn. When she'd apparently got the drink she wanted in the bar in the Leger the field had passed by, and she wasn't placed.

**Jack Heeney went sweeping through the ring backing Ronsardian for Darcy Eccles in the next race, the Gwyn Nursery. I heard him tell Hughie Smith, from Sydney, that it was "a lay-down misere," so I took £8 to £1.**

**Ronsardian might have been just as good as they all thought, but the field was most impolite, treading on his toes and buffeting him round like a cork in the ocean, and he was never in the hunt.**

### It's an Ill Wind—

*I overlooked that nobody ought to take a tip from Jack Heeney, for a man who can win the Epsom with Gay Lover and then lose it on a protest must have been shorn of whatever luck he ever had. Let that be a lesson for the rest of the spring!*

*But just the same, Ronsardian will win a race soon—when Jack Heeney doesn't back him.*

**And now came the Cup, and instead of chasing my losses I should have been sitting at afternoon tea calmly awaiting another and easier opportunity. Because I had twelve tips in the Cup, and that was more than half the field, so a lot of owners must have thought they had a lot of chance of winning it.**

But when Frank Dalton in his casual way told me that he didn't think Silver Standard would win, but that he would win it by a long way, I thought, "well, he's the most optimistic to date and if none but the brave deserve the fruits of victory, well the Cup's in his pocket."

*So I took £20 to £2 and put £2 out for a place. But a lot of good that did me. Silver Standard was just proceeding to win as Frank Dalton said he would, when Northwind blew in his face. Willie Cook reefed a couple of nails, but it was no good. Northwind beat him by half a length.*

The tote just gave me back the £2 for a place that I lost on him straight out. I was sorry for Frank. The Cup would have meant big money to him.

**There were 65,000 people at the Caulfield Cup and I don't suppose more than five people on the course backed Northwind. You should have seen the books running round shaking hands with each other and with themselves too, and buying themselves pocketfuls of cigars.**

*Northwind made a present of from £500 to £5000 to each of those 100 bookmakers in the paddock at Caulfield. I wonder if Dickie could get a licence as a bookmaker.*

*I couldn't face betting on the Steeple, so I waited for the final curtain and it was like the last scene in "Hamlet" — full of tragedy for the punters when Aurie's Star crashed.*

**Yes, it's quite right—Caulfield is a little early for spring killings; in fact, it is the graveyard of blighted hopes. These terrific "boilovers" are all right for Melbourne novice punters, but why bring Sydney money to the sacrifice?**

However, now I'm here, I'm going to Moonee Valley next Saturday, and I think I can see means of getting square. For instance, the boots at our hotel says he's been talking to the boots at the hotel where Alan Cooper stays, and he says Joan Darling is "a sitter" for the St. Albans race for fillies. I hope she draws a different division to Delight, because that's another from Sydney who can scald the turf for the four furlongs in this race.

*And then there's Theolos, who won at Randwick the other day. How are they going to overtake him in the colts' division of this race if Danny Lewis decides to get some easy money at the Valley?*

**I believe Mala's going to break into the money at last in the Cox Plate at the Valley, too, but I'm told by a little bird that Joe Cook has hopes of Heritor for the Dundonald Handicap.**

**And what do you think—Sir Hugh Denison, his owner, is over here to celebrate this win.**


Our Book Offers

Here is Token CG21 in the "Australian Home Cookery" and "Australian Home Gardener" Book Offer.

TOKEN CG 21

CUT OUT NOW AND KEEP IT CAREFULLY WITH YOUR VOUCHER

TOKEN BB 39

Here is Token BB39 in The Australian Women's Weekly

"BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER

Here is Token D56 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories."

TOKEN D 56

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER



ASTROLOGY

Will I always be unlucky?
When will my conditions improve?
What is my Lottery luck?
Will I realise my ambitions?
What are my future prospects?
All questions answered and full Astrological Reading for 2/6. Send P.N., Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. A. Moore, Box 3427B, G.P.O., Sydney.



KEEP FIT AND YOUNG

You can only succeed if you keep healthy and young. So many people, however, lose fitness and youth early in life that it behoves you never to neglect nature's simple little rule—regular elimination. The consequence is constipation. Young people who should be full of business, pleasure and the joy of living are moping about, "indisposed," irritable, sickly, martyrs to Headaches and Biliousness, which are bound to tell their tale in later years. Keep Fit! Keep Regular! Constipation is a positive danger! The symptoms are many — the remedy simple. Constant headache, sallow skin, furred tongue, dull eyes, all are symptoms of constipation. Beecham's Pills are the simple remedy. World-renowned for their gentle, thorough and safe cleansing of the system, composed entirely of vegetable ingredients, they protect your health, keep the sparkle in your eyes and the spring of youth in your step—in a word, they keep you FIT!

TAKE Beecham's PILLS

the world's medicine.

FOR CONSTIPATION, LIVERISHNESS, HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, STOMACH PAINS.


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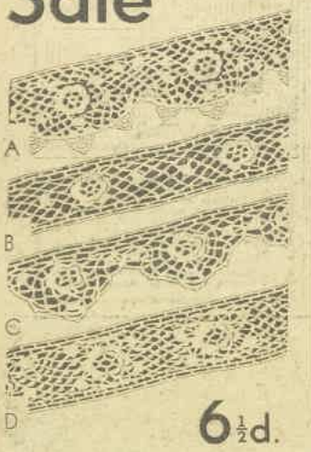
# FARMER'S

## Laces Sale




**6½d.**

Usually 1/3 to 1/11 yd.

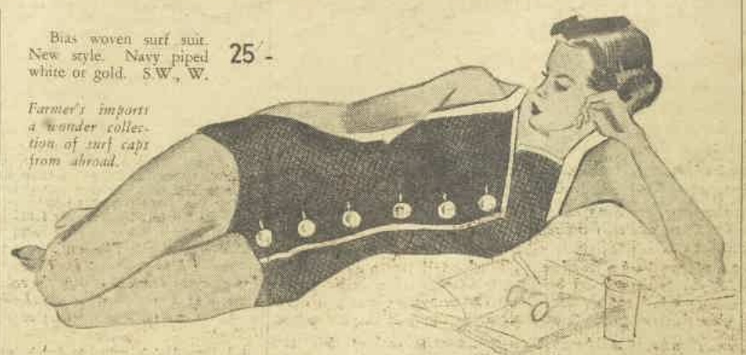
Hand-made crochet laces and insertions of a beautiful quality linen thread. Two designs, with insertions to match. Grand for children's frocks. Honestly, such quality lace never sold at 6½d. yard.

**7½d.**

Us. 1/11, 1/3 Cluny Lace

Hand-made Cluny Laces in many novel and interesting designs. Widths from 3 to 5 ins. Ideal for nappy or quarter children's frocks. Super quality. Us. 1/3 to 1/11 yard. Now, 7½d. yard; 6/11 dozen.

When ordering by mail, quote A, B, C, etc.



Bias woven surf suit. New style. Navy piped white or gold. S.W., W. **25/-**

*Farmer's imports a wonder collection of surf caps from abroad.*

## Shipshape Seaside Kit

Farmer's Surf Shop opens for summer

Culottes printed with jolly Jack Tars, smacking of wind in the rigging. A trim navy suit nautically piped in white—a wonderful bias weave that fits like a lick of paint. All else in the seafaring spectrum from ensign red to quarantine yellow. *4th Floor.*

**22/6**

Springy knit wool surf suit, butterfly style. Coral, jade, sea-green, blue, navy.

**25/-**

Uncrushable silk linen culotte suit. Nautical print, blue, green, coral, brown, natural ground. 24-28.

Brown kid court. Pastel kid contrasting front trim. Hand turned. Also black, navy kid.

**22/9**

In B, C, D widths. Halfs, from 2 to 7½

"Regent" Court. Black, brown, navy kid. High, Louis heels.

**18/9**

Halfs, 2 to 7. Silver, 23/9. Gold, 29/6.

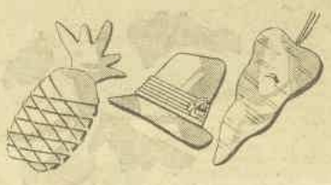
*Stocks for Mail Orders.*

## The court rises . . .

Taking its proud place as summer's most popular shoe. Farmer's has them in many leathers—and they're mostly hand turned. *On Third Floor*

## Baby NOVELTIES!

Babies here and abroad are realizing just how VERY important their novelties are. Illustrated is **orange squeezer at 5/11.** And a **chick feeder** (holder with spoon and fork) at **6/11.** *Fourth Floor*



## BUTTONS

### Tyrol and Salads

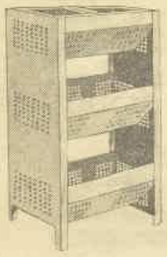
Vegetarians take their inspirations from salad reproductions. Tyrol hats for Swiss-minded. Latter in navy, brown, red. Carrots in white and red. Pineapples in red. All **1/-**

*Ground Floor—George Street*

## The "Mary, Queen of Scots"

USUAL, 18/11. The "Mary Stuart"—a far-seeing fashion that originated from the headwear of the Queen of Scots. A gleaming straw that curves in from the crown to make a low dip over the eyes. Ribbon trim **14/11**

*Third Floor*



## In the kitchen

At Farmer's there's everything from mops to match-holders. Colourful vegetable tidys, imported service trays, butter coolers. All have earned their place.

Vegetaires. Green, blue, red, white **7/11**

Butter keeps firm in a galvanised cooler **2/11**

Service trays. Oblong or oval. Designed. **2/6**

*You'll find Madame Pauline in the "Cosmetics", Ground Floor. That's in the George Street end of the Building.*

## MADAME PAULINE

**Continental representative of Le Charme & Cie. Paris, comes to Farmer's for a short period.**

It is so rarely we have a visit from such a well-known personality in the realm of Beauty Culture as Mme. Pauline, that it behoves every smart Sydney woman to take advantage of this opportunity.

Madame Pauline's background of continental experience as representative of the famous Beauty House of "Le Charme" makes her advice particularly valuable. Farmer's feels that Mme. Pauline can throw a new light on your beauty problems.

In addition to consultations in Farmer's "Cosmetics", Ground Floor, Mme. Pauline will give you a make-up based on your individual colour harmonies, 2/6, by appointment, in the Third Floor Beauty Salon.

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# KISSPROOF

By . . .

MARGOT NEVILLE

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

Complete Book-Length Novel

*Free Supplement To The Australian Women's Weekly.*

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

# KISSPROOF

## *By* MARGOT NEVILLE

UNTIL that disastrous night of June 15 nothing unpleasant had ever happened in the ancient Saxon family of Scroop—that is nothing of a nature that Lady Scroop was wont to call unpleasant. But on this momentous night, Lionel Osborne, the newly - wed husband of Elfreda Scroop, climbed in at his cousin Bartholomew's window—and unpleasantness climbed in with him.

Bartholomew had decided to spend the week-end at the quiet old house in Sussex which was only a stone's throw from Scroop Castle. It was rarely that he could allow himself a pleasure like this, or get town to free him from the programme that grew up around him during the week. But on this Saturday evening he caught the six-ten from Charing Cross, and by eight o'clock he and his mother — and a border of early asters—were engaged in an obviously unequal struggle with the arch-enemy.

By the aster border, the sweet, gentle chatelaine drops the snails one by one, into the pail of burning quicklime, as she stoops tenderly over the plants; while at her side her son, a prey to gloomy visions of billowing trouser knees, stoops tenderly too.

The shadows deepen. The birds are silent. The last snail gives up the ghost with dignity and froth. Dinner is announced. Later, in the drawing room, Barty and his mother play a thoughtful game of double patience—the thought on Mrs. Osborne's part, the patience on her son's. Ten-thirty. Mrs. Osborne drinks a cup of warm milk. Barty ventures on a glass of home-brewed ginger beer, with its unhappy attraction for the passages of the nose in preference to the gullet. Bed . . .

As you see, nothing remotely resembling an incident has come to this peaceful house this evening. No shadow of disaster clouds the happy sleep of Barty and his mother through the short summer night.

Into this death-like silence, presently a sound breaks. The ivy shakes and rustles on the wall, boots scrape noisily against the stones, and breathing almost as audible as Barty's own rises pantingly from below. Then a head comes into view, a leg is thrown over the sill, and Barty, jumping up from his pillow, sees with startled horror his cousin Lionel seated astride the window-ledge!

With an exclamation, Barty sat up and stared open-mouthed as Lionel climbed laboriously into the room and stood swaying in the half light.

Barty's eyes bulged. No, no, Lionel couldn't be drunk. He was under the influence of some strong emotion. Lionel couldn't be drunk! But his collar was burst, his hat was dented, his shirt front was a wreck . . . Everything about him spoke ingobriety. Then it couldn't be Lionel. It was some fellow closely resembling him. But, impossible as it seemed, this intruder was calling him "Barty, ol' man."

"Barty, ol' man, don't let me dishturb you. Come to shay good-bye!"

"Great Scott! What's the matter?"

"I've done a terrible thing."

"You've . . . you've what?"

"I've utt'ly ruined myself. I've dishgraced the family!"

Barty leapt out of bed and grasped his cousin by the arm.

"What is it? What have you done?"

"Don't question me." Lionel, swaying, waved him aside. "Give me a revolver. Put an end to myself."

"No, no, you're shot already. For heaven's sake, tell me."

"Shut the window. He saw me."

"Who? The police?"

"No, the milkman." Lionel staggered a few steps forward and steadied himself with the bed rail. "Don't know what made me do it," he was saying in a dead voice.

Barty shook him by the shoulder.

"Will you tell me what's happened? What have you done? Then we'll decide if you ought to give yourself up or try to escape."

LIONEL looked at him vacantly and then shook his head.

"Too late. I got drunk and went to a night-club."

"Yes, yes, of course. But what was it? I quite understand that you were drunk when you did it."

"Did what?"

"Yes, what?"

"Never thought I had it in me," he moaned. In the half light the two cousins stood regarding each other with tense, white faces. "Everything going all right. Married to a goddess, and then a moment of madness and I plunge us all in tragedy. Barty, ol' man, I'd have given the world to undo it, but the police came in and there I was. I couldn't conceal it."

The hair rose on the back of Barty's neck.

"The body?" he whispered hoarsely.

"No body."

"Thank Heaven! The money then? Did they find it on you?"

Lionel looked at him dully.

"I dunno what you're talking about. I've told you already, if you'll only keep quiet and listen."

"No you haven't, old chap. You only think you have."

"I tell you, I got drunk and went to a night-club."

"But was that before or after?"

Lionel pulled himself together and looked haughtily at his cousin.

"I don't know what you're driving at, Bartholomew. I don't follow your in . . . in . . . insinuendoes. I have tried to put it in blunt words—I got drunk and went to a night-club!"

The truth began to break in on Barty, just as the morning air from the window began to chill him through his pyjamas. He remembered his cousin's upright life at the same instant as he remembered that he had no slippers on his feet. His eyes rested incredulously on the dejected figure before him.

"Do you mean to say, you poor mutt—do you mean to say that that's all you've done?"

"Isn't that enough—and more?"

"And you haven't murdered, or robbed a bank, or—"

"Barty!" he implored.

Barty sneezed, and, climbing back into bed, pulled up the clothes.

"And you mean to say," he repeated, sitting up and gesticulating angrily, "that to tell me this, you climbed up two stories and tore the ivy to shreds; strands of it are still draping you like a village Bacchus . . . Did you think your flaming sin was going to drive me shrieking from my bed?"

"Who else could I tell? When I realised this morning the low, degraded thing I'd become, naturally my mind flew to you."

"H'm . . . " Barty sank back on the pillow. "Oh, well, have another spot and let me get off to sleep."

But Lionel stumbled across the room and sank on to the foot of the bed.

"You don't seem to understand, Barty. It's far more serious than you think. The police raided the place."

Barty's intimate acquaintance with these haunts prompted the question:

"What place?"

"A place called Carlo's, I think it was."

"Oh, Carlo's. Well, the police are always doing that. It's the only chance the poor blighters have of seeing a bit of life."

"Yes, but they took my name. They led me out into the streets. Oh, I can never hold up my head again!"

Barty hunched himself and pulled up the clothes irritably.

"That's probably the last you'll ever hear of it. I never heard such a fuss about nothing!"

But Lionel refused to be comforted as fresh aspects of his crime came back to him.

"I spent a tenner," he moaned. "I lost the scarf Elfreda knitted me, left it in the taxi I think . . . First time I'd worn it."

"BUT what were you doing in town, anyway? Weren't you at the Crawfords' for the week-end? What brought you back?"

"Measles."

"Good life! Measles!"

"I saw the Thompson's there," he still communed with himself. "Fortunately they didn't spot me."

"Of course they didn't. Measles don't spot you—I mean the rash doesn't appear till later. But it really is a bit thick, bursting about at night-clubs with measles, like the Masque of the Red Death—"

Lionel waved him down with a weary hand.

"I haven't got measles. The Craw-

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ford children got them, and the house-party came back to town."

"Oh, I see."

"I knew that something awful would happen when Elfreda couldn't come with me! The first week-end since we were married that we've ever been separated! It seemed unnatural."

"But that was yesterday. Why didn't you come straight down to the castle to Elfreda?"

"Oh, why didn't I! I meant to. But there was no train—and then—"

"And then you had a couple of drinks and thought you'd look in at Carlo's."

"Nothing of the sort . . . It wasn't at all deliberate like that." He paused and then brought out in a strangled voice, "And I didn't go alone!"

"You surprise me! Do I understand that you shattered the monastic calm of Carlo's by roystering in with a companion? Who did you go with? Elfreda?"

Lionel winced.

"You will oblige me, Bartholomew, by not linking my Elfreda's name with that den of infamy; that sink! She flashed to my mind once or twice during the evening, and I wondered if I should ever be able to kiss her pure cheek again."

Barty sat up.

"What are you trying to break to me?"

"I . . . I went there with a girl."

"Impossible! Who?"

"Susie."

"Susie who?"

"Susie Lovatt."

"Susie Lovatt! Well, that was unfortunate. The one night in the year when you're torn from Elfreda's arms, you get hoofed out of Carlo's, and, of course, it has to be with the one girl in the world that, except Elfreda, you've ever looked at. You have crashed rather badly, I'll admit."

Lionel's head sank in his hands. He writhed at this plain statement of his shame.

"Oh, why did I do it? When Elfreda finds out . . . How she'll shrink from me! The shame . . . the disgrace! I'm not fit to touch her now."

"Tell me, how came you to be led into this mischief?"

"It all happened before I realised."

"It often does."

"I was on my way to dine before catching a late train down to my Elfreda, when I ran into Susie just outside the Berkeley. Hadn't seen her for years. We naturally had a talk, and then she said—or I said—'Let's go and have a cocktail,' so we had a cocktail, and then—"

"And then one of you said, 'Let's have another!'"

"Yes, I believe you're right," Lionel considered profoundly. "I believe you're right. Then I said—or she said, naturally—'Let's have dinner,' so we had dinner, and at about half-past eleven I suddenly noticed that it was too late for my train, and Susie said she didn't think her friends would be waiting dinner for her any longer, so we went to see an old friend of her father's . . . very old friend . . . very dear old friend . . . lost both legs in the war, and used to play the flute awfully well, and Susie always thought if it hadn't been for that he'd have asked her to marry him, but Susie thinks we must have gone to the wrong house, because somebody leaned out of the window and told us not to ring any more as his wife had decided to do without it . . . and then we went for a bit of a walk along the . . . the Embankment, I think it was, and then one of us said, 'Let's look in at a night-club.'" He paused for breath.

"That was she, I'll bet. The woman tempted you."

"Not at all. I believe it was I. You've no idea of the curious mood I was in by this time, Barty . . . a 'straordinary happy sort of feeling. . . . Oh, very curious." He passed a hand over his disordered hair. "Oh, why did I ever suggest it! What a fool, what a fool I was! My whole life's happiness wrecked for a moment of madness!"

"Look here, if you can't think of anything more exciting than this, do bang off and let me close my eyes again. Elfreda needn't hear a word about it. What's all the stew about? Just ring up your pal Susie and say, 'Look here, not a word about last night,' and there the matter ends."

"Yes, that sounds easy enough. It would be if it were only Susie, but as a matter of fact someone saw me."

"Of course. Someone would. Who was it?"

"Major Homer."

"What! Old Homer at Carlo's? But what could be better? That silences him . . . I don't know what the place is coming to."

"He wasn't there. He was passing in the street just as the police were handing some of us down the steps. I suppose he was on his way home after a late sitting at the House. I saw him first, and I tipped my hat over my face, but I saw him cock his eye at me as though he thought he recognised me, and I'm pretty sure he did."

Barty looked at him a moment without speaking.

"Of course, that alters everything," he said thoughtfully. "Now I see the cause of your anguish. If Major Homer saw and recognised you . . . then the only thing I can suggest is that you let Elfreda know the worst and ask Lady Scroop to divorce you."

"Barty! I couldn't do it. You know perfectly well that Elfreda is the only girl in the world for me. I'd rather die than lose her . . . I would, really. The dearest thing in life to me, that's what she is, that girl."

"Then go and tell her. Tell her the whole thing before the Major gets a chance to."

"No, no, I couldn't."

"But you must. It's your only hope. You know he won't rest till he gets this story told. The old boy would rather spread a scandal than eat . . . or drink, almost . . . and one like this, the son-in-law of his dear old friend Lady Scroop. He won't be able to get down to the Castle quick enough."

Lionel shrank from the brutal words.

"Don't torture me. I know. I've thought of all that."

"Then take it from one who knows. Have another drink, and a bath; have a change. Did you come down by car? You brought your things, I suppose. Then toddle over and tell Elfreda all about it."

"No, no. Pour such a story into her innocent ears! I couldn't do it. And even if I did, and she forgave me, like the angel she is, how should I feel ever after, knowing that her perfect trust in me was gone . . . knowing that whatever happened, that black doubt and suspicion would haunt her, making her afraid to question me, and still more afraid to believe."

"Gosh!" Barty peered, pop-eyed, over the bedclothes.

"Barty, dear boy, wake up, wake up. You're talking so loudly in your sleep," came a voice from the doorway.

Lionel gave one wild glance around, but his aunt stood staring at him from the open doorway.

"Lionel? You?" Her eyes rested with grave astonishment on the irreproachable nephew whom she had brought up with her own son.

"It's all right, mother. It's only old Lionel. He just dropped in to tell me that he . . . that he tried awfully hard to get down last night. Missed his train. Ran after it and just saw it disappear."

"Dear Lionel, are you sure it didn't run after you?" Her calm eyes scanned his crumpled mien.

He ceased the unequal struggle with his collar from which the stud had flown.

"I won't try to deceive you, aunt. I'm in a hideous mess."

"Well, ammonia will put that right, dear boy—so long as it isn't tar."

"Mother, you don't understand. This stain soaks to the very soul. Poor old Lionel got pinched at a night-club."

In a few brief words he explained it all to her, while the victim stood miserably by. When he had finished she considered a minute.

"Well," she pronounced, "Major Homer isn't likely to leave for Scroop Castle till after lunch at the earliest. By the time he's telephoned to Lady Scroop to see if she will be at home, and put off any other engagement he may have . . . yes, he can't be there before four."

A murmur of anguish broke from her nephew.

"Aunt!" he wailed. He seemed to hear the bloodhounds bay.

"That's just what I said," declared Barty. "He must get over to the Castle before the Major can, and tell Elfreda the whole truth."

"The truth, Bartholomew! Try to be a little practical for once. Your cousin's whole happiness is at stake. You know there is nothing I dislike more than untruth, but I see clearly we must tell one good lie and abide by it. It will save a lot of petty unnecessary deceit—a thing I detest."

She walked to the window and looked down into the garden.

"I wouldn't have had this happen . . . for all our sakes. Lady Scroop would be so unpleasantly superior; I should find it hard to bear with her."

A distant expression had stolen over Mrs. Osborne's face.

"You say that Major Homer saw you very indistinctly in the half light—"

An uneasy sense of approaching danger began to steal over Barty. He knew that if his mother had conceived a plan, opposition was useless, yet some blind instinct made him struggle on.

"Well, well," he said airily. "The Major saw him, and that's that. I say the truth is his only hope."

As though not hearing, the resistless force swept onward.

"Your hat pulled down and your coat collar pulled up—"

"Most characteristic of old Lionel. Couldn't mistake him like that," Barty fought on.

"So that he couldn't possibly be sure . . ." She turned her eyes on Lionel. "Now, what you want, dear boy, is a bath and a pick-me-up. Mix yourself a Lizard's Tongue—a spoonful of brandy, a dash of bitters, and half a glass of champagne."

"Mother! How on earth—"

"Well, my dear Barty, when your father—I mean, of course, everyone knows that these things are sometimes necessary if

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young men will be so foolish." Her managing eye was now levelled at her son. "Barty, dear, there's a train up to town at nine-fifteen. You will find the Major during the morning at his club, for sure." Her nephew's face was filled with a rapt light. Barty was still now in surrender. "You will meet him as though by accident and refer quite openly to last night. You must show the old man how mistaken he was in supposing it to be Lionel. There is only one thing to be done," she pronounced with finality. "It will clear Lionel and do Barty no harm whatever. Barty must say it was he."

AN hour or so later, Barty was dressing to go back to town. He was standing before his mirror in his shirt sleeves and a mood of blackness. That he should be hustled like this back to London on a fine, midsummer Sunday morning! The first time he had been able to fight his way down here for weeks, and this was the sort of reception he got! While Lionel . . . ! He noisily slammed a drawer . . . Lionel would be lounging about in the garden making love to his Elfreda with a free mind.

But hadn't it always been the same? Blame Barty, of course. Even as babes together, if Lionel had eaten the green apples, it was he, Barty, who was given the castor oil. Lionel could never do any wrong, and now, the one occasion on which he had flagrantly broken all the laws of God and man, he was given a bath and a Lizard's Tongue, while he, Barty, meekly went up to town and perjured his soul for him.

His face was screwed into a heavy scowl as he tied his tie.

It wasn't that he minded telling the Major it was he who had been hoofed out of Carlo's, but he was annoyed at having to do it on a fine Sunday. Lionel always had been tactless. Why couldn't he have gone off the rails on a Monday night? But to-day, just when he, Barty, had looked forward so passionately to a stroll through the meadow to church . . . and home again to lunch, with perhaps the vicar dropping in for tea; and in the evening, croquet, or another bout with the snails. . . . How hard for a devoted country lover like himself to be forced away just when those little flowers—what were they?—were blooming away there in the border; just when the birds were making all that row in the trees, and the little bees and dragon-flies—or whatever they were—were rushing about gathering honey, or—or whatever it was they did. It was a black shame, that's what it was!

He swung round and knocked his elbow ringingly on the corner of the wardrobe. The pain stung him sharply. Goodness, how good he was to Lionel! He clasped his arm and rocked a moment in anguish. Sometimes he woke up in the night and thought he was too good to him!

As if life weren't trying enough without this new complication! Work and work and work from one year's end to the other. Of course, work as work he had no quarrel with, but it did interfere so infernally with your life. The heavens might fall, but 11 o'clock on a Monday or Tuesday morning found him in his chair in the offices of the "Agrarian Review," and there he stuck until midday on Thursday, when he wrenched himself away for a few sets of tennis at Queen's; a man had to keep fit for his work somehow. Then back to the old round on Friday morning, to slave and sweat in the busy hive until Friday evening, when the week-end mercifully began. It was pretty hard luck, he reflected, that, born as he had been, with all the finer instincts of the drone, he should also have been born with only a sketchy five hundred pounds a year, so that he had to spend his days in scraping another three or four hundred together in order to keep body and soul as per agreement.

It was true that he was his uncle Lord Wilfred Rotherhurst's favorite nephew, and would come into a fairly considerable fortune on the old gentleman's death, and so long as Barty could remember, his mother had been apprehensive of this gloomy event. A constant phrase on her lips was: "If anything should happen to your Uncle Wilfred." Every Christmas since Barty had been old enough to hold a pen, she had prompted: "Be sure and write to your Uncle Wilfred, Barty. He may not be here next Christmas," and the sight of a telegraph boy never failed to bring forth: "I hope nothing has happened to your Uncle Wilfred." But for the moment life was just one confounded long grind.

He brushed his hair, struggled into his coat, kicked his slippers across the room, and walked out into the corridor. The silence of the sleeping house was like a smart to his wounds. He paused outside his cousin's door. He, of course, was fast asleep. So evidently was his mother. The dining room was empty.

He ate his breakfast morosely. Even the faithful Sarah's casual remark as she placed the eggs before him: "Going to be a beautiful day, Mr. Barty, the best we've had for weeks," seemed thought out to taunt him. Not a soul to speak to him; not a soul to thank him for what he was doing, nor find his hat, nor see him to the door. Oh, no!

He sped the half mile across the fields to the station, and sank into the train just as it was moving out.

ALL Lady Scroop's fault, he told himself; that woman had a positive strangle-hold on Lionel and Elfreda.

The family into which his cousin had grudgingly been allowed to marry had held its own—and frequently its neighbors'—for a dozen or so of centuries in the south-east region of Sussex; yet Lady Scroop maintained that in all that time no "unpleasantness" had ever tarnished those proud annals. There had been, it is true, that slight matter in the ninth century, when Earl Godric, the then head of the house, had had a trifling difference with his sovereign about a couple of marrow bones as they sat at meat, and for this bumptiousness sections of him had adorned the gate posts of the Royal residence for several weeks. But that was not an "unpleasantness"—except, of course, for Earl Godric. It was not, you can see, the sort of thing that makes a family feel touchy, even if it gets about.

Again, there was that occasion a little later, when a certain Sir Richard de Scroupe, riding through the forest one night in a playful mood, had set a woodman's wattled hut ablazing, little knowing that the churl and his brats had given shelter for the night to a powerful neighboring baron. These mishaps didn't count; they were inseparable from the brave old days when knighthood was in flower.

What Hildegarde, the present Lady Scroop, dubbed unpleasant, were such things as a Scroop stooping in marriage, or looking like a Celt, or doing any work, or getting divorced. She had bitterly opposed her daughter Elfreda's alliance with an Osborne. The Osbornes' impoverished state was no barrier; the Scroops never thought about money so long as they could wring forth large rents from their broad lands. But the ideal marriage was with a cousin. Hildegarde herself had been a Scroop before her marriage. The age when there hadn't been plenty of cousins at Scroop Castle was an age of legend. As the old rhyme has it:

"Scrowpe and Stiggins and Copplestone,
When the Conqueror called were all at home,"

and Barty maintained that he saw just such a one as his cousin's mother-in-law giving William his first set-back.

NOR had Lady Scroop any quarrel with the Osborne lineage. They had held that land adjoining the Scroop estate from an almost equally remote age. Like the Scroops, they had fought for their king—or against him—at any rate, they had fought. But the point was, that more often than not, they had fought the Scroops themselves, and there had never been thought of an alliance between the two houses.

But one day Lionel Osborne, then in his seventeenth year, heard cries of distress in the wood, and, rushing to the spot, came upon the blushing fourteen-year-old Elfreda suspended by her bloomers from a holly bush, whither she had climbed in search of its red berries for the harvest decorations of St. Michael and All Angels.

Lionel was a modest young man. There was a story extant in the family annals that once, in his earlier youth, he had endured a dark hour's torment of shame and gnat bites in the bottom of a deep punt, rather than disturb the farmer's cow, whose peaceful mastication of her cud his youthful ears had mistaken for the deep-drawn kisses of rustic lovers.

In this meeting in the wood with Elfreda the traditions of chivalry were powerless to aid him. Necessity beckoned him forward, but modesty waved him back.

"Lop the offending twig and release the maiden," counselled the knightly spirit.

"But her skirt's caught up at the back," complained his ever-ready delicacy.

A few bold strides forward, eyes fixed sternly on the horizon, a twitch of the hand, the sound of rending fabric, and the two stood side by side.

This meeting set the match to the fuse, and after this smiles were exchanged in church and village street. A few years later he remarked on the wetness of the season, as his horse came down in the hunting field a few paces from where her was struggling out of the ditch; and hardly another eighteen months had flown ere he had carried her parcel from the wool shop to the top of the street. This intimacy speedily ripened into deep love, and at the hunt ball, a year later, they danced two dances together, and over a glass of claret cup, in a draughty corner, he told his love.

It needed a stronger stimulant the next morning to carry the news to Lady Scroop. A Scroop to mate with an Osborne! Her blood mounted at the thought. Had Elfreda forgotten that scene of carnage in the beech coppice only four hundred years ago, when the Osbornes had fallen upon the Scroops as they returned from hunting the boar, and killed half their number? Did not the clash of swords still ring in her ears? There had always been some new affront to keep alive the old enmity. Why, only a century ago, at Tunbridge

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Wells, the young Peregrine Osborne, then in the train of the Fourth George, had, by seeming accident, insolently splashed the Chalybeate on the lace ruffle of Sir Marmaduke Scroop, as they lounged in the pump-room taking the waters. Faithless girl! Lady Scroop, in her indignation, was almost as lavish with the contents of the coffee urn as the young Peregrine had been with the Chalybeate.

But the love of the young pair was stronger than all resistance, and within a month Lady Scroop was brought grudgingly to countenance the idea of their marriage. After all, Lionel was a Saxon. The "Daily Pierglass," below a full-page portrait of Elfreda, whispered to its three million readers that the engagement of Lionel Osborne, Esq., to the Hon. Elfreda Scroop was shortly to be made public; and for the first time in history, the two families, naked of sword or shield, exchanged visits.

It was an historic moment when, from the mullioned window, Lady Scroop saw the car bearing Lionel and his aunt come purring into the drive. There, in that south room, from which, in happier times, the molten lead had been poured upon the Osborne heads, they were now poured a cup of tea, and the Scroop hand that erst had launched a spear now proffered a scone.

Only Barty, after one formal dinner, drew out of the entente, and refused further parley. He was glad that good old Lionel was happy; he liked Elfreda; he thought they were excellently matched, but he could not stomach Lady Scroop. The ancient grudge left him cold, but her personality awoke in him the desire to twitch aside the chair that gaped to receive her bending form. She was so confoundedly high and mighty. Half a hundred small things about her roused him to loathing—and it may be said that Lady Scroop disliked Barty with an even greater intensity.

The modern spirit, she felt, was rampant in him. He was not content to sit down quietly on the land of his ancestors, and do as they had done. He preferred rooms in town, the society of Tom, Dick, and Harry—to say nothing of Ruby, Kate, and Maud—and the night club was his spiritual home. So far as Lady Scroop could gather, by a discreet espionage, his habits were far from regular, his tastes were of the most frivolous, and his income was inadequate to his needs. He more often breakfasted on a prairie oyster than on fried eggs and ham, and though his ignorance of Debrett was abysmal, a wine list was an open book to him.

LIONEL, on the other hand, caused her no such anxiety. Once he had entered the Scroop family, he could do no wrong in her eyes—indeed, it is doubtful if he had any inclination to do so anywhere else. He shared none of his cousin's taste for high spots at night and low diet in the morning. He pictured the prairie oyster as running free with the elk and the moose in the great solitudes, and the waiter's murmur of "nineteen-six, sir," over a bottle of Pommery, was for him the hotel's price for the wine.

The pure flame of his love for Elfreda was the only excessive thing in his nature, and by it his studies for the bar were transmuted into poetry. Her little feet seemed to stray with him down the pages of blackmail and bigamy, and her face to smile up at him as he conned his Butterman on Torts.

So, during his engagement, his days passed like a happy dream; and at night, in his chambers in the Temple, he wrote to Elfreda long, burning letters, telling her that he had bought a new bowler hat, and had been to dinner with the Paynes, and that he had had a visit from Uncle Wilfred, and had left his bag in the tube, and all about Briggs v. Briggs, and that he would be down for the week-end.

And Elfreda rose every day an hour earlier, so that she could meet the postman and read these letters out in the wood, in the holy hush of the morning. And she kissed them, and wore them all day in the pocket of her tweed skirt—for these, you see, were no ordinary lovers.

There was no train fast enough—even on the Southern Railway—to bear Lionel to his love at the end of each week. To be alone with her was all the excitement he needed. Tennis and golf and rugger were all right for those poor souls who had not the bliss of helping Elfreda with the garden-party invitations or of digging fern roots with her in the wood. But Lionel and Elfreda found the opposite ends of a tennis court too severe a separation, and croquet was abandoned because neither could bear to beat the other.

This idyllic state had endured even after their marriage, without the minutest lessening of its fervor. Then came that fatal week-end, when Lionel was forced to go on a visit, and Elfreda was forced to stay at home.

BARTHOLOMEW found Major Homer, as he expected, in the smoking-room of his club. An uninterrupted view of the Green Park was before the Major, a generous Scotch and soda was at his side; on his knee was a copy of the "Tatler," open at a photographic study of Spring, skilfully draped in a chain of daisies, and an expression of pleased reverie was on his countenance.

With deadly guile Barty passed him unseeingly, and, crossing to the table, began to scan the papers there. He heard the Major turn in his chair, and felt a close scrutiny on his back. Then that rather fat and husky voice greeted him:

"Morning, Bartholomew. You're a rare visitor here, aren't you?"

Barty swung round.

"Hullo, Major Homer. Not at all. I often drop in here on a Sunday morning when I'm in town. Bright spot, isn't it? I like the atmosphere."

He glanced down the dreary, empty room, to where an elderly veteran lay asleep in his chair, puffed out and inert, like a well-dined boa constrictor. He sank into a chair beside the Major and touched the bell.

"To tell you the truth, I'm not feeling quite up to the mark this morning. I'm going to have a small bottle of champagne. Will you split it with me?"

"No, no, not for me, thanks. A sober Scotch is all I need."

"Don't I wish I could say the same." He passed a hand over his brow. "A small bottle of Pommery, waiter, and see that it's ice-cold."

The Major's eyes were on him interestedly. The Major's eyes were glazed and prominent from a life-long habit of trying to see as far as possible into other people's affairs. His beak was glazed and prominent, too, from a life-long habit of dipping into other people's old brandy. He closed an eye at Barty.

"I imagine your young cousin Lionel's head is lying a bit thick on his pillow this morning, too."

"Lionel? Why, what's wrong with Lionel? He's out of town."

The Major hesitated an instant.

"You weren't at Carlo's last night, were you?"

Barty also appeared to hesitate.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I was. I didn't think you spotted me, sir, though I thought I saw you going along the street just as I was being passed out."

MAJOR HOMER'S glass paused half-way to his mouth. A blankness as of disappointment hung his jaw.

"But—but——?"

Barty looked up innocently.

"But what?"

"But I thought it was Lionel," he blurted.

Barty laughed lightly.

"My dear Major, Lionel at a night-club! Dear me, no. Nothing of that sort. Not at all. Lionel at a night-club! What next! Ha, ha! Well I never! Good lord! Old Lionel. That's a ripe idea." He laughed brightly again.

The Major's face was dropping like Noah's barometer before the flood. He looked at Barty with ill-concealed hostility, as at one who had snatched a golden draught from his lips. He murmured thickly:

"Do you mean to say it wasn't Lionel at all? It was you I saw?" With his nose in his sparkling drink, Barty nodded. "I must say I thought it a little strange," the old man admitted. "Your cousin Lionel, just married to Elfreda Scroop, and all that. Still, you're very alike, the two of you, aren't you?"

"Oh, very, very. We're often taken for twin cousins, he and I. Only the other day a fellow came up and paid me back a fiver Lionel had lent him. Easy enough mistake to make."

"I might have known it was you," the Major murmured pessimistically.

Barty finished his glass and rose.

"Look here, sir, if you're not too busy next session, why don't you introduce a bill for the protection of the down-trodden night-club classes? It's a scandal. . . You can hardly put foot to floor these nights without the bobbies bursting in and clamoring for your name and collaring the liquor."

The Major looked glum as Barty bade him good-bye and strolled out.

If a man can be said to be cheerful at midday on Sunday in Piccadilly he was. The Major's disappointment had been a better stimulant than the champagne, and his own lie, stoutly told and well and truly believed, was, he felt, his good deed for the day.

That settled Lionel's trouble. There was no chance in the world now, that Elfreda would ever hear.

He climbed his stairs. Standing outside his sitting-room was Elfreda, her hand just raised to knock.

"Hullo, Elfreda. This is a surprise. Come in." He opened the door and drew her in.

She turned a stricken face to him.

"Oh, Barty, I simply had to come and see you!"

"Good. Why not?"

"I was afraid you were away this week-end."

He mustn't let her think that.

"No, no; I was here last night. I . . . I . . . sit down."

"You're sure I'm not disturbing you?"

"Not a bit. I'm awfully glad to see you. How's Lionel? Is he coming back to-day?"

She answered in a low voice:

"No, thank heaven, he's not!"

He looked at her sharply. That was a

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heartless sort of thing for a young bride to say! She was looking rather down on her luck, too. His heart went out to her as she sank into a chair. His heart almost always went out to her when he saw her looking so unlike her mother. It was a big thing in her favor, he thought.

"What's the matter, old thing?" he asked her. "You're not looking too brisk."

She raised her eyes to his.

"Barty, something terrible has happened."

A horrible unease ran through him. Was it possible that old Homer had shot his load of poison before he saw him?

"Come, come," he faltered. "Perhaps you're mistaken. Things always seem worse on a Sunday."

"No, no. I'm the most miserable girl in London to-day. I couldn't stay at home."

"I know," he said hoarsely. "Major Homer."

She stared.

"Major Homer? What do you mean?"

Good heavens, then she hadn't heard!

"I—er—I—er—I was only going to say 'made your home a howling wilderness,'" he stammered hastily. "You shouldn't interrupt me in the middle of a sentence. I always feel like that when I've got the pip. Must get out. There's so much more solace in a jazz band than in 'Home, Sweet Home' in the black moments. But do tell me what it's all about. Nothing wrong with your mother, I hope?"

"No; she's all right."

He took a turn across the room.

"You know, I can't help feeling he's not a good companion for your mother, that old man."

"Good heavens, what do you mean?"

"Well, I only mean that, being such an old viper, he might spoil your mother's childlike trust in human nature. Not, of course, that she would swallow half the trumped-up stories that he—"

"Oh, don't let us talk about that." She shuddered. "I realise now how many of the unlikely stories we hear about people may be true."

"Oh, I say . . . That old scavenger would be quite capable of spreading scandals about you or me."

"And perhaps," she said in a hollow tone, "if he did, he would only be telling the truth!"

He stared at her, crestfallen again.

"LOOK here, Elfreda, what's all this about? Come on; out with it. What's it all about?"

"I—I don't think I can bring myself to tell you, after all. It's too horrible, too horrible!"

"Whom does it concern? Not Lionel, I hope."

She hid her face in her hands.

"No, no. Don't drag my dear one into it. Oh, Barty," she lifted her face imploringly. "I must get it off my mind, but give me your word you'll never breathe this to a living soul."

He clutched the back of the chair on which he was leaning, and watched her with growing horror.

"Yes, I promise."

"Oh, but even you will never speak to me again. What do you think I did last night?"

He shook his head.

"Well?"

"Well——" she began tremblingly, and then broke off again. "Oh, I'm not fit to be married to Lionel now. Either I must tell him and let him cast me off, or live a lie to him. Why did I do it?"

"There, there, now. Pull yourself together. Don't think me hard on you. What did happen?"

"Last night," she said in a choked voice, "I—I——"

Strange chords of memory were stirring within him.

"I know," he murmured in a tranced tone, "you got drunk and went to a night-club."

She started in horror.

"Barty! You needn't try to make it worse than it was. I wasn't so lost to decency as all that. I was perfectly sober!"

"Good. That's one up on—I mean that's good. But you went to a night-club?"

She hung her head.

"I did. I was taken there. I didn't know what these places were like, and do you know—oh, how easily one can fall into this way of living! — I found myself actually enjoying it!"

"I know, I know. I've felt that sense of pleasure at night-clubs myself."

"I danced," she whispered.

"Tch, tch, tch," he deplored.

"WE had supper, and everyone drank an awful lot — I only drank a little, of course. Everyone was so bright and jolly. The orchestra was so exciting. It was all such fun, and— Oh, how can I talk like this! How terrible of me? It wouldn't have been so bad if only Toddles hadn't—"

"Who," he asked sternly, "is Toddles?"

"I'm afraid I don't know. I—we—they called him Toddles. I don't think I heard his other name."

"And what is it that it wouldn't have been so bad if he hadn't done?"

"Breaking into some people's house. Of course, we didn't know—"

"Elfreda! What are you talking about? Was this Toddles drunk?"

"Oh, Barty, don't look at me like that. Would I have been with him if he had been. You know I'm terrified of drunken men. If I see one in the gutter I always run. He was perfectly sober. As we were driving down Piccadilly—"

"What time was this?"

"Just three. I remember that because I asked Toddles the time as we turned into Piccadilly, and he said it was twenty-five miles past two and Toddles was rather annoyed because I pointed out that he was looking at the speedometer, and at that instant I heard a clock strike three."

"Stop, stop. I don't seem to have got the hang of this thing yet. What were you doing driving about London with a nameless young man at three o'clock in the morning?"

"He was driving me home. You see, I'd gone with the Eatons. I was so miserable when I knew that Lionel would be away till Monday, that when Aunt Maud and the children left the Castle yesterday, I came up to town, and I went to the Eatons' to dinner, and after dinner we went to the theatre, and after that somebody said, 'Let's go to the Crescent.' I think that's what it was called."

He nodded.

"It might be."

"And afterwards we all came out and started getting into cars, and I got in with Toddles because he said he lived near me, and so we started off — and, oh, it's too awful! I feel I can't tell you the rest."

"Nerve yourself. If the rest of it's like this, I can just about bear it."

"Oh, but the rest of it's much worse. Toddles suddenly remembered that he wanted to borrow his uncle's tall hat—"

"No, really, Elfreda! No, really. Come, come, come!"

"Yes, I know. Isn't it awful? I tried to dissuade him, but he was so obstinate. He said his uncle was out of town, but he had a latchkey, so we went to Toddles' uncle's house in Grosvenor Street, but the key wouldn't fit, and—and—oh, Barty, we climbed in the back window and—"

He rose hastily.

"Stop, Elfreda, stop. I don't think I ought to hear any more. I can't believe it of you. I—I—"

"Oh, Barty, you said you wouldn't be hard on me," she wailed.

"Hard on you! I hardly foresaw a tale like this. You and this Toddles and a tall hat climbing in back windows . . . Have you told your mother? Perhaps I'd better hear the rest. Go on."

With downcast eyes she obeyed.

"Well, we went upstairs to the dining room. Toddles thought it all looked rather strange, but he thought his uncle must have had the place done up. Then he said he felt like a glass of port; he said his uncle had some splendid port, so he opened a bottle of old brandy—"

"How happy could he be with either, were t'other dear charmer away."

"Oh, don't interrupt me or I shan't be able to go on. He had some brandy and I had a biscuit, and then—" She turned away and hid her face in shame. "Oh, Barty, I can't tell you the rest!"

His eyes stared down at her and then he too bowed his head. Poor Lionel, he thought, poor, poor old Lionel!

"The door opened," she continued to his averted head.

He swung round.

"The what opened?"

"The front door."

"Is that what you meant?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know, when you said, 'Oh, Barty.'"

"Did I say, 'Oh, Barty'?"

"Yes, of course. You know, you said, 'Oh, Barty, I can't tell you the rest.'"

"Did I? Well, that's what I meant."

"Oh!"

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. Yes. Of course I see. . . . H'm. No. Well, the door opened. Go on."

"WELL, it wasn't Toddles' uncle's house after all! He'd mistaken the number in the dark, and the man coming in saw the light and called out 'Who's there?' and hearing the strange voice in the hall, of course Toddles realised, and he just had time to lock the dining-room door as the man dashed forward."

"This Toddles is a master mind."

"Well, what could he do? The man naturally thought we were burglars, so we couldn't let him in, but Toddles was very nice to him, much nicer than the man was to Toddles. 'Open the door, you blackguard,' he shouted, and I was just ready to faint with terror, and I whispered: 'Oh, Toddles, let us get out before anyone sees us,' and Toddles said: 'That's all right, Elfie, old girl, you make a cut for the back way, and turn on the lights as you go, and I'll keep him talking a minute and creep after you,' and I'd just got to the area door when Toddles came rushing down, and we bolted into the car and away." She brought her story to an abrupt end and eyed him breathlessly.

"I don't know," she whispered, "I simply don't know what I ought to do."

"How do?"

"About Lionel. How can I face him?"

"What? Oh, my dear girl, don't let this

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thing get you down. It certainly is a bad break, but you must tell him all about it. He'll be only too glad — I mean I'm sure he'll be wonderfully forgiving."

"Tell Lionel!" she gasped in horror. "Never, never, never. I should die if I thought that he would ever hear a word of this! I'd rather go right out of his life than tell him. It would make him lose every atom of love and respect for me."

"Dash it all," he said feebly, "do you think it would?"

"I know it," she answered proudly. "I wouldn't have it otherwise. I wouldn't love Lionel as I do if he weren't so faultless, so incapable of wrong himself. I ask you now, could you imagine Lionel taking some girl out to one of these places?"

"Yes," he said, "I could."

"Barty! How dare you!"

"I mean—I mean I could just about imagine it, just about, but you know I'm an imaginative sort of fellow. Of course, I don't mean he would take anyone out to dinner. But if he did, you know fine well he's kiss proof. I know he's an upright fellow, but is he quite the saint you think him?"

"Don't. I can't bear it. Don't try to blacken my darling to minimise my wrong."

"I'll tell you," he said suddenly.

"What?"

"I'll tell him."

Hope vanished.

"Barty, if you dare . . . !"

"Now, look here, my dear girl, I know Lionel's a model and all that, but something to be forgiving about is just what he needs. You let me tell him."

"No, you promised. You swore you'd never speak a word of this. I told you in the strictest confidence. If you breathe a word of it to Lionel, I'll never forgive you."

"Oh, all right, all right. I won't unless you let me. But what do you mean to do?"

"I must think," she considered tragically.

He was silent too. No use arguing with her now. He was sworn to secrecy by them both. The thing to do was to get them together and make them open their hearts to each other.

"Well," he said at last, "now you've told me, the best thing you can do is to forget all about it.

He stopped. The sound as of a chair being tipped over came to them through his closed bedroom door.

Quickly he walked to the door and opened it. Then, with a stifled exclamation, he let go the handle, and, step by step, drew back into the room. Startled, Elfreda sprang up.

"What is it?"

Following his shocked retreat, there appeared at the bedroom door a girl—a dark and lovely damsel.

SUSIE LOVATT stood in the doorway trying to conceal her frantically beating heart. She stifled the panic that rose in her and glanced coolly at the two gaping strangers.

She wasn't going to give away her youth and inexperience by appearing flustered. Here she had been for a whole month in London and this was her first adventure; a month of hard study with her music, and of improving visits with Aunt Agatha to galleries and museums.

Last night, meeting Lionel had been a bit of an adventure—at least it would have been if it hadn't been Lionel—and being turned out of a night-club, that was all right, and best of all, spending the night in a strange man's empty rooms! No, she wasn't going to let them see how inexperienced and countrified she really was.

Drawing herself up to her full height she turned her eyes on the young man.

"Are you the owner of this place?" she asked languidly.

He struggled with his reeling senses and managed to answer:

"Well—er—more or less—not exactly the owner. That is—that is—some of the furniture's mine. The chair over there belongs to me and—and——" He trailed off, his eyes on Elfreda.

"I must apologise," Elfreda was saying tetily. "If I had known that you had anyone here, of course I wouldn't have——"

It suddenly struck him that if Elfreda were not very, very careful she was in great danger of becoming like her mother in time! He didn't know who this ravishing and audacious being was, nor what she was doing in his rooms: he only knew that any move that could make her feel quite at home would have his instant and passionate support.

With a beaming smile of welcome, he turned to her.

"I suppose the simple explanation is, that you're a friend of Mrs. Higgins, or—or something like that, and she, knowing I was away——"

"But you told me you slept here last night," came Elfreda's cold reminder.

"Impossible. I mean, I was in town, but I didn't spend the night here."

"Where did you sleep, then?"

"Oh, I don't know—here and there—at least, not here, there. I spent the night with a friend," he ended impatiently, and turned to Susie. "What is the secret of all this, please? Do you mind telling us?"

"Oh, well, perhaps I'd better explain."

"WELL, if it's no trouble. Perhaps it would be better," the young man murmured in relief.

She turned to Elfreda with a smile.

"It's quite true we never saw each other before. What happened was that last night I—I——"

"You got drunk and went to a night-club," he muttered mechanically.

"Drunk? What is drunkenness? The human race seems to need one kind of intoxication or another." She remembered the vicar had said something like that at a lecture on the East. "I wasn't drunk, and he—well, it wasn't that he drank so much, but I don't think he was used to it and perhaps it went a little to his head. I met him as I was going to dinner. He's a friend of mine, and also"—she turned the smile on Barty— "of yours, and after we had dined and danced he brought me here for supper."

Elfreda's face was—if possible—growing stiffer.

"Good," Barty mumbled. "You see, Elfreda, I told you it was some quite simple explanation. And—and where is he now?" he asked nervously, glancing towards his bedroom door.

"How should I know? He went away at once, at least after we'd had a little supper. He found your wine, some bread, some cheese."

A light was starting to break in on Barty. He edged round the table for a broadside view of her suit-case. He read the initials: "S.L." Good heavens, Lionel! This was Susie Lovatt. He must do something to warn her. He drew back behind Elfreda.

"Of course it's clear to me now who it was," he laughed lightly. "Old—old Tomlinson, wasn't it?" and he levelled at Susie a battery of scowls, grimaces, insinuating nods and winks, and a wealth of crude and vulgar gestures in the direction of Elfreda's back.

The girl neither winced nor shrank from him. A thrill went through her; a jealous wife, she thought. She nodded at once.

"Yes, that's who it was, I think. In the hectic night life we lead these days, we flit about with people and hardly know their names."

"Just like you and Toddles," he murmured to Elfreda.

"Shall I go on?" Susie asked.

"Do." A bright girl this!

"WELL, we had dinner together, and after dinner it was rather late and he'd lost his train—at least, I suppose he didn't actually lose it as——"

"You mean, he knew where it was all right."

"Yes. So we went to a night-club, and after that it was really too late for me to go home. It's all very boring, but I'm living with an aunt and she——" This part of the story, she thought, might rather spoil the impression. "Well, she has curious, old-fashioned ideas, so I—I couldn't go home at that hour. When he said that this place was empty and I might sleep here, I jumped at it. I knew my aunt would think I'd stayed the night with a friend. I've stayed with her occasionally before; and this morning I rang her up and got her to go round and tell my aunt I'd been with her, and get me some clothes. She had just left when you came in. Is it all clear?"

"Excellent. Couldn't be better. Only wish I'd been here to look after you—I mean, of course, I'm jolly glad I was away."

"Thanks." Susie stooped and picked up her case. "Well, I must go. Thanks for your hospitality. Hope I haven't put you out." She stunned him with another of her lovely enigmatic smiles, and then turned to bestow one on Elfreda.

Barty noticed with incredulity that Elfreda didn't respond; in fact she didn't seem to see it. Instead, she was standing with her eyes glued to the small suit-case that Susie held. His eyes dropped to it too. He noticed the corner of some brightly colored article hanging out of the hastily closed bag, but that didn't seem to be enough reason for Elfreda to stand there staring at it as though she were hypnotised. These women were all alike, he thought. Let them catch sight of some gew-gaw or other, something they wanted to copy, or a color they fancied, and they went off into a sort of brooding trance.

He followed Susie to the door.

"I'll get you a taxi. Let me take that."

"Please don't bother."

"No bother. There's a rank just outside."

They reached the street. He hailed a taxi. Susie got in.

She was quite sorry to be going, and as he closed the door and stood looking in at the window, she suddenly forgot the enigmatic beauty, the pale and languid sphinx. She leaned forward and give him her hand impulsively.

"Thank you so much. You have been nice to me. I know it was awful. If my aunt knew, I'd get into a most unholy row. She'd send me straight back to Bideford. I do hope your wife isn't too angry with me."

The taxi started with brutal suddenness. He leapt after it.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. She's not my wife. She's——" But the moron at the wheel had snatched his lovely fare out of ear-shot.

When he entered his room again, Elfreda

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was standing in exactly the same position. She turned a mask-like face to him.

"My Lord! Did you see that scarf hanging out of her bag?"

"Well, yes," he admitted. "It was rather a crude and hideous thing, but perhaps her aunt gave it to her."

"That scarf belongs to Lionel!"

"What! Really, Elfreda, you're becoming quite hysterical."

"It does."

"How could it?"

"I don't know, but it does."

"You must be dreaming! You see a bit of something bright and you say, 'That's Lionel's.' What makes you think so?"

"Because I knitted it with my own hands," she said in a trembling voice.

"My dear old thing, don't go letting ideas run away with you." He leant over and patted her on the shoulder. "I'm quite certain there's some perfectly simple explanation. Now my view is that it's a very extraordinary coincidence. Some other woman has had the same pretty scheme for brighter neckwear, and though it looks the same——"

"Oh, I don't know what to think, what to do! My mind is in a whirl of hideous imaginings. How can I live through the hours till he comes home to-morrow! You know I wouldn't doubt him for an instant, but what can be the meaning of his scarf in her bag?"

"Well, you'll see. When you see Lionel you'll find you're totally mistaken."

She rose, saying portentously:

"Yes. If he has the scarf!"

His mind took a lightning journey and made a lightning decision.

"He'll have the scarf all right," he said.

HARDLY had the door closed behind her than he sprang to the telephone. It was all quite clear. He must get hold of Lionel at once. Together they must go to Susie Lovatt's, get the scarf and wrap it round Lionel's neck; tuck the ends into his coat, just as Elfreda had, and send him home with it on. He could stroll home about five and tell Elfreda all about the measles and his return—dating it just twenty-four hours later.

He lifted the receiver.

"Trunk call, please. Hastings 207." He replaced the receiver and strolled up and down, waiting for his number.

The telephone bell rang.

"Yes," he said absently.

It was the faithful Sarah at the other end. Following her usual custom, she put her mouth inside the transmitter and proceeded to say "Hullo" with varying intonations and aspirates.

"'Ullo. Hullo. 'Ullo."

"Sarah, it's me. Stop saying 'Hullo' a minute. I want to speak. Is Mr. Lionel in?"

"No, sir. He's just——" (Smothered murmurs.)

"He's what?"

"Just gone out for a walk."

"Oh, he would! Is mother in?"

"No, sir. She's out to lunch. But Mr. Lionel will be back soon. He's——" (Sound of strong hissing.)

"What do you say? How do you know he'll be back soon? Sarah, are you spitting?"

"Oh, lor, Mr. Barty!"

"How do you know he'll be back?"

"I packed 'is bag, sir. It's 'ere in the 'all beside me."

"Oh, good. Well, Sarah, I want you to take a message for him. Write this word for word. Are you ready? 'Will he please catch the first train this afternoon and come straight to Duke Street. Grave fear of discovery. Don't fail to come.' Have you got that? All right. Give it to him as soon as he comes in. Thanks. Good-bye, Sarah."

On this same Sunday afternoon, Lady Scroop was sitting in her bedroom at Scroop Castle taking her ease, with a book on her lap. It was that after Sunday lunch hour during which the great English nation finds the nearest thing to peace that its energetic spirit will ever let it know—the result of a well-digested sermon and a half-digested lunch.

Lady Scroop was not sleeping as many do. She was not one of those dear, dozy old ladies—and never would be. She sat in a high-backed chair, looking down her high-backed nose at the volume in her hands. It was a large, blue tome, such as was always to be found at her bedside: "Eighty Years a Diplomat in Denmark," or a "Minister's Memories of Moravian Monarchs."

After all, she reflected, as the volume slid from her lap and she looked out into the sleep-wrapped afternoon, Elfreda's marriage, though not a brilliant one, promised to turn out well. With Lionel's tractable nature, and her own ability, there was no reason why he should not reach the Woolsack in time. She could give him all that was needed in the way of influence. She could be, in fact, the power behind the throne, advising, directing, encouraging. If only, she meditated, if only his old Uncle Wilfred's money could do the rest.

And here we are at the tap-root of Lady Scroop's enmity towards Barty. How galling was it for her to look on at the old gentleman's misplaced affection, and to know that Bartholomew, and not the blameless Lionel, was their uncle's favorite nephew. Was not her old friend Wilfred's abhorrence of rakishness as bitter as her own? It was more bitter, if possible. Did he know anything of Bartholomew's way of living? No, but ever since Elfreda's and Lionel's marriage, she had felt it her duty to drop an occasional hint to Wilfred that Barty was not as blameless as he thought him.

She rose and put on her hat and coat and descended the stairs. On the first landing she stopped and picked up a thread; passing through the drawing-room she twitched the parlormaid's cap straight; outside she confined a wantoning rose, and entered the car.

AS the car was passing the Osbornes' gates she told the chauffeur to stop. Mrs. Osborne had, the last time they met, promised to lend her some interesting reminiscences. She alighted.

The front door was open, and no one was about. She rang and entered the hall. Her summons was unanswered for a minute or two, and she strayed about, peering at various objects in her usual fashion. A pencilled note was lying on the hall table. Happening to look down, it chanced to catch her eye, and stooping a little, quite by accident, she managed to decipher it. It read:—

"For Mr. Osborne. Will he please catch the first train this afternoon and come straight to Duke Street? Grave fear of discovery. Don't fail to come."

Hardly had she straightened herself and passed on to the next object, when Sarah entered. Mrs. Osborne was out, and Sarah was apologetic (most people were with Lady Scroop), but she didn't think the mistress had quite finished the book. She was reading it just before lunch.

"Never mind, never mind," and once more Hildegarde was winging her way to the car, her mind licking its lips over this new morsel.

Now what was this mysterious message for Bartholomew? A young man comes down to spend the week-end with his mother—a rare enough thing for him—and in a few hours he is called back to town in this dramatic fashion! And by whom? This was no business call.

Lord Wilfred's secretary was at work in the small ante-room when Lady Scroop entered. The door into the study was closed. Lady Scroop paused.

"All ready, Miss Tench; and at work on a Sunday?"

Miss Tench raised her angular shoulders and smiled acidly.

"The day makes no difference to me," she replied.

For some time now, Lady Scroop had sensed in her an ally in the grand cause of undermining Barty with his uncle, and, she felt, a powerful ally. Miss Tench did not need to throw a brickbat when she wanted to hurt; she was a past mistress in the gentle art of insinuation.

LADY SCROOP was not slow to spot this antagonism, and she always took care to be clingingly sweet to Wilfred's secretary. She passed her now with a little intimate smile.

"I wish you'd come over and have tea with me, Miss Tench, when you can spare the time." She knocked at the study door.

Lord Wilfred was inside — at least, so much of him as could ever be torn from intercourse with the spirits. Wilfred Rotherhurst was a venerable little figure, with a mild strained expression, rather like a religious old lady in trousers who hears the milk boiling over in the kitchen. And, indeed, any man might look strained who lived in a world where the inhabitants' idea of small talk was knocking a table about, or blowing a trumpet in your ear.

For the last thirty years he had flitted like a bee from one absorbing mystery to another, and had even published various works on the subject of his latest belief, spiritualism.

"Come in, come in, Hildegarde," he said, as Lady Scroop's imposing figure loomed in the doorway. "You have come . . . ? Let me see, what have you come for?" He spoke slowly, as though he were making a big effort to remember what he was talking about. "Oh, yes, yes, you have come to drive me up to town. We are going up to town. Kind of you, my old friend."

"Why, Wilfred, I believe you had forgotten. It was only the sight of me that reminded you."

"No, no, no, you do me a wrong. I hope I do not lose touch. I certainly have very little time for social intercourse — on this plane."

It was an opening which Hildegarde felt was just what she wanted.

"Well, if you ask me, I must be frank. I've never know you vaguer. Can't you try to think a little less of the next world and turn your attention to what is happening in this?"

He smiled knowingly.

"Nothing happens in this world, nothing of true significance. This body is but an envelope. All the big things happen out of sight."

Her mind flew to Duke Street. She nodded grimly.

"They do! But they are not necessarily of a spiritual nature."

He peered at her unseeingly for a long time.

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"What? What? What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that it grieves me to think how we older people may be taken in by the younger generation."

"Oh. I trust you're not having trouble with Lionel. I always felt he was a silly fellow, silly and easily led astray. I feared some family trouble was near. Martin Luther remarked to me only the other night that there were clouds round my aura."

She snorted.

"Really, Wilfred, it would be nearer the truth if he had told you there were bats in your belfry, Lionel, indeed! If every young man were as fine a fellow as Lionel!" She stopped impatiently, realising the hopelessness of her task. It was useless to try to open Wilfred's eyes until she had proof to give him.

A sudden bold idea flew to her mind. In Duke Street, this afternoon, was all the proof she needed—if she could only get it. Make some excuse and call to see Bartholomew this afternoon. Why not? It might succeed.

BARTY was on the platform when the train steamed into Charing Cross. From his post near the gate, he watched the carriages empty themselves of their sleepy passengers, but not one proved to be Lionel.

Was is possible that he had missed him at the station? Barty asked himself. If so he would find him waiting at Duke Street, and he set off there with all speed.

A few minutes earlier, Lady Scroop had dropped Wilfred and Miss Tench at the house in Hamilton Place, and boldly driven on to Duke Street. She rang the bell.

It was a long time before it was answered and then an ancient man ascended from the depths, mumbling and grumbling as he came.

She pushed past him and entered the hall.

"I'll go up."

She made no unnecessary noise upon the stairs, and her soft tap on the sitting-room door was almost simultaneous with her turning of the handle. With the same modest self-effacement, she stepped inside.

The room was empty.

Standing still, she surveyed the scene — she smelt it too. Her high nose went up a little higher, and she delicately sniffed the atmosphere. A faint perfume seemed to hang there. Her nostrils quivered and she eyed the closed door at the other end of the room.

She opened the door and swept the room with a searching eye. Empty, just as it had been left in the morning; the blinds half drawn, the bed unmade. Why this disorder so late in the afternoon? Of course. His housekeeper was away.

A step sounded on the stairs. Her heart gave a thud. She leapt through the bedroom door, snapped it shut, and skipped like a rabbit to a chair. She was languidly reading the "Sporting Times" as Barty burst in.

It was quite evidently not Hildegarde whom he expected to find. She marked how his face fell as his eyes caught sight of her.

"Lady Scroop!"

"Ah, Bartholomew. I thought I'd surprise you."

"I'm sure you did. Don't get up." Good Lord, had she been prowling round drawing deductions!

"I was passing and just thought I'd pay you a call in your own rooms," she told him. "You're very comfortable. Have you been here long?"

"Only two months. Awfully nice of you to come. Did you motor up? Lovely weather, isn't it? What do you fancy for the Cesarewitch? I'm awfully sorry I can't get you any tea or anything of that sort. My housekeeper's away."

"Yes, you're very comfortable here," she went on airily. "That's a handsome pair of chairs over by the door. You've got some nice things."

"Do you think so? They're after Chippendale. Pity they didn't catch him, isn't it?"

Through the mist of his fevered thoughts he heard her saying:

"I drove your Uncle Wilfred up to town to-day. Have you seen him lately?"

"Yes, pretty lately. He's looking well, don't you think? Wonderful old man for his age. I only said to him the other day, it's because he's preserved in spirits. Ha! ha! ha!" The fatuous smile on his face became frozen there. A step on the stairs!

He murmured something inarticulate and stumbled to the door. He shot outside and imperiously waved away an old lady who stood panting on the landing. She continued on her way with nervous haste.

"No, no," he murmured coming back. "I thought it was the caretaker."

"Your landlady is away, I see," his guest observed.

"Yes, she is, yes." She was watching him like a snake. It does seem awfully rough, but I've got an appointment with a chap and I simply can't let him down."

She rose with a baffled smile.

"Oh, not at all. I half thought you would have an engagement. I just took my chance."

With a sigh of relief, he followed her downstairs and put her into a taxi.

He stood looking after it. What a woman! All this for Lionel; and where was Lionel?

Well, anyway, it was stupid to wait any longer. He wasn't coming, that was plain. Yet, unable to abandon the babes in the wood, he found himself strolling along Piccadilly to Hart Street, where in a high, narrow house, Lionel and Elfreda had their dovecote.

HE mounted the steps and rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Osborne in?" he asked the maid.

"Yes, sir, and Mr. Osborne has just come in also." As he hesitated outside the door, Lionel's clear tones were wafted to him, saying:

"Well, my dear one, I knew you'd ask about the scarf, and I'm too grieved to tell you that an accident happened to it."

With a sinking heart, Barty walked in. His cousin was standing before the fireplace, a cup in one hand and a piece of bread and butter in the other. His plump freckled face was certainly a little flushed, but he looked, on the whole, fairly pleased with himself.

Elfreda was sitting looking up at him, and in her eyes Barty read adoration, doubt and puzzled half belief.

"Hullo, Elfreda. You back, Lionel?"

"Yes, he's just got in," Elfreda told him. "Have you had tea, Barty?"

"Thanks. I'll pour it out. Don't move."

"Yes, I'm back a day earlier than I expected," Lionel continued in the same bland tone. "And I was just going to tell Elfreda what happened to the scarf she knitted for me."

Barty dropped a spoon with a clatter. Now he was going to boob! Was there no way of stopping him?

"What brought me back," Lionel went on heedless to his doom, "was that the children got measles. Just as we were leaving for church this morning—the dean was going to take the service—someone said, 'Those children have got spots on them!' And so they had.

He caught Barty's eye and faltered visibly. From his place at the tea table behind Elfreda, Barty was sending forth —or so he thought—in a frantic glance, the clear message: "Go carefully here, old chap. It's no use lying. She guesses all.

Absorbed in his effort to adjust his wave length, Lionel went on murmuring, his eyes on his cousin's twitching face:

"I was glad to come back to town. I was awfully worried at losing my scarf. What do you think happened to it?"

"What?" Elfreda asked tensely.

"A cow ate it!" he pronounced with the bland air of a conjurer drawing a guinea-pig out of his hat. "Would you have believed it? And yet you never liked cows, did you, dear?"

"A COW ate it!" she repeated in a dazed voice.

"Yes, we were playing hockey in the field, and I hung my scarf over the wall, and when I got back the brute had devoured it. It was just finishing off the fringe."

Elfreda sat speechless. Barty was gazing at him stonily. Was it possible, he pondered, that the Lord had ever fashioned a bigger sap-head than Lionel!

The maid entered.

"Lady Scroop on the telephone, madam."

Elfreda rose and left the room.

No sooner had the door closed behind her than Lionel hissed excitedly:

"Well, did you see the Major?"

"The Major! That's the least of what you've got to fear now."

"What do you mean?"

"Why didn't you tell me you'd taken Susie Lovatt to my rooms?"

"I forgot. Is she still there? It didn't matter, did it?"

"Only that Elfreda came to see me this morning and the poor child walked innocently out of my bedroom and there we were."

Lionel's jaw dropped.

"She didn't tell?" he gasped.

"She told the story without mentioning your name, and Elfreda would never have suspected you, but——"

"Well?"

"Well, that confounded scarf that the cow ate was hanging out of her bag."

"No! She didn't see it?"

"Yes, your wife stood and drank it in for a full five minutes."

"Oh, no, no!"

"When Susie had gone, she said: 'That's Lionel's.' Of course I said: 'Nonsense,' and tried to put her off, and now, well now I don't know what she thinks."

Lionel sank down on the couch as though stunned.

"Well, what can I do?"

"Confess."

"No, no. I can't."

"You must. Go to her now. She'll be back any minute."

"No, she won't. It's Lady Scroop."

Like the still small voice of conscience came Barty's again:

"Confess."

Lionel shook his head.

"I won't," he said stubbornly. "I won't confess."

"No. Well, we could get it back. The

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cow could give up its dead. You could say you'd left it in the train . . . and you could say you couldn't bear to tell her the truth till you got it back . . . because it looked so careless."

"That's it," Lionel leapt at it. "That would do. The matter would end and nobody would be hurt."

Barty was still thinking.

"Wait a minute," he said. "After all she did see it in Susie's bag . . . Susie must send it back."

Lionel was doubtful.

"I don't know about that."

"Yes, she must. It's she who found it in the train." He had an inspiration. "Why, of course, she went to the country yesterday, just for the day, and journeyed down opposite you in the same carriage. When you got out, she found the scarf. How's that?"

Whenever the question of his old flame arose, Lionel became unusually acute.

"But how could she send it back?" he asked. "How did she know who I was?" The one thing above all others he winced from letting his wife know was that Susie was Susie, the rector's lovely daughter, whom just before his engagement he had met while staying in Devonshire. He had learned later how his ingenuous admiration for her had tortured his poor Elfreda.

Barty considered.

"Well, she found out somehow. She asked someone. She saw your name on something."

"Splendid!"

"She finds the scarf and sends it back to you with a little note—as from a stranger."

Lionel repeated the words ecstatically:

"As from a stranger! That's good. That's the idea. Oh, what a load off my mind! My dear one will never hear what I did. She shall be spared that. You can be sure I'll never sink so low again. You saw the Major, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw him."

Lionel breathed deeply.

"Was he surprised when you told him?"

"Not as surprised as he'd been before when he thought it was you. I simply howled at the idea. 'Lionel at a night-club!' I said. 'Lionel getting drunk and roystering at a night-club! Good Lord,' I said, 'Lionel would be under the table if he smelt a whisky cork. Why,' I said, 'that's a ripe idea. Old Lionel's notion of a wild night is coffee after the theatre at the Corner House.' "

"Thank you. I don't see that dishonest caricature was essential."

"Well, it can't be helped now." Barty was gazing thoughtfully out of the window. Presently he remarked carelessly over his shoulder: "Look here, if you like, I'll go and see about getting the scarf sent back."

"Will you? To-night? It would be good of you. Are you sure you don't mind? You see, I wouldn't like to leave Elfreda to-night."

"No, of course you wouldn't. Only natural. You leave it to me, old chap. I'll go." He stepped briskly into the hall. He called: "Good-bye, Elfreda."

Her voice came to him:

"Yes, mother, dear, you're quite right, she shouldn't answer the telephone with her cap off— Oh, good-bye, Barty."

HE was dwelling with such pleasure on the thought of this visit—for Lionel's sake—that he had reached the corner of the street before he realised that he didn't know where Susie lived. He had forgotten to ask.

Kicking himself for an ass, he stood and gazed vacantly at the traffic. He couldn't go back now and ask Lionel. Elfreda would wonder what he had come for. He'd ring him up. He'd drop in at Uncle Wilfred's and ring him up. It was only a step from here and he ought to go in and see the old man.

He strolled along to Hamilton Place.

"His Lordship is engaged at present, sir," the elderly and trusted Jessop informed him.

"Will it be all right for me to wait?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Bartholomew. I'll tell his lordship you are in the study as soon as he comes out."

Alone in the study, Barty took up the telephone and rang up Lionel.

"Seventeen Museum Square," came Lionel's carefully modulated whisper in answer to his inquiry.

The door opened and his Uncle Wilfred entered.

"Well, Barty, my dear boy. I'm glad to see you. How did you know I was up?"

"I saw Lady Scroop, so I thought I'd look in."

"Oh! Very, very thoughtful of you. I'm only up for a little while. Everything on this plane had to be crowded into such a short space of time. Life is so full, these days."

"It is," Barty agreed warmly.

"So beautiful."

"Rather!"

"The life awaiting us is like a great school," Wilfred's soothing voice droned on. "There are lovely things behind the Veil."

"Yes," Barty agreed thoughtfully. "Of course, no one wears veils these days, Uncle Wilfred. It's a pity. They must have been lovely—so elusive—"

"Only occasionally this Veil lifts. This morning, for instance I caught a privileged glimpse in the corridor of a slight female form. Only a thought-form perhaps, but still—"

Barty looked at him anxiously.

"OH, I wouldn't think that, uncle. Perhaps it was Lady Scroop."

"I said a slight female form."

"It was probably Miss Tench, then."

"I said a slight female form. I am hoping that more may be vouchsafed to-night . . ."

For fifteen minutes Lord Wilfred recounted the wonders of a new medium. Barty fidgeted and looked at his watch. It was time to be leaving. He might just miss her if he stayed any longer.

He rose.

"Well, uncle, I really must be going."

"That's a pity. I hoped you might stay for dinner to-night, and come into the seance."

"Thanks. Some other night I'd like to."

Seventeen Museum Square Barty found to be a house containing four flats. He stood in the entrance hall and searched for the name of Lovatt. The Rev. Horace Cheetham, he read. Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Bunbury, Mrs. Cecil Thistlethwaite, Mrs. Agatha Cramb. No Lovatt. Dismay filled him. Lionel had made a mistake. She wasn't here.

He strayed miserably to the door, then a gleam lit his eye. Ass that he was! She was staying with an aunt. One of these worthies was her aunt. He returned to the board. Well, it couldn't be the Rev. Horace Cheetham. Did Mrs. Caleb Bunbury shelter her? Was she the cherished niece of Mrs. Thistlethwaite? No, he decided, the lonely widow, Mrs. Agatha Cramb, had taken this lovely creature to soothe her declining years.

He climbed the stairs to the first floor, and rang at the green door. He had guessed right. The neat, miniature maid showed him into the drawing-room, and in three minutes Susie appeared.

From her seat at her bedroom window, she had seen him coming up the street, and had just had time to comb her short dark locks and slip on a mysterious, clinging black frock and a bored, enigmatic air.

"Oh, it's you," she said. She gave him a languid hand. "You have called. My aunt is out."

"Splendid — at least, I'm awfully sorry, but it's really you I came to see."

SHE swayed to a deep couch and sank into it, her white arms spread along the back.

"Please ring," she commanded in a faint voice.

The maid appeared with tea.

"I say, about that scarf," he began.

"What scarf?"

"Lionel's. Let me pour this out. You do seem fagged!"

She glanced pityingly at his unconscious back. Really, it was hardly any use being interesting and romantic if he only took her divine languor for want of sleep! Instead of sitting beside her on the couch, his long fingers occasionally touching her cool, slim ones as he lit her cigarette, there he was rattling the teaspoons and spoiling the atmosphere. Instead of his eyes searching her face with cynical, humorous glance, he was searching the plate for a sugared biscuit.

He brought their tea and sat down opposite her.

"If we're not jolly careful," he began again, "that scarf is going to wreck Lionel's married life."

"I wonder a scarf like that hasn't done so already."

He caught her glance over the rim of his teacup. Heavens, what lovely eyes she had! With an effort, he wrenched his own away.

"That was Lionel's wife there this morning," he told her.

"Was it? I thought it was yours."

"Mine! Good Lord, no. I haven't got a wife—yet." But for the first time in his life he could dimly picture himself as wed. "Dear old Elfreda's simply cracked on Lionel. He didn't want her to know about last night."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Silly of him, isn't it? That's the way they're made."

"Well, does she know?"

"That's the point. In my room this morning she saw Lionel's scarf hanging out of your bag!"

She sat up in horror.

"She didn't."

"Yes, she did. I smoothed it over, but when he came home without it and with some fathead tale of how he'd lost it—"

"Oh, I am sorry. It's my fault. I brought it home with me to send to him."

"Yes, I know. That's what I want you to do. I've thought out a plan to set the whole thing right."

"I'm afraid—"

"No, I think it will be all right. My idea is that Elfreda must think it's been found by a perfect stranger in the train. Now you're the perfect stranger!"

"But—" she began.

"No, no. It's all right. My plan is to wrap up the scarf and send it back with a letter."

"But wait a minute," she protested.

"Now, why put forth objections?" he

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turned on her impatiently. "You haven't half heard what I'm going to say. Of course we've got to do the thing skilfully, but I don't see any reason why we shouldn't pull it off. Why try to throw cold water on it?"

"Only that I posted the scarf back to him this morning."

He collapsed like a pricked balloon.

"You posted . . . ! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, of course I posted it. What else would I do?"

"To his house in Hart Street!"

"Yes; I just sent it back with a little note."

"A little what! What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all that anyone would mind. I think I said, 'Dear old thing——' "

"Oh," he groaned. "I hope you're satisfied. You've just about wrecked a happy home."

She sprang up.

"Well, you're surely not going to blame me! If people are so silly as to——"

"I do blame you," he said angrily. "You should have waited."

She laughed jeeringly, less in the tone of a bored beauty than of a pert schoolgirl.

"That's right," he snorted. "You walk off with this foul piece of knitting, separate husband and wife, and then laugh like a hyena!"

"If you're going to talk like that, you can talk to yourself." She flounced past him.

He got to the door first.

"No, look here, I am sorry. Don't go. I really am sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

"No, you shouldn't. Well, it's still Sunday. The beastly thing can't arrive before to-morrow. I'll tell you, go to the post office and get it early to-morrow morning, before the postman leaves."

"My dear girl, this isn't Bideford."

"No, but couldn't you——" she stopped and listened. "Wait a minute, what's that?" She rushed to the window. "No, it's all right. I got such a fright. You know, I've got an aunt——"

"I understand perfectly. I've got a Lady Scroop."

"OH, but Aunt Agatha's got me every way. If I don't do as she wants, that's the end of London for me. She can send me home."

"Well, what does she want?"

"Six hours a day at the piano for me and nothing to take my mind off it!"

"Inhuman!"

"I think you'd better go. I'm getting fidgety. It's a pity to go and spoil it now by staying."

"Yes, it is. I'd better go. But, after all, it's Sunday. You can surely have a friend to see you one day a week."

"No; she says it's too exciting for me."

He looked up hopefully.

"And is it?" and then, anxiously: "How am I going to see you, then?"

"I don't know that you are."

"Couldn't you come out and lunch with me to-morrow?"

"I work all day, I tell you."

"But it's not right. You'll be ill. Anyway, I'll just drop in some time and tell you what happens. And now I must hop off because you're getting fidgety."

He looked into the blue eyes unmixed with any green or grey and shaded by thick dark lashes. He took a deep breath.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye." She smiled up at him.

When he regained consciousness, he found himself out in the street. He climbed mechanically on to a 'bus. Was it possible, he asked himself, that he was related by blood to a man who had once loved this marvellous creature and had left her for another?

Back in his rooms he went straight to the telephone. Fortunately Lionel himself answered it.

"Look here, old man, it's Barty speaking."

"Yes?"

"If Elfreda's anywhere about, don't you say anything. I mean anything unwary. Is she?"

"Yes," came Lionel's guarded answer.

"All right; I'll do the talking. You just say 'yes' and 'no,' and so on. It's about the scarf."

"Yes?" Lionel's obedient monosyllable vibrated with suspense.

"SOMETHING awful has happened! Susie posted it back to you this morning!"

"Oh!" Lionel's voice was like the restrained cry of one bitten by a rich aunt's poodle.

"She sent it to you to Hart Street with a letter enclosed."

"Oh." It was now the deep, abandoned note suggestive of a Channel crossing.

"Lionel, if you say 'Oh' like that again, Elfreda will think that you're listening in to the Children's Hour. When Susie told me, I thought, well, it's all up with old Lionel."

"Oh." A deathlike whisper now, all earthly passions laid aside.

"Then I thought, we won't give in. We'll put up a fight. We'll waylay that scarf somehow."

"Yes." The little word came trumpeted down the line.

"What I thought was—it'll be delivered to-morrow—we must be there and take it ourselves from the postman."

"Ye-es," doubtfully.

Barty fidgeted.

"Look here, can't you say something else? 'Good gracious' or 'Dear me,' wouldn't be actually incriminating."

"Well . . . how?" Lionel ventured bravely.

"We must hang about, keep an eye open. When the postman knocks, one of us must keep Elfreda rattling while the other goes and gets it."

"Very well. That'll be all right. Indeed, in view of the facts of which you have apprised me, I can see no other course open to us," he finished off with a view to the listening Elfreda, and, putting down the receiver, went back to her.

She paused with her needle poised above the boudoir cap she was making, and looked up fondly:

"Who was that, dearest?"

Her husband swallowed with difficulty.

"Er—it was just—er—one of the clerks, darling, about a case we're pleading next week." He went over and seated himself on the arm of her chair. "What is my dear little pet making?"

"Only a lace cap, darling."

He stroked the fair hair. She leant her head against his waistcoat. The heart behind the waistcoat was pounding with nervousness and remorse; but it was all for her sake, he reflected, and steeled himself to the first part of his loathsome task. He swallowed again painfully.

"Will his own little wife be cross with him if he confesses something?" he began nervously.

The work dropped to her lap, and she folded her hands upon his knee.

"Is it about the scarf?" she asked, raising her blue eyes to his.

He registered profound surprise.

"What a clever little girl it is! That's just what it is about, my treasure."

"Go on, dear."

"Well, my sweet, your Lionel was a bad, careless boy, and because he was so ashamed of himself, he told his dear one a tiny little fib."

The hand on his knee tightened.

"I felt there was something wrong," she breathed.

"Poor little girlikins!" His lips brushed the top of her head, and he wound himself up for another round. "You know, my precious, no one could have been more overjoyed yesterday than your own Lionel when his wonderful little girl wrapped that beautiful scarf round his neck. It was such an uncommon, cheery thing that it brightened my whole journey."

"I thought it would suit my darling, fair-haired boy," she said sadly.

"Down to the ground!" he vowed, kissing her hand passionately: "But you know, my sweetheart, the trains are a little hot this weather, and after a while I took it off and put it on the seat beside me, and then——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, your cruel, cruel boy; when he was getting out he gathered up his other things and left that precious present on the seat behind him!"

Elfreda sat motionless, asking herself had she dreamed all that this morning in Barty's rooms? Had she made some impossible mistake? All the cruelty of her deadly suspicion she could not bring herself to utter now.

Lionel peered round into her face.

"Is his own darling very, very angry with her careless, cruel, ungrateful boy?"

She fondled the hand that held hers.

"Not very," she answered softly.

"A little, though, pet?"

"Not now."

He clasped her to him.

AT nine o'clock the next morning, Barty came out of his front door and pulled it to after him. He made his way to Hart Street. Lionel was alone in the breakfast-room. With an air of settled gloom upon his face, he was buttering himself a muffin.

"Ah!" said Barty, "who's been missing his Kruschen?"

"It hasn't come," Lionel announced, an injured look on his freckled face. "What with worry, and waiting for the first delivery, I've hardly slept a wink."

"Well, don't you think you'd better——"

"No, I don't. I won't tell her. Don't say that again. Things have gone too far."

"Why let them go farther?"

"It's too late, I say. If I'd known yesterday that she had the slightest shadow of suspicion, of course I wouldn't have said what I did. As it is, had to tell her last night I left it in the train."

"Oh, you put that right, did you?"

"Yes. But I can't tell her the whole truth."

"Right oh! We'll go through with it. It's a bit early for the parcels to have come yet. It'll turn up during the day. Look here, couldn't you get Elfreda to go out with you?"

"Where?"

"I don't know. Somewhere for the day." He looked out of the window wistfully. "It's going to be a lovely day. Take her out to lunch."

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"That's a good idea, and you'll stay here and take the scarf. You'll take it straight round to——" He broke off as Elfreda's footsteps sounded in the hall.

"Barty! You're an early visitor."

"Yes, aren't I?"

"Is there anything you want?"

"Yes, you know that encyclopaedia that Uncle Wilfred gave you for a wedding present——"

"But it's in twenty-five volumes!"

"Oh, I don't want to take it with me. I want to look up several subjects that have been on my mind lately. If I won't be in the way?"

Lionel saw his chance.

"NOT a bit. As a matter of fact, I was going to suggest that Elfreda and I went out for the day."

She looked up fondly.

"Toast, darling? Out where?"

"I don't know. Couldn't we go into the woods?"

"The woods!"

"Yes, you know, Chorley or somewhere."

Her clear gaze rested on him inquiringly.

"But what for?"

"Come now, Elfreda," Barty broke in. "That's not very kind. What do people go to woods for? It's a very sweet thought of Lionel's."

"The woods are always nice," said Lionel in a weak voice. "We used to go, you know."

"But it's different now, somehow," she murmured.

"Yes, it is different," he agreed sadly. "Still, you know, I've got to go to Liverpool to-morrow for two whole days. I wish you'd stretch a point."

Elfreda looked troubled.

"Dearest, I'd love to go, but I've a thousand things to do to-day."

"Then you won't come?" he said.

"Not to-day, darling. I've promised mother faithfully to go out with her this afternoon."

Of course, thought Barty, that old home-breaker was sure to be the fly in the ointment.

"At half-past ten, I've got to go and have a tooth stopped, and from there I'm going to the nursing home to see Aunt Editha. Mother's coming round about tea-time."

"Then you'll be back for lunch?" Lionel asked wanly.

"Yes. At least, I hope so—I think so. Have another egg, dear. Has the postman been?"

"No, thank you, darling. I'm rather tired of postmen—I mean eggs."

"But you've eaten nothing. You're quite pale."

"I'm all right, dear. I must go now."

"Wait for me. I've just got to slip on my hat and I'll come with you."

Barty turned to his cousin as she left the room.

"Well," he observed. "We'll have a busy day—on and off, while she's in and out. You'll be back for lunch, won't you?"

Lionel jerked distractedly about the room.

"Oh, my darling, how can I deceive you so! This will be a day of torment for me." With a stifled moan he burst out of the room and joined Elfreda in the hall.

When they had left the house, Barty strolled into the little study opposite.

He selected a volume from the bookcase, and sat down by the window that overlooked the street with half a hundred-weight of information on his knee. He cast a searching eye up and down the road. His position was a strong one; no postman could storm the steps unseen.

He settled himself comfortably, and lit a cigarette. A soothing quiet reigned in the house; only the muffled chink of Somers, the parlormaid, clearing away the breakfast things.

As soon as the scarf turned up, he decided, he would ring up Susie Lovatt . . . or go and see her. Surely her aunt wouldn't object to him having a couple of words with her.

A sharp rat-tat rang through the house. He came back to earth with a start to see a postman running down the steps. The fellow had given him the slip, after all! He sprang up and made for the hall.

Somers was just turning from the door with a brown paper parcel in her hands!

At last the scarf!

He strolled towards her. She was about to pass him.

"That's an interesting looking parcel, Somers."

She looked up, surprised.

"Yes, sir."

He came a step nearer.

"The postman isn't kept waiting long here," he said roguishly.

She blushed. He found himself blushing, too. Dash it all, he didn't want to start flirting with Somers!

"Don't you just put the parcels and things down on the table?" he inquired.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" she said nervously.

"I mean you—you—er—don't hoard them up till they come home and then sort of hand them out like Santa Claus, do you?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"WELL, put it down, put it down, my good girl," he said impatiently. "I'm not going to bite it!"

She drew back startled and clutched the parcel to her.

"But it's for me, sir," she said in a faint voice. "It's my birthday. It's from my boy friend . . . chocolates."

"Oh—oh, many happy returns of them, Somers," he mumbled, stumbling back to the study door.

The clock struck eleven. He wandered aimlessly from room to room. What could be more boring than doing nothing like this in somebody else's house! Now, in the office, it was different . . . He felt it was about Lionel's turn to come and take a shift.

He went to the telephone.

"Is that you, Lionel? . Look here that confounded scarf hasn't come."

Lionel was heard to sigh deeply.

"When are you coming home?" Barty asked.

"I can't get home before lunch, I'm afraid. I've got an important piece of work on. It must come soon. We can but wait and hope."

"You mean you can hope and I can wait, I see. All right." He hung up and turned away irritably.

The last hour before lunch saw him back at his post, and from there he saw Elfreda alight from a taxi; but no sign of Lionel.

She came into the study.

"You still here, Barty! You'll stay for lunch, won't you? Lionel not in yet?"

"Not yet. Thanks. Yes, I've had a busy morning. That's an invaluable present of Uncle Wilfred's. I've got a few more notes to make this afternoon, if I shan't be in the way. You and your mother won't be here, will you? How did you find your aunt?"

But glancing at her, he saw she wasn't listening. Lost in thought, she was standing fiddling with the catch of her bag. At last she looked up.

"Barty, don't you think Lionel seems a little strange since he got back?"

"Well, my dear girl," he said slowly, "since you ask me, I think he isn't quite happy in his mind."

Startled, her blue eyes met his.

"Do you mean you know something—that he—he——?"

"It's hardly fair of you to press me, Elfreda."

"No, no, go on. Has my dear one deceived me?"

"Yes, he has. He made a confession to me."

She hardly seemed to breathe.

"Yes, yes?"

"Well, Elfreda, well . . . that cow didn't eat his scarf at all! He left it in the train and couldn't bear to tell you because it seemed so careless."

She sank into a chair.

"Good heavens, he told me that himself last night."

He wheeled round.

"Oh, he did, did he? Then what's all this fuss about? You know, then?

"But—but do I know everything? That girl in your rooms——"

"Now, now, don't start that nonsense again. That, of course, was an hallucination."

"Is it possible I made a mistake?"

"It's more than possible. It's certain."

Somers appeared at the door and announced lunch.

"I won't be a minute, Barty," Elfreda said as they crossed the hall. "I just want to put these flowers in water."

"Right oh." He edged back to the study door. He must have one more squizz before he abandoned his post. He drifted anxiously to the window. Sister Anne, sister Anne . . . Gosh, here he was! He bolted back and snatched the front door from under the hand that was raised to knock.

The postman looked up aggrieved, and handed Barty a couple of letters.

His heart sank.

"Is that all?" he whispered anxiously, leaning forward and speaking in a low, gentle tone. "There's nothing else? No parcel?"

"That's all," said the postman. He was a full-throated fellow, and the volume of his reply was a rude shock.

Holding the door, Barty leaned forward confidentially.

"When will you be round again, then?" he murmured softly.

"I don't know. I can't say exactly," the man said breezily.

"OH, hush, hush!" Barty implored. "I mean scarves and things."

"Well, if the scarf was sent——" began the bellow, but at a sound in the hall behind him, Barty slipped back, hastily closed the door and went into lunch with Elfreda.

Lionel appeared when lunch was half over, and announced that he had brought home a brief to work on.

"Just when I'm going out," Elfreda said ruefully, "I wonder if mother would be very hurt if——"

"No, no, darling," Lionel said hastily, little dreaming what this persuasion was to bring forth for him. "No, no. You'd better go. We mustn't hurt your mother. Anything but that. Besides, Barty and I shall have our noses to the grindstone all the afternoon.

Elfreda sighed and assented.

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At three o'clock that afternoon Elfreda changed her dress, took a passionate farewell of Lionel behind the hat-stand, called out good-bye to Barty, closed the front door, and joined her mother in the car.

At sound of her departure Barty kicked GOU to HIP out of sight, lit a cigarette, and stretched himself full length upon the couch.

By four o'clock profound peace wrapped the room. Crouched with his head in his hands and his feet on the desk, Lionel was fast in the clutches of "The Red Talonied Death." Barty, a newspaper over his face, was faster still in sleep's embrace.

Elfreda and her mother had an equally good afternoon. Elfreda tried on ten hats and eight pairs of shoes. Lady Scroop inspected the contents of three fur shops, and whipped Marshall's silk counter to a seething, colored whirlpool.

STILL unflagging, they looked in at a private view of Elfreda's late governess' exhibition of wildflower paintings, and bought (109) "Granny's Wort and Scented Grasses" for Uncle George's birthday. They had intended, after this, to call in for tea at Lady Montfort's, but—it was here that Fate first loaded the dice against Lionel—Elfreda suddenly remembered that she had arranged to interview a prospective cook, and must go straight home.

Had she stepped into a taxi, as she first intended, all had been well. But no, on leaving her mother, she just dashed into Fortnum and Mason's for a jar of Lionel's favorite cheese, and, being so far, decided to walk home.

At the same instant, a few hundred yards away, the postman with the afternoon delivery turned into the far end of Hart Street.

Nearer they draw to each other, but, see, Elfreda has stopped to buy an evening paper, and, standing a moment, scans the headlines of a society marriage. The postman will surely reach th dovecote first! But no, a lady from the provinces, issuing from a side street, halts before him and craves direction to Oxford Street. This the courteous fellow gives with redundancy of word and gesture. Elfreda glances at her watch and quickens her pace. The postman passes number twenty-five briskly, and, number twenty-three being away, drops number twenty-one into the box, and reaches the steps of number nineteen.

Elfreda reaches it, too, at the same instant.

"Anything for me, postman?" she asked, holding out her hand.

In it the postman laid a small brown-paper parcel!

She turned it over. It was addressed to Lionel. She looked at it a little closer and turned it over again. She wondered what it was. It wasn't from a shop, she could see that. It spoke all the amateur's simplicit faith in a piece of frail brown paper and a few inches of loosely-knotted string. In fact, at one corner the paper was torn clean off.

Elfreda started. Her eyes fastened themselves on this corner, where brightly-colored silks of familiar hues stared boldly forth. She gave another start. Her brow darkened. Again she turned the parcel over and looked at the address. A woman's writing!

Quickly she rammed it into her bag and searched for her latchkey. She must be alone, alone! Very stealthily she let herself in, crossed the hall noiselessly, and mounted the stairs.

She locked herself in her room, and with trembling fingers tore the wrapping off the parcel. Tucked into the folds of the scarf was a square of white paper. Without an instant's hesitation, the impeccably upright Elfreda drew it out and opened it. She read:

"Dear Old Thing.—Here's the gaudy tonsil toaster you left with me. Thanks for the beano.—Yours ever, Susie."

With a stifled moan Elfreda sank down on the bed. Her worst suspicions were confirmed. Her Lionel, her dear one, her adored and trusted husband, had brutally deceived her!

She rose and tore the note into a thousand shreds, opened a drawer, put the scarf inside and locked it away. Lionel must not know that she knew. Perhaps this one night's madness, deeply regretted, would end it all. If it were not so, she must know the worst. To accuse him now would be to put him on his guard. She must watch and wait.

With determined calm she took off her hat, combed her hair, and left the room.

Somers was coming towards her.

"There is a gentleman to see you, madam."

"Oh, who is it, Somers?"

"A Mr. Mowbray, madam."

"Mowbray? Mowbray? Oh, that must be the man about the garden."

Somers looked shocked.

"Oh, I don't think so, madam!"

"What does he want, then?"

"I shouldn't think he wanted anything, madam."

Elfreda went into the drawing-room.

A young man was standing by the window; a very young man. He was watching the door with the eager confidence of a terrier awaiting its master.

He came forward wreathed in smiles, and not entirely innocent of a blush.

ELFREDA'S answering smile was, for an instant, blank, and then:

"Oh, how do you do? It's—it's Toddles!" Her voice trailed off in dismay. Oh, heavens, she thought, if Lionel were to come upstairs now, how could she explain! She was too panic-stricken to be polite. He was just another calamity in this awful day. Her one thought was to get rid of him.

Toddles' young face lengthened dejectedly.

"But—but you told me I could call."

"Did I? I'm afraid I shouldn't have."

"But you did. Don't you remember? Over that glass of port we pinched in the wrong house."

She recoiled.

"Oh, don't remind me . . . !"

The young man stared at her, crestfallen. He had dragged out a weary Sunday to let a decent interval elapse before he came to see her, and this was the way she greeted him! Here he was, bringing the purest homage a man could offer a woman, and she was fidgeting as though she'd left the bath running!

No, what you felt for this wonderful, golden-haired girl was a kind of old-world feeling, like that song his father used to sing: "And worship her in distant re—verence."

"Then I'm a bit of a wash out, am I?" he asked in an injured voice.

"No, no. Please don't misunderstand me. I only meant—" She glanced uneasily round.

"Perhaps I've come at the wrong time," he suggested. "You want to go out. Is that it?"

Why was she looking so agitated? He had expected her to come forward with outstretched hand and a smile of gentle welcome on her lips.

"I can't explain," she murmured nervously. "But I cannot let you stay. I—I—"

Suddenly from below came Lionel's voice calling:

"Bring me another box of matches, Somers."

Elfreda gave a start and grew pale. She lowered her voice.

"Please, please, you must go."

A great light broke on the young man. So that was it! An unhappy marriage! She was tied to some jealous brute she loathed. Now he would be able to serve her! He thrilled to the thought that Fate had given him a large part to play in her life, and he must not fail to rise to it.

He drew nearer.

"You are in trouble . . . Tell me, what can I do for you?"

"Only go, please, and don't come here again."

He ground his teeth in rage that this saint should have to go in fear and trembling of that brute downstairs. He buttoned his coat.

"Very well, I'll go, but I want you to remember that you are not alone now."

"Oh, thank you. So nice of you to call."

He nodded wisely.

"I understand. You may trust me. I can see your life is cast in troubled ways, but ere long, I hope—"

But Elfreda had caught sight of something bright in the street.

"What's that?" she asked sharply.

She was pointing in horror at a chastely gleaming Hispano Suiza that had come to rest below. It seemed to catch all the light in the small street, and to give it back to the proud air in celestial refulgence. Its aspect had the chill severity of great music, and yet withal, the sweet simplicity of elemental things. Mighty in its power, and ethereal in its grace, it stood before the house—or, to be more exact—before three houses.

Toddles cocked a fond eye at it.

"Oh, that's my old 'bus," he said fondly.

She clutched his arm.

"Oh, take it away, take it away," she implored in horror. Fancy if Lionel should look out of the window and see this great rakish thing!

Wounded beyond words, he looked at her.

"It shall be as you wish," he said. "But you understand that I mean to come again."

She humored him like a child.

"Yes, yes, some other day."

He took her hand and bent over it silently, then walked slowly to the door and made an impressive exit.

THE day dragged painfully to its close. Just before dinner, Barty rose to go. With funeral steps, Lionel followed him from the room and opened the front door.

"This suspense is almost unbearable," he said tensely.

"It is a little wearing," Barty agreed. "But it must come to-night. I've noticed parcels often come at night, like babies."

"I couldn't stand another day like today," Lionel declared desperately.

"I think we can congratulate ourselves we've carried it off rather cleverly."

"Yes, thank heaven, my darling has no suspicions."

"Of course, we were pretty lucky the

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way things turned out. I bet it'll come to-night. If it does, give me a ring. If I'm out, leave a message.

"Oh, yes, I'll let you know, you can be sure."

"Right oh, that's if it turns up. No scarf, no message."

At half-past eight that evening, Lionel and Elfreda were in the drawing-room taking coffee. He glanced at her once or twice and wondered what she was thinking of. Nothing, apparently, he concluded, nothing at all.

The clock ticked away drearily; no sound otherwise in the whole house. Pensively he ate the sugar at the bottom of the cup. Life was very sad, very sad, he reflected . . . Just a little love, a little kiss, and then all the sere years.

A FATAL idea took hold of him and worked in him like yeast in wet dough. Dare he step out for half an hour, see Susie, and set his mind at rest? What could he say to Elfreda? Where could he be going? He never went anywhere without her in the evening. He never went back to his chambers or to his club. He had no man to see . . . he didn't care for dogs. Anywhere he went Elfreda could go. He thought deeply. Only once, he remembered, he had gone to a Moot in the Middle Temple Hall. Why shouldn't he go to another to-night? An excited gleam shone in his eye.

"Well, darling, I must be off to the Moot," he announced with careful nonchalance.

She looked up, surprised.

"To-night?"

"Yes, didn't I tell you? Oh, yes, there's a big Moot on to-night. I'll have to put in an appearance. Won't stay long." He stooped and kissed her. "My little girl won't be lonely, will she?"

She shook her head.

"No," she murmured, "I won't be lonely."

Her eyes followed him from the room. She sat still, hearing him go down the stairs. He was putting on his coat and hat in the hall. She started to her feet. No, no, she could not sit still. Follow him she must.

The front door slammed. She ran swiftly down the stairs, snatched up a coat, and softly opened the door again. A few paces down the street he had stopped a taxi. She waited until he had given directions and got in, and then she too hailed a taxi.

The same evening, Barty strolled out of the quiet but super-excellent small restaurant that frequently fed him.

He turned into Piccadilly. The windows of his club offered companionship and quiet, but looking neither to right nor left, he held his unwavering course.

Well, what was he going to do? The evening was getting on. Must make up his mind. He raced up Coventry Street and across Leicester Square. Presently he paused.

It struck him that he was no distance from Museum Square, and now he came to think of it, he ought to go and see Susie. He had promised to tell her about the scarf, and now that he was so near . .

He hailed a taxi and drove to Museum Square.

He certainly looked about him warily as he mounted the stairs to the front door. This, as yet unseen, aunt had begun to take on a sinister form in his imagination. He paused outside the door, and then, summoning up courage, rang the bell.

Miss Lovatt was out, the maid told him. The blighted hope on his face touched her young heart, and she added that she had heard Miss Lovatt tell her aunt that she would be back by nine o'clock.

Barty descended, hugging this piece of comfort. Only an hour and a half to wait.

For ten minutes he walked up and down; then a bright idea struck him. To let Susie re-enter that aunt-ridden house was courting disaster. No; he'd lie in wait for her, and before she got to her own door he'd dash out and try to get her to come out for an hour or two with him.

He went back into the street. It was just beginning to drizzle with rain. There was not a soul in sight except a rather draggled looking figure standing under a tree a little way off. Immediately opposite 17 was a small sweet-shop. He'd wait in there, less conspicuous, and as soon as she appeared in sight he could nip out and waylay her before she could get up her own steps.

He entered the establishment, took a seat at a small marble-topped table and gazed out into the street. He became aware of a portly form at his elbow.

"Ice cream, sir?" said a voice. "Strawberry sixpence, vanilla fourpence."

He considered,

"I'll have a vanilla fourpence," he said, and the yellow dome was put before him.

He consumed it slowly, while not for an instant did his mind or eye stray from the possibility of that orange hat flashing into view.

The rain had brought premature gloom to the quiet street. No one even remotely resembling a goddess came into view. He ate his ice moodily and glanced at his watch. Still ten minutes to go. Well, he couldn't sit here consuming any more of this frozen nourishment. He rose and strolled to and fro 'twixt counter and door. He glanced up the street.

STANDING in the lee of the shop was the dejected figure whom he had seen earlier under the tree. Something familiar in the figure made him look closer. He peered. No, impossible! But yes! Great Scott! He wilted back from the doorway.

It was Elfreda!

But before he could follow his impulse to slink out of sight, she had turned her head, and they were face to face in the light from the doorway.

He advanced with a wan smile.

"Hullo, Elfreda," he said feebly.

She turned a pair of glittering eyes upon him and pointed to the house opposite.

"Do you know who's there?" she asked in a choked voice.

"Well, perhaps—yes—yes, I suppose I do."

"Lionel is in there," she declared with tragic intensity.

His mouth fell open.

"NO! How do you know?"

"I followed him."

"But Susie's not in, I asked."

"Oh, she's in all right! They had an assignation."

"Rot!"

"They did. Two minutes after he went in there, she came hurrying up the street, and went in, too."

"Well, I'm blowed!" he said in an injured voice. "How long ago was that?"

"Oh, I don't know. An eternity. . . . Half an hour."

She wrung her hands desperately.

"Oh, it's too awful! Too awful! At first I half believed him, but when that scarf came——"

"But it didn't. That's just what it didn't do."

"What's the use of trying to hoodwink me?" she asked passionately. "Didn't I take it from the postman with my own hands this afternoon as I was coming home!"

He stared at her blankly. Gosh! He knew that that foul fellow would do the dirty on them somehow.

"What's he gone to see her for?"

"Because he adores her, he's infatuated with her, he's sick if he's out of her sight for half a minute!"

He leant weakly against the doorway.

"My lord! Did he tell you——?"

"Tell me! Oh, you fool . . . Does a woman who loves her husband need to be told!"

"Then all you've got to go on is that he took her to a night-club?"

"Ah, then you admit that? Yet you lied to me about it!"

"Because there was nothing in it. Because the whole thing was pure accident, but he knew you'd be sick about it and got the wind up."

She burst into tears. He collapsed at the sight.

"Oh, my dear old thing! Oh, come, come. Don't cry. Let me give you something. . . . Have—have a liquorice-all-sort. This is awful. Let's go over there and have it out with him."

"Never. Fight with that woman for my own husband's love!" She gulped down a sob. "I hope I have more pride than that! If he loves me no longer—"

"Loves you . . . ! He worships you. He adores you. He's sick if he's out of your sight for half a minute."

"Then why has he deceived me? Why didn't he tell me everything at first?"

"Why didn't you tell him everything about your little affair?" Barty asked severely.

"It was different."

"Well, tell him now. Open it all up to-night when he comes home."

"No, no, you don't understand," she answered miserably. "I mean to find out everything before I take one step."

"But there's nothing to find out, I tell you! He doesn't care twopence about her. He only blew in there to-night to find out what had become of his scarf."

"If that is so, I shall know in a few days. I shall watch him. If he doesn't see her again, I shall try and believe it was only a fleeting madness."

"Right oh!" he said. "You do. I'll guarantee there isn't a chap in London who'll come out of a sleuthing better than Lionel."

"I pray he may! Oh, if he would only come home to-night and tell me everything!"

Barty pondered this remark deeply.

"I shouldn't wonder if he did," he said thoughtfully. How was he going to get hold of Lionel before he came out? "You try him. Give him a chance. Lead him up to it. Now take my advice, like a good girl. Go home and wait for him."

"I don't leave here till he comes out," she declared.

He pondered again.

"All right. Have it your own way. I can't stay. I'd like to wait with you, but I've got an engagement."

"It doesn't matter," she said tragically. "I'd just as soon be alone."

"Well, if that's so, I'll leave you."

He walked off briskly.

ONCE out of sight he paused. Where was the back entrance to 17 Museum Square? He must see Lionel before he left that house to-night! So that Elfreda should not suspect collusion, he must nip in the back way, find Lionel, tell him what had happened, and get him to

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go straight home and make a spontaneous open-hearted confession.

He paused nervously with his hand on the gate. And yet—what had he to fear? A caretaker, possibly; the Rev. ground floor Horace Cheetham; either of whom might question his entry. Well, let them. He opened the gate. A short stone passage led to a green back door. At this he paused again. Would he knock or go in? He answered his own question by turning the handle.

It was very dark inside and very quiet, and smelt of mould. His first thought was that he had broken into somebody's family tomb; then he saw a light under a door at the far end. He tip-toed towards it and listened intently. The silence of the tomb was unbroken, and he concluded that this door led into the front hall from which the staircase ascended.

With extreme caution he opened it and stepped into the light beyond.

He found himself in a small brightly-lighted room with a concrete floor.

There were but a few of the things among the litter that reached his consciousness. Then, suddenly, something that looked like a rather special piece of old junk sprang into his eye. It was seated on an inverted hip-bath with a carpet bag on its lap and a packet of old photographs in its hand. It was a greyhaired lady of about fifty years of age. She was clad from neck to ankle in a severe steel-grey garment of mannish cut, terminated at one end by a pair of stout shoes, and at the other by a neat, grey, serviceable, excellent quality, and in all other shades, felt hat.

He became aware that, though sitting motionless, she had him fixed with a relentless eye.

She spoke with deadly gentleness:

"Well, young man, and what do you want?"

This was rather a difficult question to answer. His impulse was to say very little as the moment was pressing. He tried to sidle past her to the far door.

"Nothing, thanks, nothing at all. I just want the front door."

"I'm afraid you won't find it at the back, then."

"No. No. As a matter of fact—I—I—just thought I'd drop in and see my friend the Reverend Horace Cheetham."

The eye grew colder.

"Pity you gave yourself the trouble," she observed dryly. "He's been in East Africa for the last three years."

He shifted from foot to foot desperately. How the devil was he going to get through that door? She watched his discomfiture with malicious pleasure, and then added:

"So there's nothing else for you to stay for, is there? Good night." With a curt jerk of the hand she indicated the door by which he had entered.

He saw that guile was wasted on her; he feared the truth would leave her even colder.

"I suppose you have no objection to my leaving by the front entrance, have you?" he asked mildly.

"None at all—provided you leave. I'll show you the way."

Foolhardy as it was, he now threw himself on her mercy.

"Well, to be quite frank with you, there is someone I want to see before I leave this house."

"Ah! I thought so. Am I right in assuming that it is my niece, Susie Lovatt?"

"Perfectly."

"Then I refuse. She understands that I will not have her studies interrupted by young men dropping in and out at all hours."

"Quite right. I agree with you, but what I really came for was to see someone who came to see her half an hour ago."

"A rival? No, you don't. No brawling here!"

"But you let him in."

"I didn't. He was in when I got home. He seemed a sad, unexciting sort of fellow, so I gave him another ten minutes."

He bowed ironically.

"Your present vigilance flatters me."

"Yes," she said grimly. "When I was a girl I married a young man who looked just like you."

"Like aunt, like niece, I hope!"

"He ended by throwing the cruet at me and eloping with the cook."

"They say these afflictions usually skip a generation."

"Do they? Well, this affliction can skip to the door!"

He turned to the door with dignified aloofness.

"I'll stay in the hall and wait for my cousin."

"But you don't mount those stairs?"

"I've told you."

He opened the door.

"Wait a minute," she called. "Come back."

"I can't; I'm in a hurry."

"What's it all about?"

He fidgeted with impatience.

"I can't explain now. It's a family matter."

"Very well, young man, but let me tell you, it's not the slightest use your coming here again, because you'll get just the same reception, whether you come by the front door or the back."

"All right, all right," and stepping into the hall, he closed the door after him.

The sound of the front door banging on Lionel's exit came to him at the same instant!

Good lord, it was too late! The poor boob would go home now, all unconscious of what Elfreda knew, and lie with a bland assurance that would convince her once and for all of his guilt.

With a sinking heart he confronted Susie, who was just turning away from the door. She opened astonished eyes at sight of him.

"You!" she exclaimed.

"Was that Lionel? Has he gone?"

"Yes, he's just gone."

A groan burst from him.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Everything. . . I wanted to see him before he left this house."

"But where have you been?"

"Talking to your aunt."

"You'll come upstairs," she said.

"I promised your aunt I wouldn't. But look here, we've only got a few minutes. . . . How am I going to see you again?"

"Well—I go to my lesson on Thursday. I leave there at half-past four. . ."

"All right. Shall we say a quarter to five at the Savoy? We might dance."

A footstep in the box-room. She ran up the first few steps.

"Wait a minute," he said, catching her hand over the banisters. "Wait a minute. Well, good-bye. . . That is, good-night. I'll see you on Thursday." He was still holding her hand.

"Yes, five, at the Savoy."

"A quarter to," he amended.

He tore himself away from the lovely eyes looking down at him. She ran quickly up the stairs. With a sigh he dropped back into the hall. He was just in time. His exit was hastened by the slamming of the box-room door. As though propelled by it, he shot out into the street.

When Barty mounted his stairs and opened his sitting-room door, he found Elfreda waiting for him.

"He stayed half an hour!" she said tragically.

"Exactly. Proving the milk-white innocence of his errand." All this business had gone too far. "Look here, Elfreda," he began.

She drew herself up haughtily, and for an instant her mother's own daughter flashed out of her eyes at him.

"It's no use, Barty. I know my own business best."

"I was only going to suggest——"

"I know what you were going to suggest; to try to smooth the whole matter over and let the wife be fooled."

"All right, all right. I'll make no more suggestions," he said irritably.

He considered. Lionel would never see Susie again. He wouldn't come within miles of her if he could help it. We had better give in to Elfreda and the thing would blow over in a few days.

"All right," he said; "I promise."

She searched his face.

"A solemn promise, Barty. You swear?"

"I swear. And I hope," he added severely, "that when you discover how basely you've been wronging him——"

"Oh, if I discover in a few days that it is as you say; that Saturday night was an unfortunate accident, and all this deception, only so as not to disturb my peace of mind"—she paused and drew a deep breath—"there won't be a happier woman in the world than I!" She wrapped her cloak around her. "Get me a taxi, please."

He patted her on the shoulder and opened the door.

"It's you for the happiest woman in the world in a few days," he pronounced.

THE following morning Lord Wilfred was seated before the desk in his study. His mild grey head was inclined pensively on one hand, while with the other he languidly turned the pages of his recent automatic writings.

It was some time since Lord Wilfred had gone through these gleanings from spirit land, but even to-day there was no avid light in his eye as he stooped to decipher some message or teaching from the pencilled scrawl that covered each page.

During the whole of Lord Wilfred's adult life he had been entirely governed by these spiritual helpers. Every action, every step he had taken had been dictated by them; his life had been a singularly uneventful one. Lord Wilfred was a bachelor. Yet in his innermost heart he had a wistful admiration for the married state, and, since it had been predestined for him, he had lately begun to wish that these guiding spirits would begin to express some opinion about a marriage for Bartholomew.

He turned the pages again, and slightly shook his head. A dear fellow, Bartholomew, his favorite nephew. How pleasing it would be to be able to go to him with some clearly inspired direction to help him in the choice of a wife and helpmate.

At this point of his meditations, the bulky form of Jessop appeared in the doorway with a silver tray, on which was his lordship's eleven o'clock refreshment. The doctor had ordered some slight stimulant during the morning, and had suggested strong beef tea, but Lord Wilfred preferred to

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compromise with a beverage brewed of certain simple herbs—willy-bane, marigold, kiss-me-quick, pennyroyal, rocket, and dittany.

Jessop advanced and put the cup down at his master's elbow.

Lord Wilfred turned again to his desultory perusal of the pages before him. He lifted his steaming cup, removed a few blossoms and a small piece of bark, and sipped delicately. He must skim through the rest of these messages and give them to Miss Tench to duplicate and file.

Lord Wilfred hastily turned ten pages.

HIS eye caught another profound utterance, and he stooped to read the straggling words: "The voyager on that great adventure will find that eternal sunshine wraps him round, nor have we any other garment at 17 Museum Square."

The cup fell clattering back into the saucer. With an exclamation Lord Wilfred snatched up the sheet and re-read the sentence with astounded eyes. At last . . . at last! Some revelation of earthly import had been vouchsafed him! Such a thing had never happened before, but here clearly was a message guiding him to a certain address at present unknown to him. It was perhaps the biggest thing that had happened in spiritualism of late years. And that it should have come to him . . . !

With heightened color he walked to the door of Miss Tench's sanctum. How delighted she, too, would be at this astounding message, after all their patient years of waiting for some such phenomenon!

He gently opened the door.

Miss Tench was seated at the typewriter, contemptuously snapping out a letter. She looked up frostily to see Lord Wilfred's flushed face peeping round the door. He beckoned mysteriously.

"Will you come into my room, Miss Tench? I have something to say to you."

She rose and glanced at him suspiciously. He was looking quite unlike himself. His eyes flamed as they rested on her, and the hand that beckoned was trembling.

"In here, Miss Tench." He led the way into his study, and closed the door again. No sooner were they alone than he began: "My dear Miss Tench. . . . Sit down, sit down. I ask for your fullest attention. Such a moment . . . ! Sit here." He motioned her to the couch.

"Is anything wrong, Lord Wilfred?" she asked sharply.

He threw her a wild, arch smile.

"Far from it! Oh, Miss Tench, how I have waited for this moment!"

She stared at him in horror. What did he mean? Was it possible . . . ? After all these years . . . ! She shot an indignant glance at his flushed, excited face.

"Be careful, please. Be careful . . . !"

She glanced round wildly as though for escape, and then—oh, merciful providence!—she heard a step in the hall and Lady Scroop appeared at the door which the unhappy nobleman had evidently forgotten to lock!

Wilfred sprang forward delightedly.

"Welcome, Hildegarde, welcome."

"Good morning, Wilfred. Good morning, Miss Tench."

"You could not have come at a more opportune moment," he warmly declared. "Miss Tench and I were just going to—"

"Oh, Lord Wilfred, I implore you—!" His agonised secretary could get no further.

"We were just going to read a marvellous automatic message that I have received," the old man went on. "I have just been saying to Miss Tench how good she has been, never showing any impatience at the rather obscure nature of the teachings, and yet surely wishing for some more satisfying phenomena."

"Indeed you have both been patient," Lady Scroop threw off.

"True, Hildegarde, true. But often we have longed for something more definite from our spirit friends, some greater proof of their nearness. Have we not, Miss Tench?"

Miss Tench fanned herself with the penwiper.

"Yes, yes . . . Oh, yes, we have, Lord Wilfred."

Lady Scroop glanced from one to the other.

"Well, and has it come?"

"It has!" Triumphantly he drew forth the sheet of paper and waved it before her. "Read it, read it! Is this not a clear call?"

Bending forward a little, Lady Scroop adjusted her lorgnon and peered at the page.

"'Immutable essence, cosmic and all enfolding, that from the core of things —'" she began dubiously.

"No, no, not there. It's here. Listen," and in a voice trembling with excitement, he read aloud: "The voyager on that great adventure will find that eternal sunshine wraps him round, nor have we any other garment at 17 Museum Square."

Lady Scroop gasped.

"Dear me, this is very extraordinary! Do you mean to say that this address appeared on the sheet after all that twadd—I mean, that it came in the middle of a spiritual message?"

"EXACTLY. Is it not too wonderful?" He paced up and down excitedly.

"When did this happen? To-day?"

"No, no, I don't know when. I very often do not read what I have written for a week or so. When I am doing automatic writing, I simply rest the pencil on the paper and close my eyes; the spirit controlling me then writes what it will. To-day I was glancing through a pile of recent script, when to my wonder and delight, I came upon this."

"Well," Lady Scroop and Miss Tench were eyeing each other inquiringly. "What do you think it means, Wilfred? What is this place, this Museum Square address?"

"I know as little as you. That is what makes it so interesting, so enthralling."

"But what's the use of it, then?"

"That will be revealed later. I shall go there. Some great enlightenment must hang on this message."

Lady Scroop pondered a minute.

"No doubt it's all very interesting, is it not, Miss Tench?"

Miss Tench pursed her lips.

"Very. May I see the sheet?" She studied it frigidly and handed it back. "Very interesting!"

Jessop appeared at the door.

"Mr. Cadman to see you, m'lord. I have shown him into the library."

"Very well, my good Jessop. Tell him I'll be with him in a minute. Hildegarde, my dear, I must leave you. You have been present at the birth of a great event." He rubbed his hands delightedly. "Really, life is getting more and more exciting!" In the doorway he turned and waved gaily to Miss Tench. "Good luck, partner, forward, forward! Coming, Jessop, coming."

Left alone, the two ladies regarded each other for a minute in silence, each waiting for the other to take the lead. But Miss Tench's thin-lipped face showed no sign of doing anything so unguarded, and Lady Scroop was forced to throw out a sounding.

"Well, Miss Tench, I suppose you feel as keen an interest in a discovery of this kind as Lord Wilfred himself?"

"Yes, indeed, I am deeply interested," Miss Tench agreed with a strained little smile.

"But—but not quite so credulous, do you mean?"

"Really, Lady Scroop, I hardly like to make a pronouncement on this matter. After Lord Wilfred's years of patient research—well, it would pain one to disillusion him."

"But to me . . ." Lady Scroop murmured encouragingly. "I always feel that you are so clear-sighted. . . . I should be interested to know what you think of it."

"A little praise is like a tonic," breathed Miss Tench.

"Lord Wilfred is never tired of singing yours," declared Lady Scroop.

Stalemate.

Hildegarde made a fresh start.

"Lord Wilfred is very touching in his delight about this discovery, is he not?"

"So much so that it ties one's tongue."

"Ah! You think that it is not genuine, then?"

For answer Miss Tench dropped her lids pityingly and slowly shook her head.

Lady Scroop probed again.

"Pure self-deception, you think?"

"No, a simple mistake. But so comforting to him that I hesitated to spoil his pleasure."

"Quite right. Have you any idea how this mistake arose?"

"Well, the words '17 Museum Square' are in Mr. Bartholomew Osborne's handwriting."

Hildegarde started. The name shook her profoundly. Her failure to collect conclusive evidence on Sunday afternoon had left her in a nasty mood.

"But how did it get there?" she asked bluntly. "Among Lord Wilfred's automatic writing . . .? Do you mean he is trying to dupe his uncle?"

"No, I think he is to absorbed in his own affairs for that." She tried to repress a sneer.

"Then how . . .?"

"Well"—Miss Tench decided to pay for her fun—"he came to see his uncle on Sunday afternoon, and, Lord Wilfred being engaged, was shown in here. I happened to pass as he was telephoning and heard him repeat those words. Obviously he scribbled them down on the first piece of paper he saw, the script which Lord Wilfred brought up with him on Sunday and had just left on the desk."

"On Sunday?" Lady Scroop repeated. "What time was that."

"AT about five o'clock, I think. He doesn't favor his uncle much or stay very long when he comes."

This news held Lady Scroop pretty quiet for a minute.

"This writing means more than you think! Did that not strike you?"

"Well, I concluded that it was just the address of a friend."

"A friend!" Lady Scroop snorted. "This is no friendly matter."

"You mean he's in some money difficulty? It's a creditor?"

"Oh, bosh, Miss Tench!" exclaimed Lady Scroop, finding the phrase an unexpected twister. "It's a woman!"

The words produced in Miss Tench another batch of shudders. She raised a horrified hand.

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"Oh, you don't mean—"

"I do. And what's more, it's a married woman."

"And do you know who this—this woman is?"

Lady Scroop gathered up her belongings and rose purposefully.

"I do not—yet."

Miss Tench shook her head disgustedly.

"It certainly should be found out."

"It certainly shall be. And if necessary, Lord Wilfred must be informed."

At the door the two ladies exchanged an effusive handshake and a glacial smile.

ON this same Tuesday morning, Elfreda was languidly making up flowers in the pantry. With unseeing eyes and automatic movements, she was standing miserably sticking carnations into tall vases. A few minutes before, with an aching heart but a silent tongue, she had watched Lionel get into a taxi. He had taken his bag. He would not be home again before getting his train to Liverpool that afternoon.

A deep sigh escaped her. She gathered up the stalks and flung them into the basket, washed her hands and went upstairs. She paused at Lionel's dressing-room door and looked in. There was his darling bowler hat on the table and his dear braces hanging over a chair. A sob broke from her. No, no, she couldn't let him go off like that. She must see him again. She would open it all up and know the worst, or have all her torturing doubts set at rest. If she left at once, she would get to his chambers in the Temple as soon as he did, for she knew he was dropping in at his tailor's first.

She hurried to her room, put on her hat, snatched up her gloves and ran downstairs.

She got out of her taxi, and walked quickly across Fountain Court to Lionel's rooms. She ran up the two long flights of stairs. Now that she had made up her mind to ask him everything, she felt better, had even a sense of relief before her question was put.

Mr. Osborne was not in yet, the clerk told her, and she went into his room to wait.

She walked impatiently about the room and paused before his desk. There were the little things on his table that she had given him from time to time; an ivory paper-knife, a silver pen, a crystal clock, and her own photograph in the dress she had worn at the ball on the night he had proposed to her. On his blotter was a pile of letters awaiting him. Her eyes dropped to them.

A hot flush rushed to her cheek. She bent lower and stared with wide eyes at the envelope on top. That writing! She knew it, she knew it! She sank into the chair at the desk.

Oh, heavens, that woman was writing to him! Here at his rooms, where he could get the letters unsuspected.

She sprang up. She must get away. She couldn't see him now. She turned to fly with this shaft in her heart, but Lionel stood in the doorway.

He bounded forward at sight of her.

"Hullo! What's my little precious doing here at this hour of the morning?"

With a stupendous effort she wrung forth a smile.

"I—I was just on my way to the bank."

"Splendid! And she thought she'd look in and dry her poor hubby's tears with a last kiss before he went away." He drew her out of sight of the window and kissed her devotedly.

"I really must go," Elfreda murmured.

"But what's all the hurry about, my sweet girl? Sit down one minute, my treasure, while Lionel just glances through these, and then he'll come down and get you a taxi."

He picked up the first letter on the pile and threw her a playful look.

"What a fetching little hat she's got on! My pretty is looking smart to-day. Won't there just be broken hearts in Bond Street this morning!" With a proud laugh, he turned to the open letter in his hand.

He gave an agonised start and felt the blood rushing to his face. Oh, Lord, if only she'd look somewhere else, out of the window, or somewhere! But he felt her eyes were upon him, and with a valiant attempt at unconcern, he skimmed the little mauve note. The words danced before his eyes.

"Dear Lionel,—You really must take a jolly good pull on yourself and not come dogging me any more! 'Faded the dream divine,' and all that. Joking apart, you must go back to your wife. I must go back to mine.—Yours ever, Susie."

He stood in numbed silence fumbling at it. This was hideous! He ought to hand it over to her as they always did. She could see it wasn't a business letter. He writhed, wishing he could sink through the earth. Never had he endured such torture! At last he glanced up. Elfreda's clear eyes were on him.

"Is—is that a letter?" she asked.

He shuffled in an agony of shame. Beads of moisture beagn to break out on his brow.

"Well," he stammered, "I suppose it is—yes, in a way—at least, it's really more of a kind of note."

"Is it?" she said with deadly quiet.

"YES, it's a sort of note . . ." he turned it over and over feverishly. "It's really nothing at all. It's just a note—from—Thurston. He—er—just wants me to play a game of golf with him one afternoon."

He glanced down at the letter again. His hand was trembling so that he could hardly hold the paper. His mouth felt parched. He seemed to be speaking through drifts of desert sand.

"'Dear Lionel,'" he began, but his brain simply refused to function, and to his horror he found himself reading the words before him: "'Dear Lionel, you really must take a jolly good'"—he gasped and checked himself—"'holiday and play golf with me one day at Sandy Lodge. Joking apart, I—mean it—er—' Well, that's really all."

He crushed the note viciously, tore it into shreds and tossed them into the waste-paper basket. With legs that still trembled under him, he walked over to her.

"And what is my treasure going to do to-day?" he asked fondly.

She lifted a pale face.

"I really don't know," she said.

The wild intoxication of his recent success blinded him to the icy evenness of her tone. He slipped an arm round her.

"I must go," she said in a choked voice.

"All right, my sweet. Lionel will come down and get his little lambkin a taxi."

He followed her down the stairs and took her across the court, talking easily. He reflected that she was always quiet like this under the influence of emotion, and her silence now, he fondly knew, was just her grief at being parted from him for two whole days.

When she had disappeared through the gateway, he stepped back to his rooms with growing anger in his heart. Really, if Susie did a silly, tactless thing like that again—well, men had been divorced for less.

He pulled the chair up to his desk irritably, and plunged into his work.

At one o'clock he closed his door after him and went out to lunch at a chop-house nearby.

He looked around for his pie and ale. There was no sign of them.

There are, no doubt, people who will deny the existence of that perverse phenomenon called luck, good or ill; yet how otherwise account for the series of misfortunes all contributing to the one end, that dogged Lionel's footsteps that day?

So, though Lionel looked and looked again for his pie, it was some time ere it was put before him. His second course, a pancake, came with equally reluctant tread.

He swallowed down his wine, paid his bill, and, hurrying out, hailed a taxi excitedly.

"Euston," he directed largely, sinking into it, "and as fast as you can go."

Luck again. That day, one of the few remaining foreign Royalties happened to be selecting a baby's crib in Bond Street, and consequently the traffic in Fleet Street was impassable. The taxi which Lionel so cleverly snapped up had been standing in the block outside the door for five minutes. It continued so to stand, with the only difference that it was now standing at Lionel's expense.

Presently it crawled twenty yards, and came to rest behind a brewery waggon. He began to get nervous. He leant out of the window.

"Look here," he called, "can't you get up a side street? I've got a train to catch."

The driver's laconic jerk of the head indicated the sea of vehicles before and behind.

Lionel sat down again and beat a devil's tattoo on his knee. He decided to get out and walk to a tube station, but at this instant the traffic moved on and he sank back again.

So for ten maddening minutes this indecision held him. When the traffic stopped he half sprang out; when it moved on he sank back hopefully, but when at last they turned into Euston Road he realised that it was too date. His train was at that instant starting!

Elfreda, full of anguish after the morning's revelation, had decided to see to what depths of duplicity her husband's guilty passion might be leading him. She had gone to the station to find out if he were really taking the train he had told her.

She arrived early and searched every carriage. Then from behind a bookstall she watched the travellers who passed through the gate for that north-bound train. With sinking heart she saw the hands of the clock creeping round, the people drifting through and taking their seats. An aching certainty began to grip her that he was not coming. The minute of departure arrived. The doors were closed. The green flag was raised and slowly the train glided out. With bursting heart and tear-dimmed eyes, she walked out of the station.

He had lied to her again!

THE offices of the "Agrarian Quarterly Review," where Bartholomew fought daily to keep the wolf from the door, occupied the top floor of a high building near Chancery Lane.

His desk faced a window, and there, in a revolving chair, he could swing and sway most pleasantly during the more boring hours.

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At about lunch time on this same Tuesday, he was seated in this chair lost in reverie. His durance to-day was lightened by the prospect of his meeting with Susie. Only to-morrow, he mused, and then Thursday . . .

He swayed and watched the blue smoke from his cigarette curl through the window and lose itself among the leaves of the plane tree.

He threw his cigarette out of the window, opened his case, drew forth another and gently tapped it for an instant. But instead of lighting it, he put it back, re-crossed to his desk, sat down, and took up the telephone book. Still wearing this expression of indecision, he gave the number and waited for an answer, then a pleased smile broke over his face; Susie herself had answered.

HE draped himself caressingly over the instrument as he spoke.

"I just rang up to make sure you hadn't forgotten about Thursday . . . What? Oh, well, that's good then . . . I was wondering too what you were doing this afternoon. . . . You can't . . . What? . . . Oh. H'm . . . I see. Not even later? . . . All right . . . What! She's going out! What time? . . . Will she be out long? . . . Rather! . . . No, no. Nothing much doing here . . . Right oh, thanks . . . Rather! About three o'clock then."

He hung up crisply and rose. Humming a light tune, he took out a brush and brushed his hair, straightened his tie, flicked his shoes with a silk handkerchief, put the things back in the drawer and slammed it noisily. Taking up his hat, he passed through the outer office and murmured to the clerk:

"I don't know whether I'll be able to get back this afternoon, Aitken. It's just possible I'll be detained."

A little before three that afternoon, Lady Scroop was seated in the massive drawing-room of the house in Cadogan Square, thinking deeply. She had been thinking deeply ever since this morning, when the longed-for clue had come so unexpectedly to her hand. It was now possible for her to obtain the exact information about Bartholomew that she needed, and what was more, she considered it her duty to do so.

There was no time like the present. She rose, swept upstairs to her bedroom, and grimly cloaked and hatted herself.

She did not take her own car, but got into a taxi and drove to the corner of Museum Square. There she alighted and proceeded on foot. Like Wilfred himself, she did not know what she was going to do when she got there; she too was depending on direction from some heavenly source.

She glanced piercingly at the houses as she passed. It seemed a respectable locality—quite respectable. This woman and her husband must be people of a certain class. She drew near to number seventeen. Outside she paused. Flats. Now what? Rather a poser for Hildegarde. No vice flaunted itself from the windows. Instead, up above, a neat parlourmaid was watering a window-box.

She plunged into the doorway, and found herself in a comfortably furnished entrance from which a blue carpeted stairway ascended.

Now, by a curious coincidence, just as Lady Scroop entered that hall, the clock struck three, and needless to say, at the same instant, Barty raised the brass knocker at the flat above and struck too!

The sharp rat-tat arrested the searcher after truth. She cast a keen eye upwards and cocked an ear.

A brief interval, and the door above opened and then the watcher below was enriched by the maid's distinct utterance of two words:

"Mr. Osborne."

Hildegarde quivered from head to foot, but almost before the words had died away, another voice, softer and more intimate, floated down to her ears. It was a sibilant whisper, no more. It said:

"Sh'sh! Not gone yet. Come back in five minutes."

The door closed, a step sounded on the stairs, and Hildegarde suddenly awoke to her own danger. Oh, heavens, she must escape! To be found here by him would be disastrous. She turned swiftly from the stair. But where to hide? Close at hand was a door ajar. She glided towards it and peeped in. It was a box-room. She slipped inside.

She listened breathlessly to hear the footsteps of the poor duped husband whose departure these vile creatures were waiting too. She had not long to wait. In a couple of minutes she heard the door of the flat above open and shut, a decided footstep sounded on the stairs, crossed the hall and passed out into the street. Two minutes more than then hark! how the libertine runs swiftly up the stairs to the arms of his guilty love. Again the door opens and shuts.

It was too much for Hildegarde. Righteous curiosity got the better of her caution. Silent and swift, she sped from the box-room, mounted the stairs, and close against the small green door of the first floor flat, inclined her ear. They were just on the other side. She heard the woman give a low musical laugh, and caught the damning words:

"Of course I wanted you to come, but you're taking frightful risks." Then the voice died away as they left the hall.

The listener needed no more. Quickly she gained the street and hailed a taxi. She would go straight to Wilfred and tell him everything. Let uncle and nephew come into conflict over an issue like this, and Bartholomew's position as favorite would be at an end.

THE militant plume was set a-nodding as she bridled and moved impatiently in the taxi. After all, the honor of the whole family was at stake!

She sprang out of the taxi at Hamilton Place and stormed the steps.

"Is Lord Wilfred in his study?" she demanded of Jessop, sweeping past him into the hall.

The dignified Jessop had a rooted dislike of being swept past, and Lady Scroop he had always known as an inveterate sweeper. He eyed her coldly.

"'Is lordship is not at home, my lady." The quiet correction of his tone jerked her back from the study door, as a well thrown lasso checks an over-exuberant animal.

"Oh. That's very inconvenient. I'll wait."

"Yes, my lady." Jessop bowed and held open the drawing-room door.

"How soon will he be back?"

"'Is lordship said about half-past six, my lady."

"Good heavens, you don't expect me to wait all that time, do you? How extremely annoying. Will he be in this evening?"

"I regret I cannot say what 'is lordship's movements this evening will be." This was clearly one of those rare occasions when no knowledge is power.

"Oh, well, well. I'll see him another time," and Lady Scroop swept once more into the street.

She stood in Hamilton Place like Vesuvius with a lid on. Pour it forth to someone she must. She pondered an instant. Elfreda would be at home, and it was just as well that she too should know this shameful tale. She was far too tolerant of Bartholomew.

Lady Scroop was shown upstairs to her daughter's bedroom, where Elfreda was sitting listlessly before her dressing-table. Her mother eyed her sharply.

"You're looking very out of sorts. Is anything the matter?"

Elfreda sprang up and offered a pale cheek to be kissed.

"No, mother, nothing."

"Are you ill?"

"No, of course not, I'm perfectly all right."

"WELL, you don't look it. How's Lionel? Oh, of course, he's gone away to Liverpool. That's the trouble, is it?"

Elfreda changed the subject.

"I thought you were going down to the Castle this afternoon."

"I was, but something happened to prevent me."

"Oh! What happened?"

Lady Scroop seated herself on the edge of the bed and began mysteriously:

"You'll be very surprised, my dear, when you hear what I have to say." Elfreda looked up. "Very surprised indeed!" Hildegarde paused and then brought out unctuously: "That Bartholomew is disgracing the family!"

Elfreda started.

"Mother! What do you mean?"

"Not that I'm at all surprised. I always said if the truth were known it would be pretty unsavory."

"But what's he done? I won't believe a word against Barty. It must be some mistake."

"There you go! Doubt your mother's word in favor of that reprobate! Really, Elfreda—"

"No, no, mother, I didn't mean . . . But what's happened?"

"Well, I was just going to tell you if you'd only give me time. It came to my ears—

"How?"

"Don't interrupt me. I heard that he was carrying on a shameful intrigue."

Elfreda sat stricken.

"Well! Is it possible? But Barty always seemed so—"

"Oh, of course, good looks and charm will blind a woman to anything. He couldn't go about wrecking homes and stealing other men's wives if he weren't. It's only what one might have expected; the Osbornes were always a rakish crew. It's in their blood, fighting and roistering and debauchery!"

Elfreda's own trouble rushed back on her: so she had found to her cost! Her mother caught the look.

"My dear, of course Lionel's different. He takes after his mother's people."

"But how did you find all this out?"

"Wait till I tell you. I knew that something of the sort was going on, and I got to know that this creature lived in Museum Square."

Elfreda started violently.

"Museum Square!" she repeated tensely.

"Yes, my dear, not in our world. A very middle-class address. Well, I went there."

"What number?"

"What does that matter? I don't know. Seventeen, I think, a house with flats."

Elfreda's staring eyes were on her mother burningly.

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"What happened? What did you do?" she asked breathlessly.

"Well I went into the hall, not really expecting to see anything beyond the kind of place it was, and as I was standing there, someone knocked at the door of the flat just above, and I heard the maid's voice say, 'Mr. Orborne!' "

Elfreda turned pale.

"Did you see him?"

"No, I didn't. The door was out of sight, but I could hear every word that was said. Wait till I tell you the rest! It's too utterly disgraceful. Suddenly there came a woman's voice, not the maid's, and I distinctly heard her whisper, 'Not gone yet. Come again in five minutes!' "

A horrified exclamation broke from Elfreda.

"Oh! Well, mother, well? Then Barty came downstairs?"

"Yes, he came creeping down and—"

"You saw him?"

"Don't be so foolish. Is it likely I'd stand there till he came down? I didn't see him, but I tell you I heard the words 'Mr. Osborne.' You don't want more proof than that, do you?"

"No," Elfreda whispered in a choked voice, "no."

"Well, he went out into the street to wait and—"

"But where were you?"

"I, my dear, naturally had to get somewhere." Was it possible that a slight flush mounted Lady Scroop's sandy cheek. "I slipped into a box-room near the stairs."

"Mother! You didn't!"

"Didn't! And why not, I'd like to know? It's somebody's duty to see that this young man doesn't bring us all to shame." She tossed her head and darted an angry glance at her daughter. "But it's only what one expects when one tries to do something for others!"

"Oh, please . . . I didn't mean anything. Do go on, mother. What happened next?"

"Well, in a few minutes the door above opened again and the poor innocent fool of a husband came out."

"What was he like?"

Lady Scroop's eyes snapped at her daughter.

"Oh, what does that matter? How stupid you are Elfreda! I suppose he looked like any other weak fool that can't keep an eye on his own wife. The point, is, that hardly had his footsteps died away than Bartholomew came creeping back and up the stairs."

"Yes, yes. But you surely saw him this time?"

"SAW him! Saw him! Really, you're being a perfect fool! What does it matter whether I saw him or not? I heard enough. I don't know what more you want."

Elfreda's face was pale and mask-like.

"Nothing. I don't want any more."

"No, but there is more."

"What?"

"When they had closed the door, I felt it my duty to see this thing through to the end, so I marched upstairs—"

"Yes, yes, and you knocked?"

"Oh! Don't be idiotic. She'd have whipped him into a wardrobe if I had. I—I heard them speaking on the other side of the door, at least the woman."

"Didn't he speak?"

"He did not. I suppose he was too busy kissing the creature, but she said, passionately: 'Of course I wanted you to come, but you're taking frightful risks!' "

With a stifled cry, Elfreda sprang to her feet.

"No, no, don't tell me any more. I can't bear it."

"Come, my dear child, you mustn't let it unnerve you. One is naturally grieved beyond words at such a discovery," Lady Scroop pronounced, doing her best to conceal the rioting joy within her. "I was deeply distressed. My first thought was his poor uncle."

Elfreda walked up and down her room wildly.

"Oh, I wish you hadn't told me. I wish you hadn't gone."

"Good gracious, I'd no idea you were so wrapped up in Bartholomew. Well, you see he's not worth it."

She had a sense of disappointment. She had wanted Elfreda to be shocked and surprised, but within reason. The possible advantage to Lionel of Bartholomew incurring their uncle's displeasure simply didn't seem to strike the girl. In fact, she was taking it in such an absurdly tragic way that her mother decided it would be wiser not to mention that aspect of it just now, and, robbed of her well-earned fun, she presently took her leave.

NO one can deny that any kind of a domestic scene is a vulgar thing, lacking in all refinement—but so is a thunderstorm. It is equally obvious that after both the air is sweeter and easier to breathe. But it is not all people who share with Nature this divine volcanic gift, and Elfreda least of all women. None of this heartbreak would have been hers if, on her discovery of Lionel's first flirtation with the truth, she had spoken out.

She threw herself down again on the couch, and once more the purple cushions were drenched with her tears.

So lost in grief was she that she did not hear the door open, nor Toddles' footstep cross the floor.

The young man stood for a moment regarding her in silence. His eyes bulged in horror. His goddess in tears! Then things had come to a crisis. His entry at this critical point, he felt, was dashed dramatic. This was she moment for him!

"Dear one," he murmured tenderly, "see I am come to you again," and lightly dropping on one knee, he reverently kissed the hem of her skirt.

Feeling the touch on her knee, Elfreda sat up with a start. At sight of the knightly figure on the carpet, she tried to check her sobs, and holding out one hand to him, she mopped her eyes with the other and ringingly blew her nose.

"Oh, how do you do?" she choked.

"You are in trouble. Let me share it," he pleaded.

"Oh, not at all. I'm only—" But tears again drowned her speech.

He looked at her keenly.

"Ah, no, you are hiding some sorrow. The sharp eyes of love cannot be deceived."

She made one last struggle to keep this young man outside the secret places of the heart.

"You are quite wrong. I was just depressed. I—I—"

But Toddles, like a sandstorm of the desert, could insinuate himself through invisible openings.

"You don't need to tell me anything," he said, "I know what your trouble is; your husband!"

She started violently and sobbed afresh.

"It's no use denying it. It's true. It's true."

He brought down a fist on the sofa cushions.

"I knew it. My poor wounded girl!"

"I wish I had never seen him. Oh, my heart is broken!" she cried.

"The scoundrel!" he muttered through clenched teeth. "Then he has gone to—to extremes?"

"No, to Liverpool."

"I mean he has deceived you?"

"Cruelly!"

"You may trust me. Tell me everything."

"No, no, I can't. It's too horrible."

"You found him with another?"

"No, it was mother."

He rose and stood looking down at her. He knew that the faultless modern actor whom he emulated, was never betrayed into any show of feeling. A situation of such tragic intensity demanded that he should sit on the arm of the couch, swing a well-booted foot, take out a cigarette and delicately tap it.

"Have you charged him with his passion for this woman?"

Sobbing afresh and with many halts and stumblings, she began to pour out the story of Lionel's perfidy. Once started she was like a river in full flood, and Toddles, as he listened, managed to preserve a front as drearily untouched as a cold dinner. At the end he nodded sagely.

"Then this is no light affair. You are quite sure that he is heart and soul for this woman?"

"Oh, I know it. Everything tells me so. I see now that he has always adored her, always will. What shall I do? What sha'l I do?"

He almost stepped to her side, but restrained himself and took a graceful turn up stage. Elfreda's part was as clear to him as his own, but could she be made to see it? That rested with him. He turned again to where she sat, a dejected heap among the sofa cushions, and spoke with sonorous weight:

"There is only one thing for you to do, the big and beautiful thing, the thing that is worthy of you."

She looked up distractedly.

"It is all clear to me," he went on, "You must give him his freedom."

"What! What do you mean?"

"A divorce."

She sprang to her feet.

"What! Are you mad? Oh, horrible!"

"So is an amputation. You must free him."

"I won't. I love him."

"What better way of showing it then?"

"It would ruin his career."

"THAT'S not what I mean. You must give him cause to divorce you. You must make the Great Sacrifice!"

She shrank back, horrified.

"Oh, you don't mean that I should—"

"Better that than that you should both go on suffering. They at least will win through to happiness. That, of course, is what you wish."

What Elfreda had really wished up to now was that Susie should be made hideous with smallpox and then bitten to death by a mad dog, and that Lionel should turn from his ways and undergo months of biting agony and remorse, but at Toddles' noble words she dissolved into tears again.

"Of course I do," she agreed weakly.

Toddles rose and faced her.

"Good. I knew it. This is your chance. You must make a gesture." He flung out a renouncing arm.

She shuddered.

"No, no. I couldn't strike him! No violence. It must never come to that."

"I mean," he said ponderously, "that someone, some man you know and trust, must help you. Your husband must think that you love this man."

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This was the moment Toddles had been leading up to.

"Me," he said, but the dramatic simplicity of this answer was spoilt for him by the fear that he should have said "I." "Your husband must think that you love me."

"He wouldn't be such a fool," she threw off passionately.

He winced, but plunged on.

"It's for us to make him," he insisted.

"But everyone else will think so too," she wailed miserably.

"That's the Great Sacrifice; a woman's fair name. Why be so weak and doubting? It's all quite simple. Now picture it. It might happen this afternoon. Supposing he came back unexpectedly."

Her tears broke out afresh.

"He might," she gulped. "He left his hot water bag behind."

"Oh, can't you stick to the point? He comes in and finds us here. I am kneeling beside you, kissing your cheek, holding your hand. It's just like that big scene in 'Duplicity.' You know where the husband comes in to take his wife to hear him make a speech in the House of Commons, and finds her in Trevellyan's arms."

"But Lionel hates me to hear him make a speech," she sobbed.

"Oh, my heavens!" he groaned. "Don't you see? It's only the atmosphere I'm trying to get. We're here. Alone. You and I. Like this. Down stage. He comes in O.P."

She glanced at him suspiciously.

"Not Lionel. He never gets drunk."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, can't you let me manage this scene? Do be a little helpful or keep quiet. He accuses. We confess. He believes us and rushes off for a divorce. It's your plain duty, that is if you love your husband."

She mopped her eyes with the little wet ball in her hand.

"Oh, I do. Of course I love him. I suppose you're right. I know I ought to give him his freedom."

"Splendid." He patted her shoulder approvingly. "I knew you'd see it. There'll be no fuss, no scandal, an undefended suit. It's all over in no time. At the beginning of the next act—I mean in a few months it's simply announced that the decree has been made absolute. You'll be glad when it's over."

"NEVER. I'll never be glad again. It's brutal of him to expect it of me. Oh, the cruel selfishness of men! He goes and makes love to a worthless, hideous little nobody, and I m-make the great s-s-sacrifice!"

But the act of renunciation, think of the inner beauty of it."

"Yes, from the outside!"

He looked shocked.

"That's rather cynical of you, isn't it? You seem to be missing the whole spirit of the thing. I see it all so beautifully. When it's all over, you take up your new life alone in some quiet place, a cottage in the country."

"Mother would be sure to make me live at the Castle," she declared bitterly between two sobs.

"No, no, it must be a cottage on the outskirts of the village. You know, you'll dress in black, and people will wonder at the tragic beauty of your face. You'll tend your flowers and feed the village children, and years later," he went on in a trance tone, "someone will open your little wicket gate and come up the path to you, and out of all your sadness your heart will blossom anew!"

He had come closer to her, and now laid his hand gently upon her golden head. The picture was too much for her, and again she broke out into distracted sobbing.

A shocked exclamation from the doorway made them both swing round, and Barty was standing gaping at them in startled horror.

BARTY went swiftly towards her.

"My dear girl, what on earth . . .? What is the matter? Have you had some bad news?

"It's all right, it's all right," Toddles murmured in a confidential aside. "The lady's a little upset . . . a private family matter. Perhaps it would be better if you called another time. You won't mind, will you?"

Elfreda tried to pull herself together.

"Oh, Barty, it's you, is it? It's only Barty," she said to Toddles.

"Then you wish him to stay? We can speak quite openly before him?"

Barty cast a glance of growing dislike at the young man.

"May I ask——" he began.

"It's only Toddles, Barty. He knows everything."

"Come, Elfreda, don't let him bluff you. We all thought that at his age."

"I mean about Lionel. I've told him the whole truth."

"What have you told him?"

"The way he's treated me, the way he's lied and deceived me."

"Now, come, you know perfectly well——"

"Stop, Barty, Stop," she cried passionately. "You've said all that before. He loves this other woman, I tell you. You can't throw dust in my eyes any longer. I know."

"You're making an absolute fool of yourself. Lionel's the whitest chap that walks. What do you know?"

"Enough to convince me of his guilt, and more. I have my woman's intuition."

But Toddles was gazing at her with a new-found respect. At last Elfreda was holding the stage!

"Well, all I can say," Barty burst out, "is that I'd have more sense than to keep up this hole and corner game of peeping and spying. If you'd only have it out with him you'd——"

"Thank you, I am not such a fool as that. I have my remedy."

"What remedy?"

"Divorce."

He fell back open mouthed and stood gaping at her.

"What! Are you out of your mind? Divorce him! Because he misled a couple of yards of flashy fancywork!"

"We needn't go into that again, thank you. I've thought it all out. Toddles has shown me the way. Lionel shall divorce me."

He looked at her anxiously.

"Really, Elfreda, this affair has unhinged you. You ought to take a tonic."

Barty's attack was doing what Toddles' persuasion had failed to do, and with characteristic perversity she had made up her mind. She tidied her hair and stuffed her wet handkerchief away.

"I wish you'd realise that this is no laughing matter. Lionel loves me no longer, but hurt as I am, I still love him, and I am going to do the big thing, to make the Great Sacrifice."

"The biggest thing you can do is to wait till he comes home and tell him everything."

"I have no intention of telling him. I mean to—to"—she caught Toddles' admiring eye upon her—"to make a gesture. No scenes."

"You mean no gesticulations."

"I mean to give Lionel his freedom."

"Freedom! But, good Lord, what would a chap like Lionel do with freedom?" He turned savagely on the silent young man who stood ecstatically drinking in the drama. "I suppose it's you who've been filling her up with these five tense reels of tears and laughter? What's it got to do with you, anyway?"

"Elfreda gave me her confidence," Toddles answered with dignity. "She needs a friend."

"She needs a keeper! It's lucky I came in."

Elfreda was standing looking at him with a stony face.

"Have you quite finished?" she asked as he paused.

"No, I haven't. It's disgraceful, absolutely monstrous——"

"You've said all that before. Your words don't move me one atom. This thing is going to be done, and done at once. I shan't give myself time to repent and go on dragging out miserable doubting years as other women have done. I hope I am stronger than that."

He floundered in helpless protest.

"But—but what are you going to do?"

"Lionel is away. He doesn't mean to come back till the day after to-morrow—"

"And to-morrow," Toddles broke in, "we shall send him a wire, an unsigned wire, telling him to come straight back to town; and when he comes——" He paused.

"Yes, well? When he comes?"

"He will find Elfreda and me together. She will say she loves me and insist on being divorced."

"Oh, so that's the plan, is it?" Barty exclaimed, stalking to and fro across the the thick purple carpet. "Your quite sure, I see, that Lionel with swallow it."

She laughed bitterly.

"Only too sure! I know that he'll be glad to believe that I want my freedom too."

HE turned on his heel and walked to the window. Toddles drifted to Elfreda's side, and Barty heard them murmuring in low voices. He stared down into the street, thinking deeply.

She needed a dashed good lesson . . . .

At last he turned back into the room.

"Well," he said in a tone of finality. "You mean to do this thing, Elfreda? You're determined on divorce?"

"Yes, I'm quite determined."

"Very well, I give in. I won't try to dissuade you any more. But I make one stipulation."

Her eyes questioned.

"Well?"

"I'll consent. I'll do what I can to help you. But I must be the co-respondent."

She started. Her mouth fell open in amusement. Toddles looked up in dismay.

"Barty!" she gasped. "Are you mad?"

He shook his head doggedly.

"No, I'm in earnest. It's the only condition on which I'll consent. Do you accept it?"

"No, I can't let you do it," she declared. "It's very sweet of you. It's wonderful, but I can't have you drawn into it. It's Lionel's and my affair."

"Exactly. That's what I say. Let's have a decent divorce, keep it in the family . . . the sanctity of the home, and all that."

She pondered deeply.

"Perhaps he's right, Toddles. Perhaps it had better be he."

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it."

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Toddles said sniffily, "I must say I think it pretty bad form for a man to push his way unasked into a girl's divorce."

"There's only one thing," she considered. "If it's Barty, would Lionel really believe . . . ?"

"Why not? You and I have always been dashed fond of each other. He knows that. Now we'll just have to make him believe that our friendship has ripened into love's young dream. See the idea?"

"All the same, I don't quite see . . . . He's often come home and found you here."

"Here? Oh, it can't be here."

"Where then?"

"Down at your cottage in the country."

"Why?"

He looked round helplessly. The girl's awful purity was unnerving!

"Well—I don't know——" he faltered. "I—I—I dare say that if two people wanted to—to—well, to be alone, they might conceivably go out of town."

"But it's very quiet and lonely at the cottage, and very cramped, except for Lionel and me, and the housekeeper will be away. She's only there for the weekends."

"Oh, Elfreda! Do you think those things would have driven Antony and Cleopatra back to Claridge's! It's the very thing for us. . . . To-morrow night. Leave all the arrangements to me."

"I'll send him the wire to-morrow." She sat down at the writing-desk. "What shall I say?"

Barty moved across to her.

"You can leave that to me too," he said carelessly. "I'll send it."

"What shall we say, then?" she asked, taking up the pen.

"It should have an ominous note," Toddles pronounced. "I should say, 'Go immediately to cottage. A friend sends you this warning.'"

"Cheery sort of friend to have!" Barty observed. "A nice, tactful, peace-loving sort of fellow. No, that won't do. Oh, say, 'Be sure to come.'"

Elfreda wrote, and Barty picked up the paper.

"You can leave this to me," he told her. "I'll see to it. I'll time it. We'll go down early in the evening. And, Toddles——"

"Oh, I don't exist. The plan was mine, but I've been thrown aside." The injured young man was moving with dignity to the door.

"Wait," said Barty. "It isn't always the master mind that plays the biggest part. We shall want you to be there to give us warning of Lionel's approach, and"—there flew to his mind the inaccessible position of the rural dovecote and the gleaming auto at rest below—"and no good divorce is complete without a trusted chauffeur to drive the guilty pair to their own destruction."

FOR once in his life Lord Wilfred was as quick at getting off the mark as his old friend Hildegarde. So keen was his excitement at the spiritual revelation this morning, that he decided to follow up the clue without waiting for further counsel.

Therefore, late on this same afternoon, his lordship might have been seen standing expectantly before the respectable doorway of 17 Museum Square. He was just standing there. He had, in fact, rather the look of having been dropped there, which was more or less the case, for the spirits, after their one homely descent to earth, had coyly retired again to the infinite spaces. They were not unlike the taxi driver who, having brought him there, dumped him down on the pavement, trod on the gas, and vanished in a cloud of blue smoke.

With brisk footsteps and bird-like head cocked slightly on one side, Lord Wilfred passed the open doorway and looked at it. The doorway looked at him, openly, it is true, but without giving anything away. He paused and slowly retraced his steps. Now what did this message mean him to do? It was very, very difficult, he thought, to know what was awaiting him here. Still, as nothing more was vouchsafed him, he must take his courage in his hands and go a little farther.

Lord Wilfred stared sadly up at the meaningless board. What was his next move? The only course that occurred to him was that of knocking at each door and seeing what happened, but that fatal want of enterprise in his nature again hampered him. Yet, he reflected, the direction had been so clear. He took the crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket and studied it again closely. Yes, yes, it was a veritable miracle! There must be something for him here.

He was still standing in this pitiable frame of mind, when a light footstep sounded above him, and turning quickly he saw a young woman descending the staircase.

In a flash of clairvoyance Lord Wilfred perceived that this was no ordinary being, that her eyes were of a rare and curious shade of lapis-lazuli blue, unmixed with any green or grey, and shaded by thick, dark lashes. The lock of hair on each side of her smooth, soft cheek, he noted, was of an ebon blackness, while her skin, in comparison, was like a pale blush rose. Her mouth—not a small mouth, he owned—had a most arresting dimple at the left corner; and altogether, it was clear to the tranced nobleman that this was the girl the spirits were interested in, that this was the next clue in the psychic treasure hunt. He had an instantaneous conviction that she had a beautiful nature and that it was his clear duty to accost her.

BUT before he had come out of his trance, Susie reached the hall, and went towards the bewildered little man who stood gazing at her so appealingly.

"Can I help you?" she asked, the dimple deepening with her smile. "Are you looking for someone?"

"I was," he answered archly, "but I think my search is ended."

"Do you mean you wanted me?"

"I think so. Yes, I think so." The little man's tone was growing excited. "Everything points to it. In fact I even have that feeling that we have met before."

She shook her head.

"I don't think so. I have a wonderful memory for faces."

"You have a wonderful face for memories," he mused. "But I really meant that perhaps we had been friends in an earlier life."

"Oh, I see. That's quite possible, of course."

"You mean that?" he asked delightedly. "You mean you're a re-incarnationist?"

Susie was one of those really nice girls who are always willing to possess any quality that a member of the opposite sex admired and hoped to find.

She nodded brightly.

"Of course I am. Aren't you?"

He fairly beamed with joy upon her.

"Oh, my dear young lady, this is indeed a happy moment for me! Of course I am. Every sensible person must be, but study and belief in these mysterics are rare in one so young. However, since you are so obviously the one for whom it is intended, I can reveal the whole secret to you."

With trembling fingers, he searched in his breast pocket and drew forth the sheet covered in pencil scrawlings.

"Read this," he commanded. "It was written by me, automatically, but controlled, I need hardly say, by a spiritual hand."

SHE glanced down and read the straggling words, with her own address staring out sharply from the rest. She had not the remotest notion of what it was all about, nor what this dear old gentleman was getting at, but she looked at him wisely.

"It is curious, isn't it? It's really very extraordinary. What, exactly, do you think it means?"

His eyes were on her piercingly.

"I'm beginning to think I see," he said slowly. "The meaning is being made clear to me."

"What do you think it is then?"

"Ah, no, I may not tell you. That would spoil it all. Yes, yes, I begin to see. How wise! How beautiful! The very thing I have wished for. It all unfolds before me. But what am I doing? I must introduce myself. You'll be thinking me an unconventional old fellow. We mustn't have you thinking that!"

Again he dived into his pocket and took out a card. Susie read the engraved words: "Lord Wilfred Rotherhurst."

Things began to be a little clearer to her, but not much. She knew the name, that he was the uncle of that purposeful young man who had left her half an hour ago—and got out only by the skin of his teeth before Aunt Agatha came in. Some vague idea that he had asked his uncle to call began to shape itself in her mind, but the next words dispelled that.

"Now won't you tell me who you are? I don't know your name yet."

"Oh, mine? I'm Susie Lovatt."

"A charming name, Lovatt," he repeated, lingering over the first syllable. "Lovatt. So now we have renewed our acquaintance—on this plane—and now I'm going to ask you if you will do me the great favor of dining with me."

The lovely eyes opened in surprise at the suddenness of this. Though singularly different in all else, there was one thing in which uncle and nephew seemed to be startingly alike: an almost uncanny rapidity in knowing what they wanted, and going straight for it.

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure, but—"

"No, no, don't refuse me." He showed a passionate eagerness. "It is really more important than you think; in fact, I may say it is destined by a nobler intelligence than mine."

"Whose?"

"Well, I'm not quite sure. It might be Marcus Aurelius or perhaps the late Leo Tolstoi. At all events, you must come. I shall have someone to meet you who, I think, will interest you."

Now there was only one person at present on Susie's horizon in whom it seemed possible for any human being to be interested, so she accepted Lord Wilfred's invitation without further hesitation, and without the slightest idea of how she was going to circumvent Aunt Agatha.

The little man beamed with delight.

"Splendid, splendid! To-morrow night? How would that do? Good. At eight then." He was holding her hand and gazing at her with a kind of spiritual rapture. "My dear child, this is a happy day for me. . . .

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That I should have been the instrument chosen. . . . Wonderful! Wonderful!"

"Thank you so much. I shall be consumed with curiosity till to-morrow night!"

"Aha! Eve's falling! You shan't be disappointed though. But I mustn't keep you now. Good-bye, Good-bye."

Waving a gay hand, he tripped to the door and passed out into the street. But in an instant he reappeared. His slight form paused at the entrance.

"By the way," he asked, a new note of anxiety in his voice, "you're not married, of course? Nothing like that?"

"Oh, no, of course not."

"Good," and again he disappeared.

"Nor engaged?" came the inquiry a moment later from the anxious face peering round the doorway.

"No, nor even engaged."

"That's all right, then. Splendid, splendid." The face cleared and vanished.

As Lord Wilfred entered his home in Hamilton Place he met Miss Tench in the hall.

"Just leaving, Miss Tench?"

"Yes, Lord Wilfred. Is there anything further you want me to do?"

"Well, one small thing, if you would be so good. Will you put through a telephone message to my nephew Barty and ask him to dine with me to-morrow night." He followed her into the library and stood while the lady sat down to the telephone at his desk.

Fear is what most people feel for the telephone, fear thinly veiled by animosity. But Miss Tench's front when grappling with it bespoke the martinet who would brook no insubordination. She ordered her number like her late father, the General, ordering a charge, and sat awaiting it, sternly hostile.

Nothing happened. Lord Wilfred was watching her with anxiously inclined head.

"Can't you get an answer? Ask them to ring again."

"He must be out. I can hear it ringing."

"Oh, that's a grave pity. I must get the message to him to-night."

"Well, I'm afraid it's no use now." She put down the receiver.

"He should be back from his office. It's twenty to seven. What shall I do, Miss Tench?"

"Is it so very important?"

"Very. It's—well, it's a further development of the strange instruction I received this morning."

His secretary stiffened and pricked up her ears.

"You'll forgive me, won't you, my dear friend," he went on, "if I don't fully explain everything now? It's a very, very delicate matter, and it would be a little premature to say much at present."

"Oh, please don't apologise. I'm not in the least curious," she snorted.

"Thank you, thank you. You're always so understanding. I think I may tell you that the message concerns Bartholomew and—and someone else. I wish him to meet her here to-morrow night, a happiness for them both, I hope, and indeed for us all." And having laid bare the whole matter, he stood pondering the difficulty.

"I think the best thing I can do is to take a message for Mr. Bartholomew to his rooms," she suggested. "He may be in by that time. If not, I'll write a note and leave it."

"Ah, thank you. Yes, that's a good plan. Just tell him I wish particularly to have him for dinner to-morrow night, but don't let him guess there's anything afoot. I want her to burst on him in all her beautiful radiance."

Miss Tench nodded curtly, gathered up her bag and papers and left him.

She mounted Barty's stairs with a slight feeling of adventure. Her brain visioned an airy fantasy. . . . He would be sitting tired and weary after the day's exertions. The very moment for a soft, womanly presence . . . They would be alone . . . dusk in his rooms . . . an equivocal atmosphere. "Miss Tench, lately our paths have seemed to diverge. Is it too late to draw them together again?" She smiles down on him—elusive, provocative. . . . "I trust no one saw you come up, Miss Tench. It was thoughtless of my uncle . . . slander might censure you for this . .!"

And by the time she knocked at his door, Barty had vowed his love and honorably proposed to clear her fair name.

No one answered the knock, and after a moment's hesitation she pushed open the door and went in. The room was empty, but the door into the bedroom was ajar, and she heard Barty's voice speaking at the telephone. His first words arrested her.

". . . To-morrow night, but I don't want you to stay, Mrs. Partridge. Just see that the place is all right, the fires laid and all that . . . Yes, just for one night . . . Well, breakfast, leave something . . . Eggs, yes, that'll do . . . No, no, I'd really rather you didn't stay. My friend has been ill—he—he wants perfect quiet . . . Yes, thanks, that'll be all."

At the sound of the receiver being put down Miss Tench slipped out again and softly shut the door after her. She stood on the landing quivering with excitement. The full significance of what she had just heard rushed in on her like a sweet refreshing breeze. A low intrigue! And she had happened on all the details! He was ringing up the housekeeper at Lionel's cottage at Dewhurst. While the simple old uncle was planning a match for him with some innocent girl, he was hiding in the country with this married woman. And taking her to Lionel's cottage!

Miss Tench fairly choked with rapture. What would Lady Scroop say when she heard this! She'd go straight round and see her when she left here . . . drop in casually . . . take her a bunch of violets . . .

She knocked again.

"Come in."

Miss Tench went in.

"Oh, how do you do? Come in, Miss Tench. Sit down, won't you?"

"No, thank you. I mustn't stay. I've come with a message from your uncle. He wants you to dine with him to-morrow night."

Barty looked up and ran a perplexed hand over his hair.

"Really, Miss Tench? What? Wants me to dine? Awfully sorry. I'm afraid I can't." Dash it all, Elfreda's folly was enough of a handful for one evening! He didn't like to refuse the dear old man, but he'd have to . . . and Miss Tench was goggling at him as though he'd committed a murder and had the body under the hearthstone!

"It's very unfortunate," she said acidly. "Your uncle asked me to say that he particularly wished you to come to-morrow night."

"Yes, it is unfortunate. I'm awfully sorry. Tell Uncle Wilfred how sorry I am, won't you? It's an engagement I—I"—he hesitated—"I really can't get out of."

Her eyes were upon him with cold intensity.

"Then I must refuse for you?"

"I'm afraid so. It's not a party, is it? Some other night will do?"

Lord Wilfred gave me to understand that it was of some importance."

"Bad luck! You'll explain, won't you? And I'll be round to see him in the next day or so."

She bowed with lowered eyes and withdrew.

Barty sighed deeply as the door closed after her. That woman made him feel creepy. There was a nasty accusing air about her. He wondered if he ought to have offered her tea—or—or asked her to have a drink . . .

He poured himself out a whisky and drank it, standing beside the table. His eyes were bent on the floor and there was an expression of deep thoughtfulness on his face. Elfreda was going to get the surprise of her life to-morrow night! She was going to be shown the error of her ways.

He put down the glass, took out of his pocket the telegram that was to bid Lionel return, and carefully tore it into small pieces!

At four o'clock the following afternoon, Bartholomew descended his office stairs, and, pausing at the outer doorway, gazed up Chancery Lane. It was just starting to rain; not a drizzle, not a summer shower, but the sort of rain that seems to put its whole heart into it, that likes raining and means to keep on doing it, and is not to be shamed out of it by any railway posters of Flaming June in Scarborough.

The young man who stood looking at the rain so fixedly had, however, not yet become aware of the gloomy fact. It had not entered his consciousness, for the simple reason that his consciousness was full to overflowing with a more snappy piece of news.

He was going to see Susie.

He had wakened that morning with a feeling of annoyance at what he had let himself in for with Elfreda. It meant going out of town for the night, and as it happened, for the last few days town had seemed to him the one place above all others that he would loathe to leave for even an hour.

And now he was going to see Susie.

When at last the fact of this steady downpour did filter through to his brain, it simply struck him as a piece of rare good luck, since on a day like this, Susie was pretty sure to be at home.

He hailed a taxi and got in jauntily. He was in a defiant mood. As for Mrs. Agatha Cramb, if she didn't like him calling, she was always at liberty to do the other thing. If she fondly imagined that she could keep a girl like Susie mewed up day after day, and that he was going to be shooed off like a stray cat every time he showed his nose there . . . well, she'd made a pretty big mistake. He'd have to break her in to his visits, make her used to him like a leak in the roof or a smoky chimney. Anyway, he was going to call as long as Susie would let him.

A trickle of rain made its way into his shoe. He awoke with a start and jerked up the window. Why, it was starting to rain!

The car crawled along Holborn. Well, anyway, he wasn't going to be intimidated. He'd say to Susie that that old man-hater would jolly well have to keep her beak out of their affairs. A flaming florist's window caught his eye. He'd say it with flowers.

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He stopped the taxi and went in and bought a dozen crimson opening buds. What about some chocolates, too? There was a sweet shop just next door. He made a purchase there of a large round box of chocolates and got back into the taxi.

Armed with these offerings, he climbed out before the door of 17 Museum Square and entered the hall. Everything was very quiet. He mounted the first step and then paused fearfully. Suppose, after all, that that woman were at home? Would it be wiser to go out and ring up first? Or knock and ask the maid . . .? The great thing was to go up boldly as though you had every right to, not to let her think you were the least bit afraid or unsure of yourself.

WITH as little noise as possible, he crept on, clinging nervously to his packages. He glanced down at them. Good Lord, what had possessed him to come and call upon her drooping under half the merchandise of Holborn! The box of chocolates suddenly looked like a spare wheel, and each rose now seemed to have assumed the proportions of an ornamental shrub.

He shifted them uneasily, and mounted the flight of stairs. The door confronted him. What was behind it? However, the great thing was to appear quite calm before the Cramb. A dampness began to seethe his brow. He freed an arm from his burdens. He only needed a crate of geese, he thought bitterly, to look like a Christmas carrier. He raised a hand and knocked desperately.

The door opened and Susie was standing before him.

"Thank Heaven!" broke from him.

She looked at him in surprise as she held out her hand.

He peered into the dark hall behind her.

"Is she out?" he whispered, clinging to the small cool hand.

She drew him into the hall and closed the door.

"Yes, there's no one in but me."

A hoarse laugh of relief broke from him.

"Then we're alone!" he shouted triumphantly, his voice breaking in rapture on the last note.

She shrank back a little. Was he drunk? He looked strangely flushed and excited as he thrust his parcels at her.

"I've brought you a few roses . . . I hope you like them with cream fillings—I mean a few sweets . . . Well, I've really brought you both."

She smiled as she took them. Her nearness and this ravishing smile were going rapidly to his head. Would he never be able to snatch more than these fleeting moments with her? It was intolerable. Crabbed Cramb and youth could not live together!

"Look here, this can't go on," he burst out, convulsively jerking his hat round and round in his hands. "I say this won't go on!"

"Perhaps you need a larger size," she suggested, looking at him timidly.

"What? I say this world isn't big enough to hold me and your Aunt Agatha."

"Oh, I see. Then perhaps you need a larger size in worlds."

She was so calm and collected, so maddeningly beautiful.

"No, no, Susie, listen to me. One of us must leave this house."

"One of you usually does."

"You don't seem to realise what I feel. I can't stand it any longer . . . treated like a leper! You're too beautiful, too wonderful. A man would be a worm if he didn't resent it."

"Well, how can I help it?" she murmured, her little nose buried in the crimson buds.

"You can. You've got to—that—that is if you want to," he stammered.

"What do you mean?"

She raised her deep, dark eyes to his.

A wild delirious pang shot through him. All his cool resolutions about friendship took wing.

"Oh, Susie, I love you," he burst out imploringly. "I love you madly. I can't think of anything but you." He was standing in abject abasement before her. As he looked down at her, the wonder of her seemed to take him by the throat and strangle out of him any vestige of hope he might have had. A man would need to have the hide of a rhinoceros, he thought, to imagine he could win a girl like this! "I know it's madness," he went on desperately, "I know you can't love me. I'm not asking you to marry me . . . Don't imagine that."

Her face fell, and she dropped her eyes to the flowers she held.

"I know I shouldn't be saying all this," he plunged on, "but—but——"

"But?" she repeated softly, looking up.

"But I had to tell you, presumptuous folly as it seems. Besides, your aunt wouldn't let you."

She bridled.

"She wouldn't let me!"

"No, no, I know that. Don't rub it in. I'll take my refusal like a man. No, don't speak, don't try to soften the blow with offers of friendship. I said to myself in the taxi coming along, 'I won't see her again. It must be all or nothing.'"

"Yes," she agreed in a low voice, "nothing—or all!"

"I know. I expected that. Don't say any more, anything that you may regret—I mean that I may. I never hoped that you could care for me. You're so lovely. You're so incredibly different from all other girls. You're so marvellous and snowy, like—like a white mountain peak. You're so—so——" Words began to fail him. He turned and groped for his hat. "I'll leave you. I'll go. The world is wide. God bless you. We may never meet again."

READY to burst into tears, she put out a hand to his retreating back.

"Oh, wait a minute," she called. "You haven't—you didn't— Oh, what a fool you are!"

He swung round.

"What do you mean?"

"You've done a great deal of talking yourself, but you haven't let me say anything."

He stared at her breathlessly.

"You don't mean," he began, "that you—that you . . .?"

"Yes, I do."

"You mean," he whispered in a choked voice, "that perhaps at some future date, if I wait patiently and don't hurry you, that you could conceivably come to think that in time perhaps you might almost begin to feel that you could care for me?"

"No, I don't," she snapped. "I don't mean that at all."

"Then why call me back? Why torture me?"

"I mean that I love you now," she declared in desperation, "if you'd only ask me."

Like a shot from a gun he bounded forward.

"What! Say it again. You mean that? You love me!"

She nodded firmly.

"I do."

With a fervor that made up for all past diffidence he caught her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers, and for a lengthy period the hall of the little flat was as tranced and silent as that white mountain peak.

At last he found sufficient breath to speak.

"Then you mean that in time, perhaps——"

"No," she said quickly, "I mean I'll marry you now."

"Darling."

And once more the palpitating hush fell on the hall. So rapt were they that they did not hear a pair of sensible shoes ascending the stairs, nor the rattle of an umbrella being put down, nor the grating of a latchkey in the lock. A horrified exclamation was their first call back to earth and notification of Mrs. Agatha Cramb's presence.

AUNT AGATHA stood in the doorway. She reeled back against the door and it shut with a bang.

"Oh!" she gasped, her eyes staring wildly at the pair who had wheeled round at her entrance. "How horrible! How horrible!" Had she discovered Susie in the embrace of a twenty-foot python she could hardly have registered a more profound disgust.

An instant she paused, then like a crusader to the rescue, she swooped forward and snatched her niece from Barty's encircling arm.

"You—you!" she hissed. "I knew it! I suspected you from the first moment I set eyes on you. It was stamped all over you."

"I wish I'd been as confident," he retorted. "May I inform you——"

"No, you mayn't. You needn't try to excuse yourself. A man who could be capable of kissing a girl when her aunt isn't there to protect her . . .!" she shuddered. "What could be baser!"

But Barty, now fortified by Susie's kiss, found himself unmoved by Mrs. Cramb's dread presence.

"I'm very sorry," he said, making a poor show at looking it, "that you're so upset, but you'd hardly expect me to stay away on that account."

"I expect nothing but low cunning from any of your sex. You back-door, creeping Casanova!"

"Well, you brought it on yourself."

"Yes, I should have been more watchful, but, like a fool, I appealed to your better nature, and then as soon as my back is turned, you prowl and wait and watch and spy, you make a sudden sally——"

"'I sparkle out among the fern, to bicker down a valley.'"

With a baleful glance, she swept him aside and turned to her niece.

"It's not your fault, poor little fool. The fellow has persecuted you, but he shall do it no more. I shall take more pains to protect you in future." She turned again to Barty. "You needn't wait. You may go by any door you like—or the window, and I hope you'll break your neck."

Barty and Susie glanced at each other and were suddenly lost in a long look. At length they wrenched their eyes apart.

"I want to explain," began Susie.

Aunt Agatha caught her up.

"My niece wishes to explain that she loathes your attentions, she despises your conduct, she shudders from your person, and she trusts that she may never set eyes on you again."

"Are you quite sure she does mean that?" he asked gently.

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"Stop, Aunt Agatha. I may as well tell you that Barty and I are engaged."

Once more Mrs. Cramb fell back as from a blow. Her eyes shot wildly from one to the other, her mouth fell open, even the wisps of grey hair seemed to stand out and quiver with shock.

"Engaged!" she repeated in a rasping whisper. "Not engaged to be married?"

They both nodded firmly.

"Yes, Susie has just promised to marry me."

"Marry you! Oh, monstrous! Incredible! Unthinkable!" She raged up and down the small hall. "She's bewitched. Poor little fool. She doesn't know what marriage means. She's never been badly treated in her life. I won't allow it. I won't hear of it."

"But, aunt, I'm determined to marry him. You can't stop me. I love him."

"Love him! Love one of those creatures who delight in turning the place into a pot-house."

"I hope you won't mind me pointing out that I am but a moderate drinker, that I would never cast my eyes at another woman while there was even Susie's back to contemplate, and as for tossing about the furniture, my uncle complains that I can't even turn a table."

"Don't think you can blind me," she began venomously, "Susie——"

"It's no use, Aunt Agatha, I'm dreadfully sorry it hurts you, but you can't expect me not to marry Barty just because of Mr. Cramb. Besides, when you get to know him as well as I do——"

"Know him! The girl's a fool. But she must be protected against herself. It shan't be allowed. I shall write to your mother instantly." She flounced past Barty with a look of loathing, and opening her bedroom door, shot inside and banged it after her.

Susie made a move to follow.

"Poor Aunt Agatha, I must go and try to comfort her. Perhaps you'd better go now."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," he caught her hand and drew her to him. "We haven't arranged when I can see you again."

Lord Wilfred's little plot flashed to her mind. She knew she was going to meet him there in a few hours, but she would keep it a wonderful surprise for him.

"Why, to-night, of course," she said innocently. "Shan't we dine together, and perhaps do something afterwards? You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

A SPASM of dismay shot through him. To-night! Good gracious, the thought of what he had to do to-night. . . . ! And he couldn't explain.

"Oh, rather, yes. I'd love that, but—well, the fact is—the fact is, I can't."

"You can't? Why not?"

"No, I've got—er—a sort of engagement. I'm frightfully sorry, but I can't get out of it."

The dark hall hid the gleam of mischief in her eyes.

"But surely our engagement comes first," she said reproachfully. "Ring them up and put it off."

"Susie, darling, I can't."

"Not even for my sake?" she wheedled.

He clutched her hand in agonised embarrassment.

"You see, darling, it's rather a curious kind of engagement."

She looked up in surprise.

"How curious? Why can't you?"

"Well, you know—some engagements are like that," he stammered miserably.

"Not nice engagements. It's something you daren't tell me. It's some other girl."

"Oh, Susie!"

A thrill of pride ran through her. How sweet of him to refuse to slip up his old uncle, even for her sake!

"All right, dear, if you must go . . . But you will tell me what it is, won't you?" She rubbed her soft cheek against his hand.

"Oh, I'm—I'm dining with my uncle," he burst out in desperation. It was horrible, but he had to tell her something. He couldn't give Elfreda away.

"That's a likely story," she jeered.

"But, darling——"

He looked so dejected that she couldn't bear to play with him any longer. Such uprightness deserved better treatment.

"No, no, I didn't mean it. You're quite right. You mustn't disappoint your uncle."

What an unspeakable brute he felt to be deceiving this little angel who had deigned to stoop to his unworthy level. He drew her to him and kissed her.

"Well, to-morrow, anyway," he murmured rapturously.

"Yes, to-morrow," she whispered, returning his kiss.

She opened the door and watched him go down the stairs. A sigh of happiness escaped her as she turned back into the hall. That was a husband worth winning! So loyal, so true to his word, that even his great love for her could not divert him from his duty to his old uncle!

THE train to Dewhurst plodded its way through the dripping country. Heavy cloud and persistent rain turned the summer evening to a sombre premature dusk, and even inside the first-class railway carriage there hung a mist of damp and gloom.

At one end of the compartment sat the drooping Elfreda, at her side was Toddles, and opposite her, Barty, lost in thought, gazing out of the window. Shortly after leaving Charing Cross Toddles had surmised that it was going to be a wet night; twenty minutes later Barty hazarded that the carriage was infernally chilly. Twice Elfreda, as she gazed unseeingly out into the dripping landscape, had secretly brushed away a tear. But for the last ten melancholy miles no word had been spoken by the trio.

The only other occupant of the carriage was an elderly gentleman seated at the far corner. Every now and again his eyes took a searching survey of his fellow-travellers above his evening paper. A sad little group, that, he thought. Tragedy there. Some recent bereavement. Just returning from the funeral evidently. A pathetic figure, the girl, in her simple black. Who had she buried? A child? No, her husband. A young widow . . . Pity dimmed the old gentleman's eye. Poor young thing! Those two fine fellows, her brothers, perhaps, taking her back to the darkened hearth. Well, well, well! Life was full of such broken strings!

Barty hunched his shoulders and turned away from the rain-splashed window.

"Ugh," he shivered. "I'm glad I'm not sleeping out of doors to-night!"

The old gentleman shuddered. Good gracious! That was a coarse, brutal thing to say, just when the poor girl had laid her dear one to rest beneath the cold clay!

The train drew up at the little village station and they climbed out on to the deserted platform.

"Is there likely to be any sort of a conveyance?" Barty inquired.

"Yes, there's bound to be a car outside. There always is." She led the way to the station porch.

But alas, Fate, whose name, as the poet truly says, is also sorrow, had picked this very day for the vicar's garden-party. The wet, shining road stretched away between the fields, and not a vehicle of any kind broke the monotony of the rain-swept countryside.

"Looks pretty cheerful," Barty observed. "What about this car?"

Elfreda looked round helplessly.

"It ought to be here."

THEY drifted to the door of the ticket-office. A bright fire was burning in the grate inside, and in a chair before it, his feet on the mantelpiece, a solitary official was dreaming away the twilight hour.

"We want a car," Barty began. "Isn't there some sort of a car that meets the trains?"

The official lowered his feet and raised his eyes.

"Not to-night, there isn't. It's gone off to the fete."

"The fete? What fete?"

"Oh, what does it matter what fete it is?" snapped Elfreda. "You don't mean to say that the car won't be here?"

"Not till the fete's over, I should think. That might be any time."

"But what are we going to do?" she asked miserably.

They turned to each other with aggrieved looks.

"It's a pity mum wanted the old Hispano to-night," Toddles said wistfully.

Barty gave him an acid glance.

"Yes, it is a pity!" After all, what other reason was there for this young fool's existence?" It's a pity we didn't take a car from town, as I suggested."

"It's a pity you didn't wire and engage the car here," Elfreda sniffed.

"How was I to know about this confounded fete? It's a pity you were so positive about there being something to meet us. It looks as if we'll jolly well have to pad it."

"It's not such a bad night," the official observed, looking into the glowing fire. "It's only a mile by the lower road. Not as if it was snowing, or anything."

Barty shot him an angry glance and picked up the suitcases.

"Oh, come on," he snorted.

"I'd pick me way a bit past Rushpits and round by Tasker's meadow," the clerk called after them cheerily. "They say the brook's overflowed there a bit."

But without deigning to reply, they made their way out into the chill, wet evening.

Beyond Barty stepping off a stile into a pail of new milk, and Toddles missing his step and disappearing down the Rushpit's bank in a sitting posture, and Elfreda losing the heel of her shoe in Tasker's meadow and weepingly demanded to be told why she had ever been born, the walk was without incident.

Obedient to Barty's instructions, Mrs. Partridge had gone away and left the cottage to darkness and to them. It was silent and deserted as they went up the cobbled path from the gate. Elfreda took out her key and opened the door. Chilled and dripping the three passed into the hall-living-room. A mouse scuttled away at their entry. A smell of cold dampness from the shut-up house rose pungently to their nostrils. The rain dripped plaintively from the eaves on to the stones outside.

"Well, it's nice to be here," Barty said into the darkness, putting down the suitcases. He groped for the matches and lit

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the candle on the table. The pale light glimmered up and filled the little room with shadows.

With bursting heart, Elfreda stood and looked round at all the familiar objects. There in the corner were the two sticks that Lionel had carved with their initials, his old check cap on the bookcase, and the stone shaped like a heart that he had picked up near the mill pond: relics of their last happy visit together! A sob rose in her throat. Never again!

Barty took off his soaked hat and shook it savagely. To think, he brooded, that at this moment he might have been seated at Morini's beside Susie, with warmth and music and glowing lights, drinking in the magic of her beauty!

"By Jove, this is real country all right and no mistake," Toddles said with a shiver. "Do you think your husband has a spare pair of trousers here?"

ELFREDA picked up the candle and turned to the stairs.

"Bring up the suitcases, Barty, and light the fire in my room."

They followed her up the ladder-like stairway into her little low room that overlooked the cottage garden of flowers, now drooping under the softly falling rain. Barty put a match to the fire and knelt before it, coaxing it into flame.

White-faced and black-garbed, Elfreda sat down on the edge of the bed and looked around her.

"Am I dreaming?" she whispered. "How little I guessed the last time I was here that Lionel was mine no longer, that he loved someone else and longed to be rid of me."

Barty glanced up at her quickly. Was she beginning to weaken?

"Well," he said bluffly, "it's no good looking back now. Perhaps you're wise to take a drastic step like this if you're really sure of Lionel's guilt."

"I am. I am!" she declared passionately. "The last few days have been an agony, with one deception after another."

Toddles scowled savagely.

"Confound him," he muttered. "Thank heavens she is soon to be freed from this martyrdom." He went over and stood beside Elfreda. "You must not grieve too much. Just courage for to-night and the rest will be easy." She sniffed and blew her nose. He glanced from her to the back view of Barty where he crouched, blowing a reluctant flame. Nothing romantic about this, he thought. It simply looked domestic.

"I don't know," he went on uneasily. "The atmosphere's all wrong."

"The thatch always smells like that in wet weather," Barty grunted. "This kindling wood's damp, too."

"I don't mean that at all. You both look plunged in gloom, instead of madly in love. Your expression should speak plainly of rapture, defiance . . . the world well lost for love."

"H'm. I'd like to see an expression like that. Try it out, Elfreda."

"I wish you'd be a little more sympathetic about the matter. How you both expect to do it without any rehearsal, I don't know. Now what do you think Lionel would say if he came in now?"

"Well, with you here he'd probably say, 'Splendid. How about a rubber?'"

"I shan't be here. You know perfectly well that as soon as I've given you the alarm, I'll be legging it back to the station."

Barty threw down the tongs with a clatter, and rose.

"That's all right, thanks. It'll be all right when Lionel comes. Trust me for that."

Elfreda choked back a tear.

"No, no. I think he's right, Barty. I must be brave and play my part. I must look radiantly happy." She turned on him a wild, glassy smile.

Barty looked at her anxiously.

"Dear old girl! That walk's been too much for you!"

"She'll warm up to it. When Lionel comes in you must be holding her in your arms, and saying something or other . . . you know, 'Darling, at last.'"

"Dash it all, that's no good. That would look as though we hadn't—I mean as though we'd only just—er——. But look here," he broke off, "I can't think about this till I've had some food."

"Yes, we must have something to eat," she agreed sadly. "I'll go down and see what there is."

Toddles was for following her, but Barty called him back.

"Wait a minute. Come here. I want to tell you something. Shut the door."

Toddles obeyed and came back to the fire.

"What is it? What's the mater?"

"It's about Lionel. Do you really imagine he's coming down here to-night?"

The young man fell back and gaped at him.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear chap, that nothing is less likely than that Lionel should come here to-night."

"What! Do you mean he's so indifferent to her that a wire like that won't bring him down here hot haste?"

"He never got it. It was never sent."

A dazed look spread over Toddles' face.

"I don't understand . . . but we agreed. . . . Why wasn't it sent?"

"Because the whole thing was the blindest piece of lunacy two people ever concocted. You don't understand. Elfreda's wrapped up in him, as you can see, and as for him . . . the man's goofy over her. He's never looked at another woman. Do you think I'm going to be such a fool as to help to tear them apart?"

"Then why did you say you'd do it?"

"Well, you know what she was like yesterday. She got this idea about Lionel into her head, and you, like a fool, came along and filled her up with all this stuff about divorce. I had to agree in order to prevent her from carrying it out."

"BUT what are we here for? What is it all about? If Lionel isn't coming . . . ?"

"Now that's the point. You listen to me. My plan is to give Elfreda a lesson that will jerk her back to sanity and make her realise what a ghastly mess she very nearly made."

"And may I ask how?"

"Give her the whole thing as she planned it—but without Lionel!"

"What? How can there be any show at all without him?"

"As much as she needs. You know, the trouble with Elfreda is that she has no imagination."

"She hardly needs imagination to know that her husband has played her false!"

"To begin with, he hasn't; she's had enough imagination on that score, I'll admit! But what I mean is that she simply can't picture what she'd feel like if Lionel walked in and really believed all that bunk about her and me being in love."

"Then what do you mean to do?"

"Well, she'll be so strung up after a couple of hours up here alone with me, watching and waiting for him to come, that when you come up the stairs calling, 'Here he is. Here comes Lionel,' well, you can see that the shock and the relief of it not being him will be simply staggering. I know Elfreda. I know that this is what she's got to have."

Deep disgust was written all over Toddles' face.

"Well, I do think . . . ! I think it's the most unscrupulous trick. Here the girl wants to do a fine and spacious thing, and you go and thwart her."

"The girl wants to make an ass of herself and I'm not going to let her."

Toddles stamped across the room and gave the fire a kick.

"Fat lot of use I am, then. I may as well go back to town if that's all you mean to do."

BARTY paused and listened. Elfreda was heard groping her way upstairs.

"No, no," he said hurriedly. "You've got to be here. Give me an hour or so alone with her . . . time to work on her feelings, and then come rushing up calling out that Lionel's here. You know, sound excited, all wrought up."

The door opened, and Elfreda stood in the doorway, despair stamped on her face.

"Oh, what shall we do? There's absolutely nothing in the house to eat!" she wailed. "There's no b-bread. Not even a c-cup of c-cocoa!"

They stared at her.

"But, good heavens, we must have something to eat," Barty exclaimed. "I told her to leave some food. Where can we get something?"

The shops are too far away. Only at the inn, if one of you could go for it. They're awfully obliging there."

"Of course; that's the idea. Toddles will hop along, won't you, old chap?"

"Well, one of us will go," Toddles answered guardedly.

Barty looked at him in wide-eyed reproof.

"Why, my dear chap, I can't go! You know Lionel might be here any minute."

Toddles threw him a baffled glance.

"All right," he said, "I'll go. How do we get to this pub?"

"Oh, it isn't far," Elfreda told him. "You go out the back way. Cut across the meadow to the right. Keep the field path till you get to the road, and then straight up the little bit of hill, and it's next the blacksmith's shop. I'm awfully sorry, but we must have something to eat."

"And some beer," said Barty.

"What shall I get, then?"

"Well, some bread and some beef," she began.

"And some mustard," Barty put in, "and some beer."

"We'll want some milk or some—some cocoa."

"Yes, but we'll want some beer with the beef," Barty reminded her.

"See if they have any eggs, and if they had a few cold cooked potatoes——"

"By Jove, yes," Barty exclaimed. "Beef and potatoes and beer!"

"But look here, in this dark and rain and everything. . . . How am I going to carry all this stuff?"

"Well, old chap, you can put the beer in your pockets."

With one injured glance at him, Toddles turned and left the room.

"Don't forget the milk," Elfreda called as he went down the stairs.

"Or the beer," shouted Barty.

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"YOU'VE brought up a sweet champagne, Jessop?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And the florist, you say, sent roses and delphiniums?"

"Yes, my lord."

"The night is a little wild. You saw there was a rug in the car that was sent for Miss Lovatt?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Good." And Lord Wilfred passed into the drawing-room to wait for Susie's arrival.

The romantic nobleman was in a state of almost tremulous excitement. Good gracious, he reflected, it was thirty years since he had entertained a woman at dinner. More than once, of course, Miss Tench had stayed on, and his old friend Hildegarde, but this was indeed an event!

He trotted to the window, and, lifting a corner of the curtain, peeped down into the street. She should be here soon. He walked back to the fire and looked at it anxiously, hoping it would not be too warm for her. After all, it was summer, in spite of the rain. But no, no, young girls always felt the cold . . . pretty shivery creatures.

He drifted again to the window. The car was stopping below. Here she was! Here she was! He smoothed his white hair, touched his tie and the pearl stud in his shirt.

"Miss Lovatt," announced Jessop from the doorway.

Susie came forward quickly. She was looking, Lord Wilfred thought, if possible, even more beautiful than yesterday. Her color was higher, and this simple black frock suited her admirably. She gave him her hand and sent a fleeting glance round the room. It came back and rested on her host.

"I'm afraid I'm a little late. I hope you'll forgive me."

Susie was always a little late. Everyone always forgave her.

"Of course, of course." The old man beamed on her. "I must ask for forgiveness too, for I have a disappointment for you. My nephew isn't coming."

Her heart gave a sickening thump. Not coming! The bottom seemed to have dropped out of the world. But it must be told of her that the smile she turned on Lord Wilfred was unsurpassed in its serene loveliness.

"What does it matter?" she said gaily. "That means that we can have a nice talk all alone together." She turned an instant and held out a little hand to the fire. "Something prevented your nephew at the last minute, I suppose?"

"No, when I asked him yesterday he was forced to refuse."

For a moment the room seemed to whirl round her, and not all her tact could muster a few simple words with which to reply. She bent a little closer over the blaze. He had refused yesterday! And only a few hours ago he had told her he was coming here to-night—yes, when she pressed him for a reason for not seeing her. The blood rushed to her face, and her heart thumped painfully. She struggled to keep back the tears that rose to her eyes. He had told her a deliberate lie!

Jessop announced dinner.

"I can't help feeling a little guilty," Lord Wilfred began, as soon as they were seated, "at having no one but an old man to entertain you. Young men, those days, seem so absorbed in their work that they have time for little else."

"And your nephew is no exception, I suppose?" she probed smilingly. Time enough to lie and deceive and trick the fools who trust them, ran her angry thought.

"I'm afraid not," he deplored, shaking his head and absently playing with his soup. "To-night, for instance, he had to refuse me because of some very pressing work at the office."

Her spoon fell into her plate with a clatter.

"Oh, really? Does he often have to work at night?" Lies, lies! He had lied to them both!

"More often, I think, than is good for his health. Of course, I know his work is important and exacting, and I admire his independent spirit, but the boy should have some pleasure. So often when he would like to dine with me his office claims him."

"Quite a model young man!" she murmured. He'd not get the chance to exercise his inventive powers on her again!

"After all, you can't burn the candle at both ends. I tell him. One morning last week I called to see him at 10 o'clock. He was still in bed. The poor lad had been working so hard the night before that his head was racking."

"You mustn't worry too much, Lord Wilfred. No doubt he finds virtue its own reward." Oh, what a fool she had been ever to have believed in him!

Wilfred gazed into his glass of wine as though into a crystal. He shook his head sadly.

"The effect on his constitution . . . You're not drinking your chablis, my dear. On the morning I speak of, he went without breakfast; nice ham and eggs cooked by Mrs. Higgins, but all he could manage was a glass of soda water and an aspirin. A man can't eat if he's overworked. But I want him to meet you. You'll give him another opportunity, won't you?"

SHE raised her dark lashes and looked into his eyes.

"It's much nicer when we're alone, I think," she answered. Yes, she'd give him one more opportunity and tell him what she thought of him!

Wilfred's head swam and his heart missed a beat. Dear, dear, what lovely eyes she had! A younger man might be quite affected by them. He took a deep draught of his wine. A pretty little hand, too, resting on the table. He looked at it tenderly. No doubt Bartholomew, if he were here, would wish to lay his own over it. Once before a girl had looked at him like that . . . forty years ago. . . . Laughing blue eyes and a little hand nestling in his . . . in a moonlit garden. . . . He could smell the lilac still! Ah, well, the spirits had willed it otherwise.

By the time dinner was over, Wilfred was firm in the conviction that a celestial being had been wafted to earth to wed his nephew; and Susie had made up her mind that never again would she permit that smooth-tongued, faithless, lying traitor to come near her or set eyes on her again.

While they were still dallying with the dessert, a taxi stopped at the door below and a large commanding figure loomed out. It was Lady Scroop. As she stormed the steps she had an air of lofty devotion to duty that called to mind her ancestor, the famous Montfort de Scrope, the Lion-hearted, before the battle of Agincourt, bravely urging his little band of followers on to death or victory ere he returned to his dugout behind the lines.

Her protracted press on the bell brought Jessop hurrying to the door.

With more than usual momentum she surged into the hall.

"Lord Wilfred, Jessop, is he in?" she shot at him.

"'Is lordship is in, my lady, but 'e is at present dining." Jessop's tone struggled to conceal his natural horror of a female so lost to all decency as to count any consideration higher than a nobleman's dinner.

"Tell Lord Wilfred I am here and must see him at once," she commanded, and bounded past him into the little study next the dining-room.

AT Jessop's message Wilfred rose reluctantly. Rarely had his old friend Hildegarde seemed so lacking in tact.

"You'll excuse me a minute, my dear. A very old friend. It must be something pressing." He left the room and hastily sought the study.

Lady Scroop was walking up and down as he entered. She seemed to be spurning the frail rosy wreaths of the velvet pile and trampling them under foot.

Her moment had come at last!

"Wilfred," she boomed, "your nephew Bartholomew is disgracing himself and you and everyone connected with him!"

Her trumpeted words not only assaulted Wilfred's ears, but flowed richly through the rarely-curtained door into the dining-room and struck Susie motionless in the act of raising a grape to her lips. She stiffened, and half sprang up, then sank into her chair again and sat breathlessly still, listening intently to every word that followed.

Wilfred stared at Lady Scroop in a dazed fashion.

"My dear Hildegarde, what are you saying?"

"I tell you if we're not very careful we'll find ourselves in the midst of a sordid and infamous scandal!"

The little man fell back with upraised hands.

"Oh, no, no, Hildegarde! But—but—— Impossible! You and I! What base mind has misconstrued our long and innocent friendship?"

She tapped the carpet furiously.

"Oh, Wilfred, don't be a fool! I tell you it's Bartholomew. That precious nephew of yours has got himself involved in a low intrigue with a married woman."

"Barty! You must be mistaken. There isn't a more upright fellow anywhere than Barty."

"So you imagine. You've always been as blind as a bat to his faults, but I tell you he's a libertine and a rake."

Wilfred stumbled feebly to a chair and sank into it.

"No, no, Hildegarde, I can't believe it. There's some dreadful mistake."

Her eyes snapped fury at him.

"Oh, there you go! He's made an utter dupe of you. But I've got proof. You can see with your own eyes, this very night, the profligate he is. You must come with me."

"Come with you? Where?"

"To trap them. He's been meeting this creature under her own roof, but the husband suspects their assignations, so now Bartholomew, lost to all shame, has taken her to Lionel's!"

"How did you hear?"

"That's not the point. I have it on the best authority, and I insist on your coming down there with me."

"This is very, very dreadful. I feel stunned, Hildegarde, stunned, and what good can I do by going down?"

"Because you'll never be convinced of Bartholomew's guilt unless you see it with your own eyes."

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"Oh, I couldn't. Impossible!"

"You must. I mean to take you." She circled round him purposefully. "Put on your hat, Wilfred, and come with me."

He struggled feebly to resist her.

"I don't like it. Two wrongs don't make a right. You and I going down to this lonely cottage! Because Barty does wrong it's no reason why we should do the same."

"The same! What are you talking about?"

"Spying on him. It isn't nice. I won't do it."

"All right, then, be a weak fool. You are encouraging vice."

Wilfred sprang to his feet. At her last words his mind flew to the girl in the next room, and suddenly something as near to wrath as could kindle in that mild breast rose in him. Was it thus that Bartholomew spent the evening that should have seen his first meeting with the peerless maid sent to him by spiritual agency! Hildegarde was right. It was his duty to try and raise his nephew from his downward course.

He tottered to the door.

"Come, Hildegarde, let us go."

Triumphant but puzzled at this sudden change of front, Lady Scroop followed him into the hall.

"You are quite right," he was muttering bitterly as he snatched up Susie's scarf and started to wind it round his neck. "A man who could prefer . . .! No, no, I would disinherit him. It would be a kindness to let him starve . . .! Dear, dear, these gloves seem to have stretched . . . What? Oh, they're yours, Hildegarde. Jessop, my umbrella. Of course, it's raining. I can hardly believe it! The world is in a fine topsy-turvy state, indeed. Any coat, any coat . . .! Good gracious, don't stand there dawdling. Open the door. Let me out. Call a taxi. Stand aside. Whistle again. Here it comes. That'll do. In you get. Hurry up. Shut the door, Charing Cross."

Napoleon was a small man too. But even Napoleon before the battle of Austerlitz had nothing on Wilfred.

The taxi whirled them to the station, and steely and relentless as the cruel black engine that was to bear them, they boarded the nine-thirteen train that stood angrily champing to be off.

As for Susie, left alone in the vast dining-room, never before had such a passion of rage and disgust filled her tranquil soul.

No sooner had the door closed on her host and Lady Scroop than she fled into the hall, snatched her coat from the now almost petrified Jessop, and, rushing out, hurled herself into a passing taxi and was borne away to Charing Cross. Wrought up and panting like the brave little engine that stood proudly chafing to serve her, she bought her ticket and sank into the nine-thirteen for Dewhurst.

A LITTLE before four o'clock that same day, Lionel was seated in the lounge of the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool partaking of a solitary tea. With no visible sign of enjoyment he bit into a slice of lavishly-buttered toast and sadly stirred the spoon round and round in his cup.

He was thinking of Elfreda. He was thinking of her prettiness, her purity, her perfection. Although on leaving London, he had assured himself that all was perfect between them again after their little misunderstanding, some small inner voice would persist in whispering to him that such was not so.

What an utterly miserable day and night he had had since he left her yesterday. No one to care when he got up or went to bed. No little white hand to wave to him from the steps when he went out. No one to scold him when he forgot his undervest, or kiss him while he tied his tie, or talk to him while he read his paper. How could men endure a bachelor existence! The loneliness, the emptiness!

He sugared his second cup and gulped down a tear with his macaroon.

A voice suddenly greeted him, and glancing up he recognised, with but little enthusiasm, a well-nourished middle-aged gentleman whose path occasionally crossed his own at social functions in London.

Ponsford greeted him heartily.

"Good afternoon, Osborne. What's brought you up to the stormy north? Waiting for a lady? What? No? Then I shan't be de trop if I join you. He took a chair opposite Lionel's and ordered his tea. "Well, this is fortunate to meet you. I'm only here myself for a day. Mrs. Osborne with you? No? Law business. Ah. Well, well, you young barristers are fortunate these days in having so many excuses for little bachelor flutters abroad! Ha, ha, ha."

These remarks, coming where they did in Lionel's meditations, caused him to shudder almost visibly.

PONSFORD, although not unduly sensitive, hastened to put himself right.

"Well, you know, one never knows these days. . . Bothered if I know what things are coming to among the young people. He paused discreetly while the waiter put down his tea, and then drew his chair a little nearer. An unctuous smile played over his fat cheeks. "You'll hardly believe what I'm going to tell you. Last Saturday night," he went on roundly, "my wife and I were out . . . The servants all in bed, the house quiet. We came home a little after three. As we entered the hall, I noticed a light under the dining-room door, and called out: 'Who's there?' Now what do you think? You'll never believe this. The door was suddenly locked on the inside, and a man's voice answered; some cock and bull story about having mistaken the house. Impertinent young beggar, drunk, of course, but a gentleman, mind you . . . cultured voice, and"—he dropped his tone to a whisper full of rich meaning, and edged his chair still nearer—"and there was a girl with him!"

Lionel looked at him round-eyed.

"But how had they got in? What were they doing?"

"Ah, ha! What were they doing? I wonder! I ask you!"

"Good heavens, it's unbelievable! What happened?"

"Well, I tell you, I was foaming, positively foaming. I banged on the door and threatened the young devils. They gave me back sauce! No shame, mind you. My wife was clinging on my arm. Nervous woman. 'Fraid of violence. I'd half a mind to break the door in. At last I heard them whispering together, and then they rushed down the back stairs and into a car and away."

"Well . . .! And you mean to say you didn't see them—didn't catch them?"

"Catch them? No, I didn't want to catch them. I knew what it meant. Some young sprig of nobility . . . the younger set . . . I don't want to make a scandal. Class must stand with class these days if we're to put down all this Bolshevism. But look here, old fellow, you should have seen that room when we got the door open!" He took a deep draught of tea and wiped his lips. "'Pon my soul, where will such licence end!"

"Why, what was wrong?"

"An orgy, my dear boy, a positive orgy! Biscuits on the floor, cigarette ends . . . glasses and drink . . . my drink, mind you! They'd helped themselves. Oh, yes. What do you think of that? You couldn't beat that by much, could you?"

Lionel certainly didn't.

"Extraordinary," he muttered.

PONSFORD carefully wiped two buttered fingers, and diving into his pocket, drew forth a small object which he handed across the table.

With mild interest Lionel dropped his eyes to the brocade powder case lying in his palm. The mild interest suddenly turned to bulging horror. He raised the little case and looked at it closer. He lowered it and looked at it from a distance. He heard his own heart thumping against his ribs. Nonsense! It was an hallucination. He was dreaming. He'd wake up soon and know it for a bad dream. Meanwhile, something seemed to be choking him. He wriggled his neck in his collar and breathed heavily. It couldn't, it couldn't be his Elfreda's!

But Ponsford's unctuous voice went on, forcing reality home to him.

"A dainty little thing, isn't it? She's probably a well-born girl, well brought up . . . but degenerate. All that set is the same. Look here, my boy, there's a day of reckoning at hand. London's becoming another Rome. Houses broken into by the libertines of the town! Why, it's like the excess of Carthage or—or Athens before their fall." He turned to the tea-tray and helped himself afresh.

Lionel was sitting in a kind of paralysed stupor, unable to move or speak.

But the case was Elfreda's. There was no getting away from that. He had bought it for her himself. There was the little gold E on it, and surely . . . yes, he raised it again and sniffed at it despairingly. Yes, her own delicate perfume! He had chosen it for her himself because it seemed to express her personality. Fragrant, fresh as the morning, young, innocent, virginal . . .

Ponsford saw the action and nodded.

"Oh, yes, heavily perfumed. Rather. Just what you'd expect! A perfume like that's half the game—cloying, heady. Stirs up the senses . . ." He held out his hand for his treasure.

Lionel dropped it into it with a shudder. "Horrible!" he murmured.

What did it all mean? Had she lost it, lent it?

Ponsford patted the toy lovingly and put it in his pocket.

"E, eh? E for Eve. Yes, Eve all right, but as a matter of fact I heard him call her 'Elfie.'"

With a strangled moan, Lionel plunged in his seat. He couldn't bear it another moment. Every word was like a knife thrust in his heart. He must get away . . . be alone . . .

Babbling words of excuse, he extricated himself from the ruins of a heavy tea and stood up.

"Sorry. Can't wait. A telegram. Important business. Just remembered. Must go."

He was aware of Ponsford's puzzled scrutiny as he stumbled blindly towards the lift.

The door opened and closed. He was wafted heavenwards. There was only one

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idea in his mind. He must get back to town.

It would be useless to try to depict Lionel's frame of mind during that journey through the wet, summer countryside. What mere words could paint the tortured imaginings of a young husband whose dream of love has been brutally shattered at a blow?

However, even such eternal moments as these come to an end, and at length the train arrived at Euston.

He drove straight to Hart Street. Somers met him. The parcel he was expecting for the mistress's birthday hadn't come, she told him. He brushed it aside. Good life, what did that matter now! Where was the mistress!

Away for the night! He reeled. Horror upon horror. No sooner was his back turned——! Where had she gone? Down to the cottage. But why? What fresh duplicity was this?

He heard Somers murmuring something about dinner. Her words reached him but as so much meaningless babble.

He ran out into the street again and leapt into another taxi. It bore him swiftly to Charing Cross, and the now almost demented husband rushed on to the platform and boarded the nine-thirteen, which, with Lionel added to its freight, was, emotionally, now almost dangerously overloaded.

HOWEVER, in spite of the state of mind of at least four of its passengers, the nine-thirteen arrived at last at the small station of Dewhurst, and rid itself of these four highly explosive travellers. Two of them went off instantaneously, shooting out of the train, through the small station gate, making a brief inquiry at the ticket office for a cab, and up the wet, black road with sinister velocity; and so for the moment are lost to sight in the darkness. The other pair, who alighted at the far end of the train, hurried to the shelter of the station roof, and there, in the dim light of a kerosene lamp, Lionel and Susie came face to face.

With an exclamation each fell back at sight of the other. To Lionel, in the first flush of his righteous indignation against Elfreda, nothing could have seemed more untimely than this sudden resurrection of his own past. Susie! What in the world was she doing down here? Had she known he was coming and determined to see him again? Supposing someone saw them together and it got back to Elfreda! He felt himself growing hot with annoyance, and with a glare of outraged decency at the eager face before him, he inquired icily:

"May I ask what you mean by following me down here?"

She raised a flushed face to his.

"I couldn't help it, Lionel. I simply had to come."

"But—you're mad—and in that dress!"

"I hadn't time to change. It all happened quite suddenly."

"Well, you must go back. You have done quite enough damage already," he declared bitterly.

She gave a little derisive laugh.

"I'm likely to go back when I've got this far! I can't help it whether you like it or not. I'm coming with you."

He stamped a foot in desperation. Did the girl think that he had wilfully played with her affections!

She stepped quickly past him into the rain, but he caught her frantically by the arm and drew her back.

"But—but have you no pride?" he gasped.

"None. Why should I? Do you think a girl feels that sort of silly pride when she loves a man?"

He recoiled and passed a hand over his brow. So it had come to this! She loved him! And yet—and yet, could he blame the girl? The first wrong step had been his. He had taken her out and given her a glimpse of life at its most intoxicating, showing her a side of himself that must have been very unsettling to a young girl.

He went a little closer and took her gently by the hand.

"My dear child, I can't tell you how deeply I regret the damage that has been done," he began in a full voice. His heart simply bled for the girl. "But believe me, it can never come to anything. You must try to conquer this passion, and in time—perhaps, forget." Poor child, if she could.

She looked up at him, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Do you really mean that?" she faltered, with trembling lips. "But why? Why?"

"My dear!" he said in gentle reproof. "I do. This avowal of yours is truly touching, truly flattering, but a man cannot forget his marriage vows." He looked deeply into the lovely eyes. At least he hoped he couldn't!

Susie's mouth fell open and she gaped at him, stammering:

"Marriage vows! What do you mean?"

"No, no, don't pretend that I sank so low as to conceal that from you. Why, we sent you an invitation to the wedding, and afterwards at the Castle."

"What are you talking about? Is Barty married?"

He fell back.

"Barty!" he said sharply. "What has Barty got to do with it?"

She tapped with her foot impatiently.

"But haven't I just told you everything?"

"Do you mean to say you're in love with him?" he blurted out in disgust.

"Yes, I do, fool that I am. And only to-day he came to see me and asked me to marry him."

Lionel's face was steely.

"Oh, he said coldly. "Oh! And may I ask what you are doing down here?"

"I've come down to see him."

"Then you've made a mistake. He's not here." The best thing he could do, he thought, was to pack her into a London train as quickly as possible. Really, one could have no patience with her, and all this rubbish about imagining she was in love with Barty.

"He is here," she said. "I know all about him. He's behaving in the most loathsome, double-faced fashion."

LIONEL felt the world rock beneath his feet. Not Barty, too!

"It's impossible. I don't believe it." He made one more effort to get rid of her.

"But, Susie, for heaven's sake, do be reasonable. You can't come. You go quietly back to town, and if he's there I'll find him."

"You'll find him!"

"Yes, I'll tell him all you say and give him a good talking to. I'll write and tell you all about it. But do go back to town now like a good girl."

"I'm likely to! A nice long letter. Thanks so much. Don't let me hurry you away, but I'm going on. I think I can manage to say the few simple words I have to say myself."

She brushed past him and stepped to the ticket office.

"Is there a cab to be had?"

"No, no cabs."

"No cab? All right, I'll walk."

"Wait a minute. For heaven's sake . . . You don't understand. You don't know what you're doing."

"I tell you I'm going. You can do as you please. I'm going to walk."

He looked round in despair, but there was no way of stopping her. Her small cloaked figure had already braved the rain and darkness and was hurrying purposefully along the wet road; so drawing his coat up round his ears and jamming his hat down over them, he set off after her.

WHILE this fruitless dialogue was taking place, Wilfred and Hildegarde had made good time on their way. With untiring steps and set faces they had breasted the hill, taken the long stretch of level road at a gallop, and now turned into the steep, muddy, leafy, half-mile lane that led to the cottage. Unfortunately it was just here that the rain made up its mind to leave off trifling and put its back into the business. At the same time Wilfred began to flag a little after his unwonted exertions, and with this slackening came his first doubt of the wisdom of the expedition.

Really, Hildegarde was trying. Firstly to have dragged him away just when he was dining with—why, good heavens, he had never said good-bye to her! Oh, really, Hildegarde's manners were altogether too frightful! What would that dear girl be thinking of him? He doubted if he had ever endured a more unpleasant walk. Mud and wet and dark and cows mooing at every turn, and why couldn't Hildegarde have thought to bring an umbrella for herself?

It has been said that nothing so surely unites two people as the sharing of a hate; one may go further and say that nothing so surely sunders twin souls as the sharing of an umbrella.

"Perhaps if you walked a little nearer, Hildegarde . . . I'm afraid you're getting wet."

"Oh, don't bother, thank you. I've nothing on to spoil," she answered acidly, drawing away from the cataract of drops that was pouring down her neck.

"Nonsense. I insist. There, I'll hold it higher. Oh, what an unfortunate affair this is!"

"Give me the umbrella." She snatched it from him.

Oh, what a fool Wilfred was! What a thousand pities he had so much money to leave! Stung to fury at the thought, she gave the umbrella a savage twist, implanting one of the spokes with deadly accuracy in the nobleman's ear.

With a howl of mingled fear and pain, Lord Wilfred wrested the dripping weapon from her hand.

An old and tried friendship of forty years' standing was going to pieces on the rocks of this inclement night. Memories of the shyly whispered hopes and dreams of their adolescence were being blotted out in every muddy puddle.

"Can't you hold it higher?"

"Then it doesn't shelter either of us."

"How inconsiderate you are, Wilfred!"

"Oh, don't badger me!"

Crack went another ten years!

Silently now, up the lane they plodded: Wilfred master of the umbrella and the situation; Lady Scroop, a step behind, crouched, stalking at his elbow like his evil genius.

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"Here we are," she said at last, and pushing open the wicket gate they crept up the flagged path and paused midway before the silent house. Silent was the word. Not the smallest sound nor a chink of light came to them, for the lamp in Elfreda's room showed not a gleam of light through the heavy velvet curtains that draped the window.

"Well, Hildegarde, and what do you mean to do now?"

It was, at the moment, more than she could answer off-hand.

"I can't help thinking they haven't arrived yet."

"And why should you think that?"

"Hush!" hissed Hildegarde. "I was right. Here they come. They are only just arriving. Back, Wilfred." With a strong arm she drew him quickly into the shelter of a wet lilac bush as Lionel and Susie tramped dejectedly out of the darkness and opened the gate. Without a word they trudged up the wet path.

Lady Scroop shuddered in her hiding-place and whispered triumphantly:

"The guilty pair! See how he slinks along. You can see from his walk that he is out for no good."

Susie and Lionel reached the shelter of the dark porch.

"At last," he breathed, stamping the mud off his boots.

"Pent passion!" Lady Scroop whispered in Wilfred's ear. "You heard."

With Susie standing by, a mute cloaked figure, Lionel paused and groped in his pocket. From it he drew a key and an electric torch. He flashed on the light and stooped to the lock.

A gust of incredulous amazement shook the lilac bush. The very leaves dripped horror. A cold damp hand clutched Hildegarde's wrist, a tense whisper commanded:

"Look, look!" The shaft of light shone upwards, full on the face of the stooping Lionel.

"But—but——" she faltered.

"You see. You are wrong. Look! It isn't Barty at all. It's Lionel—and a woman!"

BUT inside the cottage all this time, did Barty and Elfreda have no warning sense of disaster? None whatever. It is at times like this that one almost weeps for man's claim to a spiritual nature.

So Barty, no wiser than his fellows, with all this coil about him, leaned back in his chair before the fire, blew smoke rings languidly, and thought how utterly hidden away they were in this remote little cottage. Just he and Elfreda and not a soul knowing where they were at this minute. "The world forgetting, by the world forgot." How quiet and melancholy it was. The rain tapping on the window, and the lamp throwing distorted shadows on the wall. Probably there was not a soul stirring for miles around.

Elfreda's voice broke the silence.

"What has become of Toddles?" she ventured for the hundredth time.

He roused himself.

"Oh, I suppose he's all right. It's very quiet down here, isn't it?" he observed, dreading another lengthy pause.

"Yes, it is. That's why we chose it."

"Is it? I don't suppose you have many visitors down here."

"Never. We discourage them."

"That shouldn't be hard. It's a long walk, isn't it, in the rain?"

"It isn't always raining," she reminded him.

"No, but it's always a long walk."

"Yes, it's lovely when all the primroses are on the banks, and the bluebells and the daffodils. They're better here than anywhere. And you should hear the chaffinches in the spring . . . and the honeysuckle, and the pussy-willows——"

"H'm. I don't care for cats myself, especially in the spring."

"Oh, you'd love everything down here. No one could help it. Mother always says—— Hush!" she broke off. "What's that noise?"

He listened.

"That's a young calf," he said. "They've probably taken it away from its mother, poor little beggar. Funny the way you can place every sound in the country at night."

BUT to be exact it was the nine-thirteen blowing off steam as it emerged from the tunnel at the foot of the hill. But still no prescience of danger was wafted to Barty on the sound.

Silence enfolded them once more. Elfreda sighed.

"What has become of Toddles?"

"Oh, I suppose he's all right."

"I hope he hasn't got lost."

"I hope he hasn't, too. I could just tear off something to eat now."

"It's such a pretty walk over the fields to the inn," she mused. "Lionel and I have had lovely times down here."

He looked across at her searchingly. She was melting. Her mood was changing. That was what he had been banking on this place doing for her. She was now thinking more of their spotless past together than of Lionel's present guilt. Good. This was the time to lead her gently up to a complete forgiveness.

He leaned towards her.

"You've had lovely times down here, have you? Tell me all about them."

"Oh, yes," she burst out ecstatically. "Wonderful times. It's a little haven to us, this place. We always manage to come down alone at least a couple of times a year. I like it best in April."

"'All wet with April showers,'" he murmured.

"But Lionel rather inclines towards October. He says, when the woods are all sad, it's so cosy to get back to your own fire. He says he thinks the autumn is such a melancholy time of the year. Lionel is so imaginative."

"I'm sure he is. That's just like old Lionel."

"Isn't it?" she said eagerly. "So sensitive." Her glance brooded on the glowing coals.

He roused her.

"What else do you do?"

"Well, we always get up early and go for a walk. Lionel always says that the early morning is the best part of the day."

"Does he? I'd never thought of that before. Yes, I dare say he's right."

"If it's fine, we take our lunch out and walk over to one of the villages round here. There are such sweet little villages round here. We browse about and go over one of the old churches."

"Yes, that's nice. And what else do you do?"

"And then back here for tea. Sometimes I make a teacake," she mused, "or drop-scones . . ." Again she gazed unseeingly into the fire, lost in ecstatic memories. "Lionel loves my drop-scones."

He drew her back to earth.

"And after tea?"

"Well, sometimes he reads to me, or I play and sing to him. If it's summer-time, we sit out in the garden till quite late. Then the nightingale starts. Oh, it's so lovely! Lionel always says the nightingale's song is so passionate . . . And the smell of the flowers . . . and the moon——" She pulled herself up suddenly, forcing herself to stern reality again, and turning to Barty, asked in a strangled voice: "What time is it? Oughtn't Lionel to be here soon?"

"Yes, pretty soon. It's after ten. We must be prepared for him."

"It's very extraordinary. What has become of Toddles?"

"Oh, I suppose he's all right."

"I suppose so. I don't really care. I don't really care for anything now," she brought out with a stifled sob. "Life can never be the same again!"

He looked across at her pale, drooping face. Poor old Elfreda. What a shame it was. He must put things right for her and make her see the whole matter in its true colors. As she sat in this dim bedroom with the lamplight on her fair, dishevelled hair, she looked so woe-begone that his heart positively ached for her—and for Lionel, too. Dear old Lionel. Dashed good chap. A bit of a mutt, of course, but one of the best really . . .

It was funny how his heart seemed to ache at the slightest thing to-night. Susie . . . His heart ached at the thought of her. How shabby to have had to tell her that lie about going to Uncle Wilfred's. How long it seemed since he had seen her, or could see her again! His heart ached at the awful blank. And all so unnecessary. He must patch up this misunderstanding. Why shouldn't everyone be happy, have the same perfect trust in each other as Susie and he? Yes, Elfreda must be brought to her senses here and now. And he was the man to do it. She must be made to forgive Lionel, admit her own folly, and then when Toddles came bursting in with the alarm, she would cave in and the job would be done.

HE threw his cigarette into the fire and rose, saying portentously:

"Elfreda, have you thought what you'll feel like in a little while, when Lionel comes in and finds us here and believes the worst of you?"

She shivered.

"I've tried to. But I'm doing it for his sake."

"Rot. He loves you and you only, always has and always will."

"He loves Susie Lovatt," she said obstinately, but with slightly wavering conviction.

He walked to and fro impatiently.

"He doesn't. Oh, how can I convince you! It's too stupid. Look here, I'll tell you, as a matter of fact, I—I—well, I'm going to marry Susie Lovatt myself."

"What? No, Barty, I won't have it. I won't have you make a sacrifice like that for me."

"What! My dear girl, it's a pleasure. Don't worry about that."

"But—hush! What's that noise?" She raised her head and listened. He cocked an ear too.

"Oh, that's only an owl. That's the noise the white owl makes in the mating season."

But alas, no. The sound was Hildegarde's sharp hiss, silencing Wilfred as she drew him into the shelter of the lilac bush; and, pathetically unaware of the doom at their very gates, Barty returned to the subject:

"It's no sacrifice. I've asked her and she's accepted me."

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She gazed up at him, a new light in her eyes.

"If that's so——"

"That's what I tell you. And, besides," he said, following up his advantage, "supposing he did take her out to dinner, and did tell you a bit of a yarn about it, wasn't it only because he loved you so madly he couldn't bear to hurt you? Good heavens! A thing most wives would be proud of!"

"Why couldn't he have trusted me? 'Perfect love casteth out fear!'"

"Did you trust him? Come, now, you know you spied on him day and night over that confounded scarf. And in any case, isn't it a wife's duty, her privilege, to forgive and forget once in a way? Old girl, do be sensible, before it's too late. Forgive him."

She rose dramatically.

"Oh, I wonder—I wonder."

He faced her sternly.

"Tell me, do you love Lionel?"

"With all my heart. You know it."

"And he you. How can you doubt it? All those times you've had together. The walks, the old churches, the nightingales, the drop-scones, the moon . . . Do you think a chap could forget all that?"

"Oh, he couldn't, he couldn't, could he?"

"Then you forgive him? You'll make it all up when he comes to-morrow—to-night, I mean?"

"To-night!" she echoed, and then: "Oh, no, no, he mustn't come to-night. Keep him away. I didn't realise. . . You must go."

A spasm of triumph shot through him. He'd done it! Her eyes were opened! Preening himself, he strutted across the room. Could anyone else have done it? No.

"Oh, thank heaven, I have realised," she breathed. She walked to the window, and, lifting an edge of the curtain, gazed out into the night. "And when he comes——"

He gave a pleased little laugh.

"Well, as a matter of fact, my dear girl, I'll tell you now——"

A gasp of horror from her broke him off short. She was standing with the curtain looped back in her hand. She was gazing down on to the path with anguish on her face. A shaft of light shone up from below. With a movement of horror she dropped the curtain, and, shrinking back into the room, faced him wildly.

"It's too late," she gasped, "it's too late! He's there! He's at the door! It's Lionel!"

FOR a moment her words seemed to have no meaning for him. He stared at her blankly. What was she saying?

Her stricken face stared back at him.

"It's Lionel!" she was repeating in an agonised whisper.

"No, no!" He passed a hand across his eyes. "Toddles has to say that—I mean, how can it be? What are you talking about?"

She sprang to his side and gripped his arm, pointing dramatically.

"I tell you it's Lionel. He's there. He's come. He got the wire."

"How could he? It was never sent."

"I don't know, but there he is. Barty, Barty, he mustn't find you here. What are we to do?" She clung to him.

Shaking her off, he bolted to the window, snatched back the curtain and peered down. Lionel! Yes, there he was, fumbling with the key. But who was that with him? He peered closer, eyes bulging horror, and then damp dews broke out over him.

Good life! It was Susie!

He reeled back into the room. What did it mean? What was she doing here? And with Lionel! What would she think if she found him here after what he had told her? This was catastrophe! She mustn't find him. He must get out somehow.

Elfreda was clutching at him again, thrusting him this way and that, as though to push him off the face of the earth.

"Go, go," she hissed at him. "Don't stand there like that. Go!"

"I'm going. Let me out." He pushed past her and made for the door, but before he could get it open her hands were dragging at him again.

"You can't. It's too late! He's in the hall. If you cross the landing he'll see you. You must hide."

"What! Hide! How? Where?" The thought of Susie's nearness, and of her discovering him, brought his heart up into his throat with sickening thumps.

SHE glanced wildly round the sparsely-furnished room.

"You must hide. I can't bear it!" She was a desperate woman. "Quickly, quickly! Under the bed."

He recoiled, his face pallid.

"Oh, no, no, Elfreda! I couldn't. No, no, no! Not that!"

"Barty, you must. For my sake! Just for a minute. I'll take him straight down again and you can escape. Quickly, quickly. He's on the stairs."

Like some wild, hunted animal, he dropped to his knees and crawled towards the bed, still protesting frantically:

"No, no, you're mad. I can't. I won't."

But Elfreda stood holding up the valance of the bed, pointing him under with a fierce gesture.

"In, in!" Her words fell like the crack of a lion-tamer's whip.

Every instinct within him brutally outraged, he obeyed.

She moaned under her breath:

"Oh, what would he think? What would he think?"

"Think!" he snorted, pausing a moment. "Even a chap like Lionel would know what to think here! Of all the——"

He disappeared. All her gentle breeding dropping away from her, Elfreda had hastened his exit with a timely foot. The valance of gay little birds and butterflies dropped quivering into place as Lionel's hand fell on the door.

The husband and wife faced each other across the little room.

"Lionel, darling," broke from her as she tottered forward with outstretched arms; but he waved her off and stood staring at her with set face.

"Wait, wait, don't touch me. What," he paused and looked fixedly into her wild eyes, "what were you doing last Saturday night?"

Her face cleared a little.

"Oh, last Saturday night," she gulped. "That was—that was—nothing."

"Nothing!"

"No, no, I've been longing to tell you. I meant to. Come downstairs, darling. I can explain better downstairs."

His mind flew to the thought of Elfreda finding Susie waiting below. He put his back firmly against the door.

"No, no, I don't think I could understand downstairs. We'll stay up here. Tell me the truth. On Saturday night, did you or did you not take part in a disgraceful escapade?"

She burst into a flood of tears.

"Last Saturday night—oh, Lionel—I didn't mean to. It all happened by accident. It really wasn't anything. Oh, darling Lionel, believe me."

He clenched his hands at his side and spoke with icy coldness:

"You call it nothing . . .! You have become so—so degenerate that you call it nothing to go roystering out with another man in my absence! Who was this man?"

"Oh, nobody. Only Toddles . . . really nobody."

"The thing is nothing, the man is nobody! Have you taken leave of your senses? Was it nothing to break into a strange house and drink their wine and eat their biscuits! It's like—like the excesses of Carthage or —or Athens before their fall!" He covered his eyes with his hand. "Oh," he moaned, "it's I who must be mad! It can't have been my Elfreda, the girl I've loved and trusted."

Sobbing loudly, Elfreda sank down on the side of the bed.

"Oh, it was all a mistake. . . You don't understand. He was driving me home. . . I'd been with the Eatons. He thought it was his uncle's house. It was all quite harmless." She looked up through her tears. "What did you hear? Who told you?"

"Ponsford himself. A nice thing for a man to hear of his own wife! The words went through me like sword-thrusts." He paused, and his eyes bored into her. "Tell me, Elfreda, were you intoxicated?"

"Oh, darling . . . ! I . . . oh, how . . ." she faltered.

Barty writhed in his sheltered nook. Was she mad? Was she going to let him think that? He stretched forth a hand and gently prodded her leg. The warning stiffened her.

"Of course, I wasn't," she went on hastily. "I was perfectly sober."

"Shameful! I can't credit it. Have you no decency? If it was all so harmless why didn't you tell me?"

"I know what you'd think. And in any case, you didn't tell me what you'd done." She sprang to her feet. "You've been deceiving me for days, you know you have."

HIS mouth fell open. The thrust crumpled up his righteousness. The accusing fire in his pale blue eyes died out, and he murmured weakly:

"That was nothing. I met Susie by accident. That was nothing. There was nothing in the whole incident, only I didn't tell you . . . well . . . I don't know. It was nothing. I didn't want to hurt you."

"Yes, but you've seen her since, hateful, designing little cat. I know she's been trying to take you from me."

"Elfreda!" he said in a shocked voice. "I'm surprised at you! I feel for Susie as for a dear sister, and so does she for me."

"Then you've n-no r-right to," she sobbed.

"I may as well tell you, to show you how wrong you are, that she loves Barty, and that she's come down here to-night looking for him."

"What!"

"Yes, she's downstairs now. She has some absurd idea that he's here to-night. I told her that it was impossible, that you were here alone."

The room seemed to be rocking round the conscience-stricken Elfreda. She steadied herself against a chair.

"What—whatever can have given her that idea?" she faltered feebly.

"I don't know. She overheard something. She says he's carrying on an affair with some frightful married woman. Have

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you heard anything about it? Have you any idea what he's doing to-night?"

An agonised silence fell on the room. The overwrought Alfreda thought she read in Lionel's innocent eyes a black, lurking suspicion. She stood gazing at him, paralysed, unable to speak.

To Barty, in his narrow cell, this silence took on the semblance of years. Surely Lionel must hear the beating of his heart. Oh, Lord, what a fool he had been. Then suddenly, from the doorway, another voice spoke.

It was Susie!

THOSE tones that should have set every nerve quivering with delight now smote on Barty's ears with hideous discordance, and the impulse he had to burrow into the floor surely did not betoken that warm outpouring of spirit that should accompany true love. Susie in this very room with him. Oh, horror! Oh, disaster—unless Elfreda kept her head.

Susie was saying:

"I'm very sorry to interrupt you, but I couldn't wait down there any longer. Is Barty here?"

Lionel swung round.

"I asked you to wait downstairs," he said cuttingly. "I told you it was useless your coming here."

The two women were measuring each other coldly.

"But I know for certain that he was coming here to-night," Susie persisted doggedly.

"How do you know?" Elfreda asked.

"That doesn't matter. I ought to know. He asked me to marry him to-day."

"Yes, I know."

Susie turned on her.

"How do you know?"

"That doesn't matter. I'm sorry you had this long journey for nothing, but you can see for yourself that he isn't here."

A shadow of dismay fell on Susie's lovely brow. Her damp cloak hanging limply about her, she stood by the door and murmured in bewilderment:

"But—but they said for certain——"

She stopped. A heavy footfall sounded on the stairs. From the dark landing into the dimly lighted room stepped a damp majestic figure. It was Lady Scroop. At her heels was another figure, less majestic, but even damper. It was Lord Wilfred . . . The little man peered round, shame-faced and diffident, still clutching tenaciously the hard-won dripping umbrella.

Aghast the little group fell back before the two intruders.

"Mother!" broke from Elfreda.

Barty bit back a deep cruse. That woman! This was a scandal. A man came down to a quiet little cottage to say a few helpful words to an erring friend, to do a really fine action, and before he knew where he was, he was kicked out of sight, covered in ignominy and dust . . .!

Lady Scroop swept forward and took Elfreda in her arms with an enveloping movement. The imposing voice enveloped her, too.

"My poor dear child, that you should be the witness of this sordid scandal!"

With unbounded delight, Lord Wilfred had seized Susie's hands and was standing holding them and looking up at her in rapt admiration. Amazing! Amazing! But, after all, anything was possible to a being who was clearly moved hither and thither under spiritual direction. Joyously he sounded the question that trembled on every lip:

"But where is Bartholomew?"

Lady Scroop put aside her daughter with a firm gesture. There was stern duty to be done.

"Yes, indeed. That is the question," she echoed. "Where is Bartholomew?"

Elfreda's face went deadly pale. She choked, but could not speak. To Barty this silence spoke volumes. It had been hard enough, he knew, for her to lie to Lionel, but the habit of years would make it almost a superhuman task for her to keep anything from her mother. Trembling, he waited for her answer. None came. Speak she must. He groaned inwardly. This refusal to do so would surely rouse the deadliest suspicions. He must, he must make her pull herself together!

Once again he lifted a stealthy hand and sharply prodded the leg that hung down on the other side of the valance.

But by a faulty piece of stage management Elfreda and Lionel had changed places!

At one bound, Lionel leapt away from the bed and into the middle of the room.

"My heavens! What was that?" he howled.

"What was what?" Elfreda cried through chattering teeth.

He pointed a quivering hand.

"There—there—under the bed. Something prodded me!"

The wife of his bosom was clinging round his neck, her frantic face raised to his.

"Oh, no, dear, impossible. There's only a trunk . . . some boot-trees . . . They couldn't have prodded you."

"I tell you there's something . . . Let me look," he cried, while a frozen silence fell on the others.

"No, no, you imagined it. Let us go downstairs. We're overwrought. Oh, Lionel darling, darling, come downstairs!"

Roughly he cast her away from him. His doubts and fears, momentarily lulled, now flared up into flame.

"There's something under that bed," he hissed, and, striding forward, stooped down. But before he could put out a hand, the valance raised slowly, and Barty's head, draped with the frill of gay little birds and butterflies, gazed up full into his cousin's bulging eyes.

"Barty!" The word, in varying tones of horror, fell from every lip.

STILL on all fours, Barty gazed up, injured innocence stamped on every feature.

"Lionel," he said sadly. "My dear old friend, you surely don't suspect me!"

Lionel staggered back.

"You! You!"

Barty scrambled out and rose.

"No, no, dear old chap. You're making a foolish mistake. Oh, Elfreda, explain."

"Oh, Lionel, darling——"

"Don't touch me, don't come near me."

"Oh, it's all a hideous mistake. Oh, Barty, explain."

"Of course. It's quite simple. Dear old Lionel, I wouldn't have had you find me there for all the world. I meant to get out before you came—I mean when Elfreda and I came down here, we had no idea that you were coming—no, no, I don't mean that. I mean——"

"You came down here to escape me!" Lionel hissed.

"Yes, that's it—no, I mean no. It's all quite clear if you wouldn't be so madly suspicious. I knew you couldn't get back till to-morrow . . . That's why I brought her down here . . . or rather, you see . . . it was to save your feelings."

Lionel reeled.

"Saturday night with some strange man!" he gasped, "and now this . . .! My heavens, the girl's a perfect Messalina!"

Elfreda broke out into noisy sobbing.

"Oh, Barty! Oh, uncle! Oh, Lionel! Oh, mother!"

But for once in her victorious career the indomitable Lady Scroop was bereft of speech. It was an awe-inspiring sight to see that imperious form wilting limply against the bedrail. It was pitiful to see Hildegarde hesitate, knowing there was mud to be thrown, yet afraid to take aim for fear of bespattering her own fair child.

SUSIE stood by the doorway. Her eyes met Barty's. A shiver ran down his spine, but he stepped towards her bravely, determined to pull them off these tragic heights.

"Now, my dear Susie," he blurted out. "You at least will be sensible. You know perfectly well that there's nothing in the world between me and Elfreda."

Womanlike, her answer went straight to the heart of the matter:

"Then why did you get under the bed?"

"Yes," cried Lionel, "why did you get under the bed?"

And even Elfreda, viper-like, echoed tearfully:

"Oh, yes, why did you get under the bed?"

"Well, upon my word! And why not? Is it such a monstrous thing to get under a bed? A man might get under a bed for all sorts of reasons."

"Yes, for very shame!"

"Or a collar stud."

"Was it a collar stud?" Lionel thundered.

"No, no, no, of course it wasn't, but you see what I mean."

"Oh, Lionel darling, of course you must see. You can't really doubt us."

"I should think not, indeed," Barty said reprovingly. "I'm a little disappointed in you, Lionel. It's not like you to take a coarse view of a small misunderstanding."

But Susie's cold tones drew him brutally back to the point.

"But what were you doing under the bed?"

"Nothing at all, my dear girl. There was nothing to do. Look for youself. That's what I thought. 'Well,' I thought, 'there's nothing much to do under a bed.'"

"Oh, Lionel, my own dear husband," Elfreda was hanging again on his arm. "Do believe him. It was nothing. He just got a little nervous when he heard you coming."

"Naturally, and then I said, 'Let's have some fun with old Lionel . . . Boo out at him.' I don't know! There's no pleasing some people! Many a husband would be dashed glad to come home unexpectedly and find somebody under the bed!"

Lord Wilfred, who all this time had been gazing in a dazed fashion from one to the other, suddenly pierced the fog with a question.

"But—but I don't understand. What were Barty and Elfreda doing down here at all, the two of them alone?"

"Now that's a sensible question," Barty agreed warmly. "Dear old Uncle Wilfred. That's the sort of question that should have been asked at the very first, instead of all this rather indelicate talk about beds. Well, to begin with, we are not alone."

The first sign of reviving life in Hildegarde was a faint snort, a poor thing certainly, compared with her usual full-throated disgust. Like the grateful sunbeam on the torpid serpent, her loathing for Barty was warming her to fresh activity.

"That's a likely story," she sneered.

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Barty raked her fore and aft with a look, the memory of which would often, in years to come, wake her foaming with fury from her sleeping bed.

"Without wishing to be in any way offensive, Lady Scroop," he said suavely, "I would like to remind you that people with glass daughters shouldn't throw stones, and that poisoned arrows have an uncomfortable way of coming home to roost!" He turned to Elfreda. "Go on, Elfreda. Tell them everything."

Mopping her eyes, she obeyed.

"Oh dear, oh dear, it's quite true, we didn't come alone. Toddles came with us."

"What! This Toddles again?"

"And why not?" Barty inquired warmly. "A sterling fellow. A very old friend of mine."

"And where is he, all this time?"

"Well, that's the point. That's the question Elfreda's been asking for the last couple of hours."

"YOU see, we sent him over to the inn for some beef," she explained.

"And some beer," murmured Barty.

"And he seems to have got lost, or something. At any rate, he hasn't come back, but you see, Lionel darling——"

"Of course he sees. He can't help it. You see, don't you, Susie?"

"No, I don't." Like a dog with a bone, she was worrying the indigestible fact. "If you weren't alone, why did you get under the bed?"

Barty stifled a groan. Of course he knew his love could do no wrong: it was just her clear logical mind that made her seem to harp a little on that point:

Lionel was seeing another aspect:

"As for this Toddles, whoever he may be, I frankly don't believe he ever came; and in any case, you can't explain what you're doing down here at all." He walked heavily up and down between the bed and the wash-hand stand.

"Oh, yes, we can," she pleaded. "As soon as you went away yesterday, we decided to come down here and——"

"Oh, half a tick, my dear girl! That doesn't sound at all well. Start at the beginning. She thought it was her duty to divorce you because you took Susie out to dinner, and then she thought, very unselfishly—you know what Elfreda is—that you'd better divorce her. But go on, Elfreda, explain."

"Well, Barty very unselfishly said: 'If you're going to get Lionel to divorce you, I'm going to be your co-respondent,' and I said——"

"Oh, I say, wait a minute. I didn't mean that. Do tell him how it all began. Explain, Elfreda."

"Oh, I'm trying to, but he won't see. I said to Barty: 'You know I love Lionel but he loves me no longer. I shall give him his freedom,' so we came down here and we sent him a wire, and then——"

"Hold on, no, we didn't. I didn't send the wire. My plan was to bring her down here, her and Toddles, and here, where she and you had always had such splendid times, primroses and—and drop-scones and nightingales, I was going to, well, soften her towards you—and, by Jove, I'd just done it, too!—and then when I'd got her into the right forgiving frame of mind, Toddles was to come in——"

"Toddles!" burst furiously from Lionel. "Oh, the mythical Toddles was to come in, was he? And why doesn't he?"

"How do I know? The young idiot, the moron, the—the—— Anyway, he was to come up shouting: 'Here's Lionel!' Elfreda would spring up crying: 'My Lord, I've boobed!' I would have said: 'It's all right, dear old soul. He isn't really here. Now you see the error of your ways. Go back and live happily ever afterwards,' but —but——" He trailed off miserably, seeing in every coldly accusing face that rarely had they listened to a narrative that they so whole-heartedly believed to be an ill-conceived, inartistic, and boring piece of mendacity.

"But," he went on, "you see, it didn't happen. Lionel and Susie turned up unexpectedly, Elfreda and I rather—er—rather lost our heads, and—well—that's all there is to it," he finished nervously.

And then the storm broke.

Lady Scroop drew a high hissing breath through her nostrils and let out a withering blast:

"Well . . .! Of all the false, lying, dissolute . . .! If you're taken in by this monstrous piece of invention, Lionel, you're not the man I thought you!"

"Don't be afraid. I don't believe a word of it!"

"It's clear, of course, that he's tricked my poor darling daughter into some indiscretion, but——"

"Indiscretion!" snorted Lionel. "I find them down here alone——"

"Under the bed, what's more," Susie reminded him.

"And," he went on, "all they've got to clear themselves is some cock-and-bull story of their not being alone . . .! How long is this fellow supposed to have been away?"

"I tell you that's what we can't understand—why he doesn't come back."

"Ah! And it's ten minutes to the inn! And when he doesn't turn up at all, I suppose you'll say that the earth has opened and swallowed him up." He paused and looked around. "I don't believe one word of what's been said."

"Then you're a fool. I've told you the truth. You can take it or leave it."

"I don't believe a word of it either."

"Susie darling, how could you think I'd lie to you?"

"Oh, Lionel, my dear, dear husband, it was all for your darling sake!"

Everyone began to speak together.

"I always knew he was no good . . .!"

"And they can't even produce this fellow!"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, I wish I knew what it was all about."

"A SNAKE in the grass, a scandal to the whole family."

"I'll see my solicitors to-morrow . . ."

"Then why did you get under the bed?"

"You know you deceived me, too . . ."

"I haven't looked at another woman since I first set eyes on you last Sunday."

"Every decent person should shun him . . .!"

"I was fool enough to love you . . ."

"Two miles in the rain and not a bite of dinner . . ."

"You always vowed our love was perfect . . ."

"Probably guzzling beer . . ."

"Don't dare to touch me . . ."

"He's broken my heart . . ."

"Mrs. Agatha Cramb . . ."

"I trusted you so . . ."

"The heel off my shoe . . ."

"The spirits willed it . . ."

"A highly-respected old family . . ."

"Hush, what was that!"

There came the click of the wicket gate, and heavy footsteps clumped up the path.

"What is it?"

"A cow!" snarled Hildegarde.

The cow opened the front door. The listeners heard the footsteps on the stairs, and then into that breathless group a voice was hurled; a hoarse, pregnant voice, vibrant with dramatic warning:

"Here's Lionel! Look out, you two. Here he comes! He's getting out of a taxi. He looks pretty furious. Are you ready?"

Bedraggled and dripping, briar-torn and weary, a parcel under each arm, a bottle sticking out of each pocket, his head muddy but unbowed, yet still true to the best traditions of the stage, Toddles appeared in the doorway. But his spotlight had failed!

As his words died away, a rapt hush spread gentle wings over the little room. A smile of deep peace, not unmixed with triumph, broke over Barty's face; a deep blush over Susie's. He stepped to her side.

SHEEPISHLY dropping his bowler hat, Lionel folded the blissful Elfreda into his arms.

Hildegarde, ever the hostess, took charge of the stupefied Toddles and engaged him in easy chatter.

Lord Wilfred stood in the middle of the room and glanced from one little group to the other. His eyes lit on Barty and Susie. Yes, evidently a perfect understanding! No introduction. Nothing. Yet half sheltered by the wardrobe, he appeared to be kissing her. Yes, he was kissing her again. Miraculous! Lovers all down the ages . . . The spirits had led them to one another again! He must record this psychic phenomenon instantly and send the details to the S.P.R.

He groped for his pocket-book. But what was this that hindered him? Of course, that wretched umbrella that Hildegarde had made him carry. Dripping wet, too. He peered round for a spot to park it, and absently laid it on the mantelpiece.

Elfreda in Lionel's arms was happily telling him all about it.

"Oh, darling, I knew you'd understand. As soon as we were alone, I said to Barty ——Oh, don't put it there!"

Obediently the little man removed it. Dear, dear, he must get these facts written down while they were still fresh in his memory. He strayed to the armchair by the fire, and carefully put it among the cushions.

Barty, firmly clasping Susie, was putting things right.

"Why, sweetheart, how could you have thought that? You know—— Oh, I say, dear old Uncle Wilfred, don't put it there!"

With a sigh, Wilfred took up the burden again and transferred it to the dressing-table.

Lady Scroop, by the window, was chatting graciously:

"So charming in the spring. My daughter will ask you down if you'd care —— Oh, Wilfred, don't put it there!"

Desperately, the little man glanced round. He must get rid of this wretched incubus! Ah! They were all occupied once more. Stealthily he tip-toed across the carpet, lifted the bed covering, and gently laid the umbrella to rest between the sheets.

Then with a sigh of relief he drew forth his pocket-book, selected a fresh page, licked the tip of his pencil, and busily commenced to write.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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